THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

d Weekly
y Benj. Franklin

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OCT. 5, 1918

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

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EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

George A. Hughes, President

Chicago, Ill., October 1918

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JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

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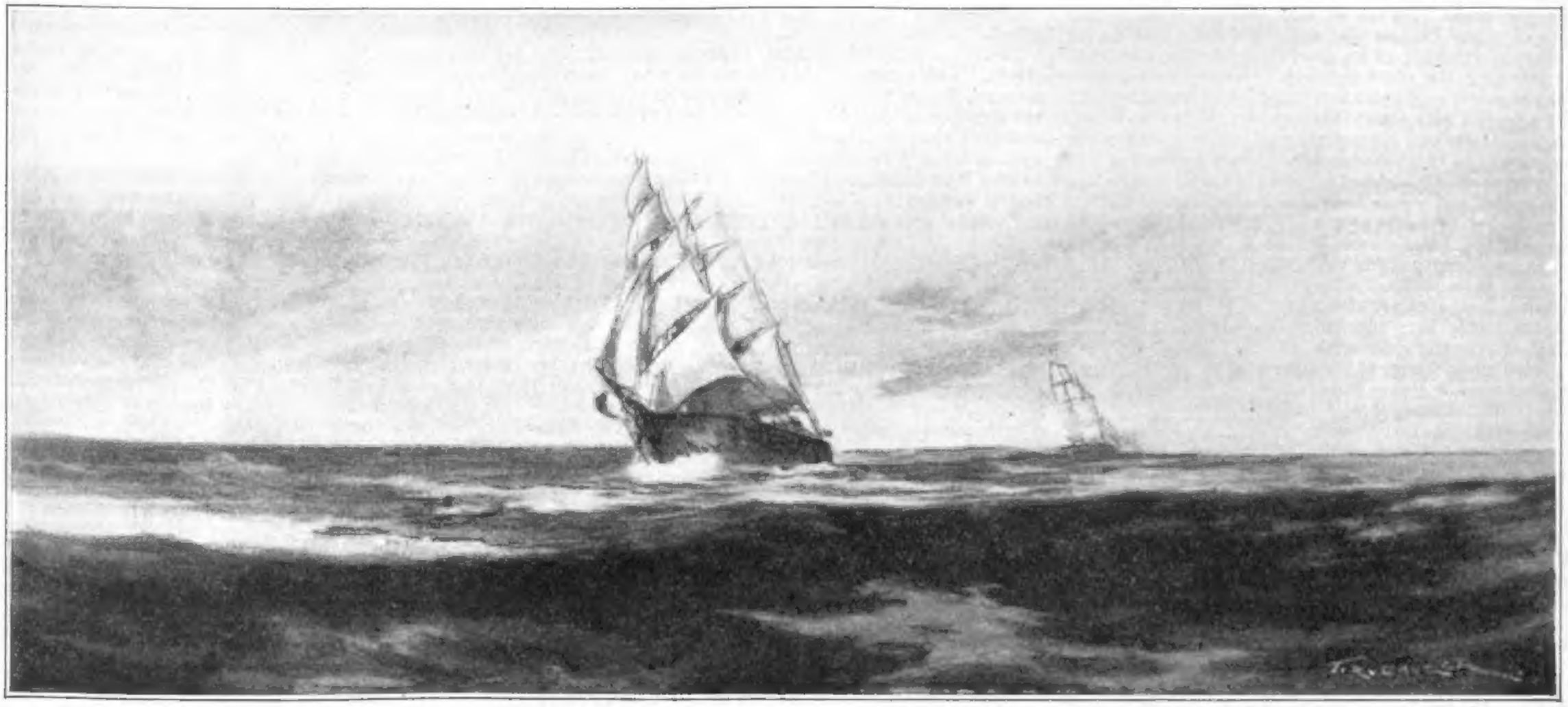


"It is only the path of pure simplicity which guards and preserves the spirit." CHWANG-TZE.

VERY late indeed in May, but early in the morning, Laurel Ammidon lay in bed considering two widely different aspects of chairs. The day before she had been eleven, and the comparative maturity of that age had filled her with a moving disdain for certain fanciful thoughts that had given her extreme youth a decidedly novel if not an actually adventurous setting. Until yesterday, almost, she had regarded the various chairs of the house as beings endowed with life and character; she had held conversations with some, and with a careless exterior not warranted by an inner dread avoided others in gloomy dusks. All this now she contemptuously discarded. Chairs were—chairs, things to sit on, wood and stuffed cushions.

Yet she was slightly melancholy at losing such a satisfactory lot of reliable familiars; unlike older people, victims of the most disconcerting moods and mysterious changes, chairs could always be counted on to remain secure in their individual peculiarities.

She could see by her fireplace the elaborately carved teakwood chair that her grandfather had brought home from China, which had never varied from the state of a brown and rather benevolent dragon; its claws were always claws, and the grinning fretted mouth was perpetually fixed for a cloud of smoke and a mild rumble of complaint. The severe waxed hickory beyond, with the broad arm for writing, a source of special pride, had been an accommodating and precise old gentleman. The spindling gold chairs in the drawing-room were supercilious creatures at a king's ball; the graceful impressive formality of the Heppelwhites in the dining room belonged to the loveliest of Boston ladies. Those with difficult haircloth seats in the parlor were deacons; others, in the breakfast room, talkative and unpretentious; while the deep easy-chair before the library fire was a ship. There were mahogany stools, dwarfs of dark tricks; angry high-backed things in the hall below; and a terrifying shape of gleaming red that, without question, stirred horribly and reached out curved and dripping hands.

Anyhow, such they had all seemed. But lately she had felt a growing secrecy about it, an increasing dread of being laughed at; and now, definitely eleven, she recognized the necessity of dropping such pretense even with herself. They were just chairs, she repeated; there was an end of that.

The tall clock with the brass face outside her door, after a premonitory whirring, loudly and firmly struck seven, and Laurel wondered whether her sisters in the room opening from hers were awake. She listened attentively, but there was no sound of movement. She made a noise in her throat that might at once have appeared accidental and been successful in its purpose of arousing them; but there was no response. She would have gone in and frankly waked Janet, who was not yet thirteen and reasonable; but experience had shown her that Camilla, reposing in the eminence and security of two years more, would permit no such light freedom with her slumbers.

Sidsall, who had been given a big room for herself on the other side of their parents, would greet anyone cheerfully no matter how tightly she might have been asleep. And Sidsall, the oldest of them all, was nearly sixteen and had stayed for part of their Cousin Lacy Saltonstone's dance, where no less a person than Roger Brevard had asked her for a quadrille.

Laurel's thoughts grew so active that she was unable to remain any longer in bed; she freed herself from the enveloping linen and crossed the room to a window through which the sun was pouring in a sharp bright angle. She had never known the world to smell so delightful—it was one of the notable Mays in which the lilacs blossomed—and she stood responding with a sparkling life to the brilliant scented morning, the honey-sweet perfume of the lilacs mingled with the faintly pungent odor of box wet with dew.

She could see, looking back across a smooth green corner of the Wibirds' lawn next door, the inclosure of their own back yard, divided from the garden by a white lattice fence and a row of prim grayish poplars. At the farther wall her grandfather in a wide palm-leaf hat was stirring about his pear trees, tapping the ground and poking among the branches with his ivory-headed cane.

Laurel exuberantly performed her morning toilet, half careless, in her soaring spirits, of the possible effect of numerous small ringings of pitcher on basin, the clatter of drawers, upon Camilla. Yesterday she had worn a dress of light wool delaine; but this morning, she decided largely, summer had practically come; and on her own authority she got an affair of thin pineapple cloth out of the yellow camphorwood chest. She hurriedly finished weaving her heavy chestnut hair into two gleaming plaits, fastened a muslin guimpe at the back and slipped into her dress.

Here, however, she twisted her face into an expression of annoyance—her years were affronted by the length of pantalets that hung below her skirt. Such a show of their narrow ruffles might do for a very small girl, but not for one of eleven; and she caught them up until only the merest fulled edge was visible. Then she made a buoyant descent to the lower hall, left the house by a side door to the bricked walk and an arched gate into the yard, and joined her grandfather.

"Six bells in the morning watch," he announced, consulting a thick gold timepiece. "Head pump rigged and deck swabbed down?"

Secure in her knowledge of the correct answers for these sudden interrogations, Laurel impatiently replied "Yes, sir."

"Scuttle butt filled?"

"Yes, sir." She frowned and dug a heel into the soft ground.

"Then splice the keel and heave the galley overboard."

This last she recognized as a sally of humor, and contrived a fleeting perfunctory smile. Her grandfather turned once more to the pears.

"See the buds on those Ashton Towns," he commented.

Laurel gazed critically; the varnished red buds were bursting with white blossom, the new leaves unrolling, tender, green and sticky.

"But the jargonelles ——" He drew in his lips doubtfully. She studied him with the profound interest his sheer being always invoked; she was absorbed in his surprising large roundness of body, like an enormous pudding; in the deliberate care with which he moved and planted his feet; but most of all by the fact that when he was angry his face got quite purple, the color of her mother's paletot or a Hamburg grape.

They crossed the yard to where the vines of the latter and of white Chasselas—Laurel was familiar with these names from frequent horticultural questionings—had been laid down in cold frames for later transplanting; and from them the old man, her palm tightly held in his, trod ponderously to the currant bushes massed against the closed arcade of the stables, the wood and coal and store houses across the rear of the place.

At last, with frequent disconcerting mutterings and explosive breaths, he finished his inspection and turned toward the house. Laurel, conscious of her own superiority of apparel, surveyed her companion in a frowning attitude exactly caught from her mother. He had on that mussy suit of yellow Chinese silk, and there was a spot on the waistcoat straining at its pearl buttons. She wondered, maintaining the silent mimicry of elder remonstrance, why he would wear those untidy old things when his chests were heaped with snowy white linen and English broadcloths. It was very improper in an Ammidon, particularly in one who had been captain of so many big ships and who in court dress with a cocked hat met the Emperor of Russia.

They did not retrace Laurel's steps, but passed through a narrow wicket to the garden that lay directly behind the house. The inclosure was full of robin song and pouring sunlight; the lilac trees on either side of the summer house against the gallery of the stable were blurred with their new lavender flowering; the thorned glossy foliage of the hedge of June roses on Briggs Street glittered with diamonds of water; and the rockery in the far corner showed a quiver of arbutus among its strange and lacy ferns and mosses.

Laurel sniffed the fragrant air, filled with a tumult of energy; every instinct longed to skip; she thought of jouncing as high as the poplars, right over the house and into Washington Square beyond.

"Miss Fidget!" her grandfather exclaimed, exasperated, releasing her hand.

"You're like holding on to a stormy petrel."

"I don't think that's very nice," she replied.

"God bless me," he said, turning upon her his steady blue gaze; "what have we got here, all dressed up to go ashore?"

She sharply elevated a shoulder and retorted, "Well, I'm eleven."

His look, which had seemed quite fierce, grew kindly again. "Eleven," he echoed with a satisfactory amazement; "that will need some cumshaws and kisses."

The first, she knew, was a word of pleasant import, brought from the East, and meant gifts; and realizing that the second was unavoidably connected with it she philosophically held up her face. Lifting her over his expanse of stomach he kissed her loudly. She didn't object, really; or rather she wouldn't at all but for a strong odor of Manila cheroots and the Medford rum he took at stated periods.

After this they moved on through the bay window of the drawing-room that opened on the garden, where a woman was brushing with a nodding feather duster under the white arch that framed the main stairway, and turned aside to where breakfast was being laid. Laurel saw that her father was already seated at the table, intent upon the tall, thickly printed sheet of the Salem Register. He paused to meet her dutiful lips; then with a "Good morning, father," returned to his reading. Camilla entered at Laurel's heels; and the latter, in a delight slightly tempered by doubt, saw that she had been before her sister in a suitable dress for such a warm day. Camilla still wore her dark merino; and she gazed with mingled surprise and annoyance at Laurel's airy garb.

"Did mother say you might put that on?" she demanded. "Because if she didn't I expect you will have to go right up from breakfast and change. It isn't a dress at all for so early in the morning. Why, I believe it's one of your very best!" The look of critical disapproval suddenly became doubly accusing.

"Laurel Ammidon, wherever are your pantalets?"

"I'm too big to have pantalets hanging down over my shoetops," she replied defiantly; "and so I just hitched them up. You can still see the frill."

Janet had come into the room, and stood behind her.

"Don't you notice Camilla," she advised; "she's not really grown up."

They turned at the appearance of their mother. "Dear me, Camilla," the latter observed, "you are getting too particular for any comfort. What has upset you now?"

"Look at Laurel," Camilla replied; "that's all you need to do. You'd think she went to dances instead of Sidsall."

Laurel painfully avoided her mother's comprehensive glance. "Very beautiful," the elder said in a tone of palpable pleasure. Laurel advanced her lower lip ever so slightly in the direction of Camilla. "But you have taken a great deal into your own hands." She shifted apparently to another topic: "There will be no lessons to-day, for I have to send Miss Gomes into Boston." At this announcement Laurel was flooded with a joy that obviously belonged to her former less dignified state. However, her mother continued addressing her: "Since you have dressed yourself like a lady I shall expect you to behave appropriately; no soiled or torn skirts, and an hour at your piano scales instead of a half."

Laurel's anticipation of pleasure ebbed as quickly as it had come—she would have to move with the greatest caution all day and spend a whole hour at the piano. It was the room to which she objected rather than the practicing—a depressing sort of place where she was careful not to move anything out of the stiff and threatening order in which it belonged. The chair deacons in particular were severely watchful; but that, now, she had determined to ignore.

She turned to johnnycakes, honey and milk, only half hearing, in her preoccupation with the injustice that had overtaken her, the conversation about the table. Her gaze strayed over the walls of the breakfast room, where water-color drawings of vessels, half models of ships on teakwood or Spanish mahogany boards, filled every possible space. Some her grandfather had sailed in as second and then first mate; of others he had been master; and the rest, she knew, were owned by Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone, her grandfather, father and uncle.

Just opposite her was the Two Capes at anchor in Table Bay, the sails all furled except the fore-topsail, which hung in the gear. A gig manned by six sailors in tarpaulin hats, with an officer in the stern sheets, swung with dripping oars across the dark water of the foreground; on the left an inky ship was standing in close hauled on the port tack with all her canvas set. It was lighter about the Two Capes, and at the back a mountain with a flat top—showing at once why it was called Table Bay—rose against an overcast sky. Laurel knew a great deal about the Two Capes—for instance that she had been a barque of two hundred and nine tons—because it had been her grandfather's first command, and he never tired of narrating every detail of that memorable voyage.

Laurel could repeat most of these particulars: They sailed on the tenth of April in ninety-three, and were four and a half months to the Cape of Good Hope; twenty days later on the rocky island of St. Paul grandfather had a fight with a monster seal; a sailor took the scurvy, and, dosed with niter and vinegar, was stowed in the long-boat, but he died and was buried at sea in the Doldrums. Then, with a cargo of Sumatra pepper, they made Corregidor Island and Manila Bay, where the old Spanish fort stood at the mouth of the Pasig. The final cargo of hemp and indigo and sugar in the hold, the barque set sail again for the Cape of Good Hope and, by way of Falmouth in England, and Rotterdam, home.

The other drawings were hardly less familiar: ships, barques, brigs and topsail schooners, the skillful work of Salmon, Anton Roux and Chinnery. There was the Celestina becalmed off Marseilles, her sails hanging idly from the yards and stays, her hull with painted ports and carved bow and stern mirrored in the level sea. There was the Albacore running through the northeast trades with royals and all her weather studding sails set. Farther along the Pallas Athena, in heavy weather off the Cape of Good Hope, was being driven hard across the Agulhas Bank under double-reefed topsails, reefed courses, the fore-topmast staysail and spanker, with the westerly current breaking in an ugly cross sea, but, as her grandfather always explained, setting the ship thirty or forty miles to windward in a day. She lingered finally over the Metacom running her easting down far to the southward with square yards under a close-reefed main-topsail, double-reefed foresail and forestaysail, dead before a gale, and gigantic long seas hurling the ship on in the bleak watery desolation.

Laurel was closely concerned in all these. One cause for this was the fact that her grandfather so often selected her as the audience for his memories and stories, during which his manner was completely that of one navigator to another; and a second flourished in the knowledge that Camilla affected to disdain the sea and any of its connections.

Sidsall appeared and took her place with a collective greeting; while Laurel, coming out of her abstraction, realized that they were discussing the subject in which nearly every conversation now began or ended—the solemn speculation of why her Uncle Gerrit Ammidon, master of the ship Nautilus, was so long overdue from China. Laurel heard this from two angles, or, otherwise, when her grandfather was or was not present, the tone of the first far more encouraging than that of the latter. Her father was

"For Me," Lucy Said, "He is the Most Fascinating Person in Salem"

speaking: "My opinion is that he was unexpectedly held up at Shanghai. It's a new port for us, and, Captain Verney tells me, very difficult to make; after Woosung you have to get hold of two bamboo poles stuck up on the bank a hundred feet apart as a leading mark, and with these in range steer for the bar. The channel is very narrow, and he says the Nautilus would have to wait for high water, perhaps for the spring tide. She may have got ashore, strained and sprung a leak, and had to discharge her cargo for repairs."

"That's never Gerrit," the elder replied positively. "There isn't a better master afloat. He can smell shoal water. I was certain we'd hear from him when the Sorsogon was back from Calcutta. Do you suppose, William, that he took the Nautilus about the Horn and——?" Laurel wondered at the unmannerly way in which he gulped his coffee. "He might have got fast in the Antarctic winter," he proceeded. "My deck was swept and all the boats stove off the Falklands in April."

"Gerrit's got a ship," the other asserted, "not a hermaphrodite brig built like a butter box. You'll find that I am right and that he has been tied up in port."

"I made eight hundred per cent on a first cargo for my owners," the elder retorted. "Then there was trading, yes, and sailing too! No chronometers with confounded rates of variation and other fancy parlor instruments to read your position from. When I first navigated it was with an astrolabe and the moon. A master knew his lead, latitude and lookout then.

"Eight hundred barrels of flour and pine boards to Rio, and back with coffee and hides for Salem; then out to Gibraltar and Rio with wine and on in ballast for Calcutta. Tahiti and Morea," he continued, "the Sandwich Islands and the Fijis. Sandalwood and tortoise shell and *bêche de mer;* seahorses' teeth, and saltpeter for the Chinese Government. I don't want to hear about your bills of exchange and kegs of Spanish dollars and solid cargoes of tea run back direct. Why, with your Canton and India agents and sight drafts the China service is like dealing with a Boston store."

Laurel saw that her father was assuming the expression of restrained annoyance habitual when the elder contrasted old shipping ways with new.

"Unfortunately," he said, "the patient Chinaman will no longer exchange silks and lacquer and teas for boiled sea slugs. He has learned to demand something of value."

"Why, damn it, William," the other exploded, "nothing's more valuable to a Chinese than his belly! They'll give eighteen hundred dollars a picul for birds' nests any day. As for your insinuation that we used to cheat them—I never ran opium up from India to rot their minds. And when the Chinese Government tried to stop it, there's the British commercial interests forcing it on them with cannon in 'forty-two.

"Look at the pepper we brought into Salem"—he was, Laurel realized with intense interest, growing beautifully empurpled; "lay right off the beach at Mukka and did business with the Dato himself. We forded the bags on the crew's backs across a river, with muskets served in case the bloody heathen drew their creeses. When we made sail everything was running over with pepper—the boats and forecastle and cabins and between decks."

"Well, father, the heroic times are done, of course; I can't say that I'm sorry. I shouldn't like to finance a voyage that reached out to three years and depended on the captain's picking up six or seven cargoes."

The old man rose and, muttering a plainly uncomplimentary period about the resemblance of modern ship owners to clerks, walked with his heavy careful tread from the room.

"You are so foolish to argue and excite him," William's wife told him.

Laurel regarded her with a passionate admiration for the shining hair turning smoothly about her brow and drawn over her ears to the low coil in the back, for her brown barége dress with velvet leaves and blue forget-me-nots and tightest of long sleeves and high collar, and because generally she was a mother to be owned and viewed with pride.

"I Have a Feeling, and You Know They are Always Right, That Gerrit Will Sail Into the Harbor Any Day Now"

She met Laurel's gaze with a little friendly nod and said:

"Don't forget about your clothes; and I think you ought to finish the practicing before dinner, so you'll be free for a walk with your grandfather in the afternoon."

Soon after, Laurel stood in the hall viewing with disfavor the light dress she had put on so gayly at rising. In spite of her sense of increasing age she had a strong desire to play in the yard and climb about in the woodhouse. Already the business of being grown up began to pall upon her, the outlook dreary that included nothing but a whole hour at the piano, an endless care of her skirts, and the slowest kind of walk through Washington Square and down to Derby Wharf, where—no matter in which direction and for what purpose they started forth—her grandfather's way invariably led.

Janet joined her, and they stood irresolutely balancing on alternate slippers.

"Did you notice," the former volunteered, "mother is letting Camilla have lots of starch in her petticoats, so that they stand right out like crinoline? Wasn't she hateful this morning?"

Laurel heard a slight sound at her back, and, wheeling, saw her grandfather looking out from the library door. A swift premonition of possible additional misfortune seized her.

Moving toward the side entrance she said to Janet, "We'd better be going right away."

It was, however, too late. "Well, little girls," he remarked benevolently, "since Miss Gomes has left for the day it would be as well if I heard your geography lesson."

"I don't think mother intended for us to study to-day," Laurel replied, making a face of appeal for Janet's support. But the latter remained solidly and silently neutral.

"What, what!" the elder mildly exploded. "Mutiny in the forecastle! Get right up here in the break of the quarter-deck or I'll harry you!"

He stood aside while Laurel and Janet filed into the library. Geography was the only subject their grandfather proposed for his instruction, and the lesson, she knew, might take any one of several directions. He might hear them with the precision of Miss Gomes herself; he might substitute for the regular questions such queries, drawn from his wide voyages, as he thought to be of infinitely greater use and interest; or, better still, he sometimes gave them the benefit of long reminiscences, through which they sat blinking in a mechanical attention or slightly wriggling with minds far away from the old man's periods, full of outlandish names and places and, when he got excited, shocking swears.

He turned the easy-chair—the one which Laurel had thought of as a ship—away from the fireplace, now covered with a green slatted blind for the summer; and they drew forward two of the heavy chairs with shining claw feet that stood against the wall. Smiley's Geography, a book no larger than the shipmaster's hand was found and opened to Hindoostan, or India within the Ganges. There was a dark surprising picture of Hindus doing penance under the banyan tree, and a confusing view of the Himaleh Mountains.

"Stuff!" he proceeded, gazing with disfavor at the illustrations. "This ought to be written by men who have seen the world and know its tides and landmarks. Do you suppose," he demanded heatedly of Janet, "that the fellow who put this together ever took a ship through the Formosa Channel against the northeast monsoon?"

"No, sir," Janet replied hastily.

"Here are climate, and face of the country, and religion"—he located these items with a blunt finger—"but I can't find exports. I'll lay he won't know a Bengal chintz from a bundle handkerchief."

"I don't think it says anything about exports," Laurel volunteered. "We have the boundaries and——"

"Bilge!" he interrupted sharply. "I didn't fetch boundaries back in the Two Capes, did I?" He thrust the offending volume into a crevice of his chair. "Laurel," he added, "what is the outport of St. Petersburg?"

"Kronstadt," she answered after a violent searching of her memory.

"And for Manila?"—he turned to Janet.

"I can't think," she admitted.

"Laurel?"

"Cavite," the latter pronounced out of a racking mental effort.

"Just so; and"—he looked up at the ceiling—"the port for Boston?"

"I don't believe we've had that," she said firmly. His gaze fastened on her so intently that she blushed into her lap.

"Don't believe we've had it!" he echoed. "Why, confound it——" He paused and regarded her with a new doubt. "Laurel," he demanded, "what is an outport?"

She had a distinct feeling of justifiable injury. A recognized part of the present system of examination was its

(Continued on Page 109)

THE GOBS—By Samuel G. Blythe

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

American Sailors on Furlough in Ireland

CONSIDER the way of a gob with a girl, wherever you may find the two—and you find them in many places in these days—in all the far-flung ports out of which American naval ships are operating, ports of all the seven seas. So, wherever they may be, but principally, and for the purposes of this especial contemplation, in the ports of lands where war presses most closely upon the people—consider the way of a gob with a girl.

Does he walk at the distance of a pace from her, conversing lightly upon the topics of the day, sauntering gracefully by her side and holding no closer communion than that? He does not. Rather, he takes her and holds her firmly by the arm and convoys her masterfully to the point of destination; grasps her and retains her and thus bids defiance to all the world. What he has he holds.

He steers her skillfully through the Strand, along King Street, on every other noted way where gobs and girls forgather; and the reason for this is twofold: First to advertise to all the universe that this particular bit of femininity is his by right of conquest; and second to guard against any other or brother gob who might cut in and try to get her away from him; which any other and brother gob would do in a minute if the tactical advantage of a pace between convoy and convoyed, with opportunity for the maneuver, was apparent, prepared to dispute lustily the question of proprietorship at the moment of abstraction.

Cut Out the Jackie Stuff

THE firm imperious grasp on the arm is the cachet of authoritative possession, and wherever there are gobs and wherever there are girls—which is everywhere, for the gob can find them wherever they exist—you will see him thus signifying to all and sundry that this girl is his girl, and intending poachers would do very well for themselves to lay off. Observe for yourself, next time you meet a gob and a girl. A hundred to one that he has her firmly by the arm, oftentimes with his fingers interlocked with hers. He takes no chances, does the gob, that the girl will get away, either because some other gob commandeers her or she commandeers some other gob. None of that stuff for him. Being a sailor he knows the advantage of a secure mooring; also he has a working knowledge of the fickleness of the affections of the sex. He is wise, is the gob—wise and wary.

And in the way of a gob with a girl you have an illumination of the spirit of the sea—the spirit of the American Navy; for the Navy doesn't let go either. What the Navy has the Navy holds against all comers. When the Navy clamps down on anything the Navy stays clamped, eying all and exterior approachers calmly and coldly, and hoisting a signal.

If you think otherwise, weigh in and see what will happen to you. A two-fisted, blue-jacketed able seaman with his girl under convoy types this spirit as surely as a squadron of dreadnoughts grimly facing a foe. What they have they hold, and the disputant of that axiom is sure to be out of luck, whether that disputant is an enemy battle formation on the seas or another gob with ambitions for a little feminine society for himself.

A gob is a sailor, a man of the American Navy, a bluejacket, and the term is self-applied. It is the generic term for all men in the service, up to those who wear the gold on their sleeves; and even so, the sailors often speak of the austere commanding officer as the Main Gob. The use of it primarily is to show the sailor's detestation for the usual designation of them—jackies. Nothing rouses the ire of a sailor so quickly as to call him a jackie. He doesn't like it, and will not have it. No diminutive, as expressed by the "ie," for him. It doesn't fit either with his own assumption of his manliness or with the fact of that manliness.

He is a big, broad-chested, browned, hairy, two-fisted person, is the man of the American Navy, and this speaking of him as a jackie with its implication of small-boyishness is anathema to him. He is rough, tough stuff in a rough, tough game; a fighting man, a man who goes to sea in anything that comes along, from a dreadnought to a motor-launch no bigger than a whale boat, withstands the perils of it, does the incalculable labor of it, has the clear-eyed courage of it, is ready to fight over, on top, or under water, and does so fight; and he feels insulted to be called jackie as if he were a fair-haired, red-cheeked little fellow sailing a toy boat in a pond. He is no boy, with the "ie" of it to be tacked on him. He is a man, and he tells all the world so by calling himself a gob, which sobriquet is as far removed from the juvenile inference of the final "ie" as any I know.

No matter how cotton-wooled the American youth may have been in his home state, no matter what a boy he seems to fond parents or to admiring family—the minute he joins the Navy he becomes a gob, and is so labeled, and joys in the sound of it. He is a man from that moment, a man and a gob. Thus he expresses himself. Thus he gives the lie to the jackie business. Jackie? Forget that jackie stuff.

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Kidding the Mascot

Where do you get it, anyhow? Gob, dod gast you—g-o-b! It is the same with the soldiers. Their resentment of the attempt to tack the title Sammees on them is acrid and universal. They won't have it. And I don't blame them, having, as it happens, an acute personal interest in the matter. Now Samuel is a good sonorous Biblical name, and Sam is the virile contraction thereof, but this Sammee business, that gets on one's nerves. When we went into the war a great many people considered it their bounden and imperative duty to invent a nickname for our soldiers, utterly and blandly indifferent to the wishes of the soldiers themselves or what they thought about it, and pathetically unconscious of the fact that soldiers nickname themselves, and submit to no outside interference whatsoever.

Yanks, Gobs and Poilus

HENCE our soldiers, scorning the Sammee appellation, call themselves Yanks, which is a good, masculine, soldierly term; thus the men in our Navy call themselves gobs. The English soldier can be a Tommy if he likes—and he named himself, by the way—and the English sailor a limey; the French soldier is a poilu, which means a hairy fellow and is quite unrefined and not at all expressive of juvenility; but the American soldier is a Yank and the American sailor is a gob, to themselves; which in the last analysis is the supreme decision.

So far as I could learn, the designation of gob by the sailors for themselves has been prevalent for the past five or six years. Before that the American sailors called themselves flatfeet as a protest against the jackie business. Navy philologists give various explanations of the derivation of the term, and nobody is quite clear where it came from, though there is evidence that it originated on the China coast. Its application is universal, and when one American bluejacket speaks either of himself or of another in the service he invariably says gob. "He's a hell of a gob," says one to another, "to let a limey take a girl away from him."

Wherefore, fond mammas and doting papas, adoring sisters and worshipful aunts, your young man serving in the Navy isn't a jackie and isn't any other sort of an "ie." He is a gob, and he is glad of it; and he wishes his first name was Mike, and he has a fist as big as a boxing glove, and is perfectly competent in the use of it; his neck is red and sunburned, and his shoulders broad and have a nifty swing to them as he walks; he gazes at the world with a

clear and undaunted eye, and he knows his way about; he lets no one tread on him, nor start to tread; he knows his rights and, knowing, dares maintain. Some boy, that American sailor; some boy and some gob! He may have left home with golden ringlets and down on his face, but when he comes back he will probably have a cauliflower ear and hair on his chest.

Look at His Neck

PETER MACFARLANE, the writer, who is as benignant a person as I know, radiating friendliness and good will, has a son in the Navy who is a capable young person standing six feet two or three with a chin so square you'd think it had been designed with mathematical precision, and shoulders about a yard across, to say nothing of two imposing fists on the ends of two even more imposing arms. This stripling has fought his way up to a chief petty officership, and is on the path to the gold. Fought his way up is right, for young Mr. Macfarlane, regardless of the fact that the Old Man was once a minister, can whip and has whipped practically all comers, and is nicknamed through the fleet as "Packey" Macfarlane, that being the highest tribute that could be paid to him—nicknaming him after a famous pugilist.

It so happened that Mrs. Macfarlane was at a base port, and that a new draft of gobs came in. She was pointed out to these boys as "the mother of 'Packey' Macfarlane," and immediately became the center of an adoring and disconcerting attention from these lads, who hung round her and showed in various gob ways how glad and proud and flattered they were to meet her. One of the gobs told her that he saw her son, Packey, in his great battle with So-and-So, and tried to discuss with her the details of that memorable encounter. Mrs. Macfarlane didn't understand. Her son is emphatically not a professional pugilist, no matter what his amateur qualifications may be.

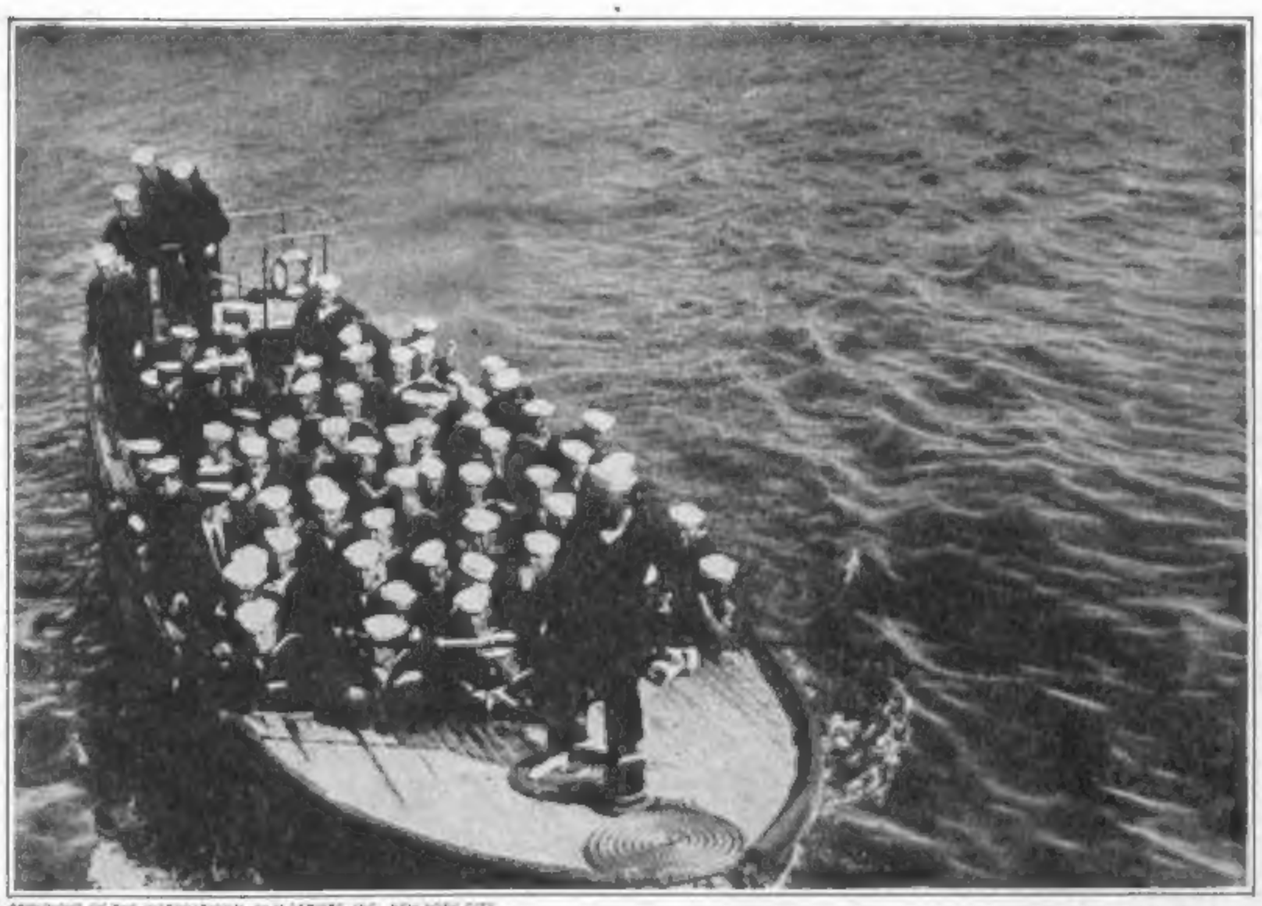
"Ain't you the mother of Packey McFarland, the pug?" she was asked.

"No, indeed!" she replied. "My son is in the Navy."

"Oh," they said in a disgusted chorus, and faded away.

Only a gob to her credit, and they thought she was the mother of a real prize fighter; hence to be revered. All Mikes in that Navy—or hope to be; not a Percy in the bunch.

Far be it from me to make invidious comparisons between the men in the Army and the men in the Navy—or any other sort of comparisons—but however good the Army may be, the Navy is just as good in personnel, albeit there are only half a million or so in the Navy to the two millions or more in the Army. But that half million! Have you ever seen any considerable number of those lads at work or at play? Not a few on the streets, but ten or twenty thousand of them? Well, when you have that privilege I am sure you will coincide with my view that, man for man, there never was a finer aggregation of eager, insistent, fighting youth gathered together on this earth or the waters on the face thereof; never was one that topped it or came anywhere near topping it. And every last one of them is a hand-picked specimen. The quick way to judge the manliness of a man is to have a look at his neck. A thin neck, a scrawny neck and ill-developed neck denotes an ill-developed man. The neck is the sure sign. When a man begins to waste in the neck his number is up. When he gets gross from overfeeding and lack of exercise and other indulgences his neck bulges and is flabby and rolls out behind. But when a man is fit his neck is straight and columnar, and holds a clear-eyed head jauntily on his shoulders. The cutaway collars of the bluejacket give a chance to make this judgment, and I desire to say that by the neck test, which is the best infallible test there is, those half million bullies in the American Navy are physically the goods.



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Bound for Shore Leave

Men, Not Saints

I HAD seen them in various numbers, here and there—a ship's company at a time, or a parade of them, or in bunches on the streets—but until I got to a certain naval base abroad I had never seen more than a thousand or so of them at a time. Here I came into the middle of a good many thousands of them for long hours at a time, watched them, talked with them, ate with them, played with them, and had what I may honestly call a complete and exhaustive look at them. I am not an emotional person nor subject to extravagances in print, but I desire to go on record that these men and their similars in our other bases, as well as those at home, fulfill every specification I can set down for manliness, fitness, intelligence, spirit and all-round Americanism, but are no saints.

Not a saint nor a Willie boy in the outfit. They are youth from all parts of the United States, and they have all the enthusiasm, extravagances, mischievousness, high spirit and liking for fun that any other youths have. They are quickly susceptible to discipline, keenly conscious of what their duties and responsibilities are, willing to work until they drop, meet the dangers of their calling with a superb courage and indifference, and cut up like schoolboys when they are on liberty. They have all the sentimentalities of youth, all the desires of youth, all the hasty-mindedness of youth. They sometimes translate the aspiration to be held as old-timers and seasoned sailors into excess; and there are outlaws among them—men who would be no good anywhere.

But all in all they are a clean-living, clean-thinking, fit-to-last-ounce lot! Fine, decent, manly young Americans, earnest, loyal, enthusiastic in their work, and glad to be in it as they are. They wallop

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A Busy Scene Aboard an American Ship in Foreign Waters

Above—A Friendly Boxing Contest

A Gymnasium at the Sailors' Club for American Sailors

Europe To-Day and To-Morrow

The German Propaganda—By Will Irwin

BEFORE the year 1914 many a man in the street, coming across the word "propaganda," would have had to reach for the dictionary. Now everyone is using it, constantly and glibly. It belongs to a long list of words which the war dragged out from obscurity and set in the universal vocabulary. It means, in the current sense, national advertising. But when we add an adjective and say "German propaganda," it becomes at once a phrase of sinister meaning—a kind of intellectual taint, evilly clever beyond belief. This impression is fairly accurate; German propaganda has been a sinister influence and a powerful weapon.

Two years ago one could not have said too much concerning its perils for the Entente Allies and for civilization. Even since that time it has done its part, no less than arms and armies, to break down Russian resistance; it shook the heroic soul of France; it caused a part of the best Italian Army to stand still and let the enemy through. But now, just as the whole world has awakened to its dangers, German propaganda seems to be wearing itself out. Propaganda is higher journalism; and the German "psychological offensive" is going through a process well known to the crooked kind of American journalism. It is being beaten by the unassisted truth.

German-Tainted News in Europe

IN PROPAGANDA, as in other activities of war, Germany found herself infinitely better prepared than the civilized nations of Western Europe. In the old European game of imperialism, however, this weapon had been used in a rudimentary fashion by all sides. The European telegraph press bureaus, counterparts of our own United Press and Associated Press, were semiofficial organs, giving to the outside world the viewpoint of the government. In a fashion more or less complete they served not only the nation but the faction in power at the time.

To digress for a moment—this accounts for the disgust with which Americans in foreign lands viewed the American items that they found in the newspapers. Each of these European press bureaus, like Wolff in Berlin, had a foreign system of distribution. Not only did it gather and distribute news within its own country—it also sent it forth to the world. Only just before the war had the American bureaus laid the foundations for a foreign distributing service; and in 1914 it was scarcely operating at all.

What happened to American news was this: The American telegraph press bureaus "fed" to their European contemporaries, who did the distributing in Europe, South America, Australia and the Near East. Now any item of news traveling from the point of origin to the point where it is served hot with the breakfast coffee goes through a process of editing and reediting at various centers; usually it shrinks in space as it travels. The telegraph editor in Europe edited the American reports as he sent them on. With his governmental connection he had to send out a good proportion of news that strikes the average journalist as pretty dull. But there lay the American report, to do with as he pleased. So he lightened his day's output for his own country and foreign lands with bizarre and sensational items from the United States. A great new reclamation project of our Government went unnoticed. The nomination of a candidate for President was edited down to a dozen lines. But the latest society divorce or the most recent lynching got a pretty full account. Consequently, and through no one's fault in particular, such inhabitants of South America, Australia and Continental Europe as formed their views through what they read in the newspapers pictured us as a land of lynchers, divorcees and bloated sensational millionaires.

Arrested at Dieppe by the British Army, early in the war, I had for head jailer a big engaging cockney of the Coldstream Guards. In the course of a long conversation about many things it occurred to me to find out what he knew about the United States. President Wilson's name he recognized of course; he could not escape that in the days of the Lusitania outrage. Otherwise he identified only two American personalities—Jack Johnson and Harry Thaw.

News from London, Paris and Berlin corresponding to that of the Johnson-Willard fight and the Thaw trial was distributed by the European press bureaus, of course. But this matter was lost after all in the great mass of serious news with more or less of a governmental slant about political, commercial and financial activities. Here, as might be expected, the German led. Havas and Reuter cannot be accused of coloring the news overmuch in favor of France and England. In cumulative character their reports went no farther than might have been expected of a patriotic agency eager to present the nation and the administration with its best foot forward. But Wolff had long been lying, cleverly and subtly, with the single end of advertising Germany. The citizen of an outlying country like South America, who visualized the United States as a kind of moving-picture show, thought of Germany as an efficient paradise.

In certain tangled "spheres of influence," such as China, all the European Powers had carried propaganda one stage farther; like the manager of a yellow journal, they not only recorded the news, they created it. They studied to do those graceful acts which assist international good feeling and give the newspapers something to talk about.

It had remained for Germany, however, to spread her propaganda to every country of the world which might affect her interests in her coming burst toward conquest. We know now what was happening among us. In 1902 Prince Henry, the Kaiser's brother, visited the United States; this was for purposes of propaganda, and also by way of spying out the land.

Americans Discovered in America

ON THE way home an eminent member of his suite burst out to an acquaintance of mine: "We expected to meet Germans in Milwaukee, Cincinnati and St. Louis; and when we saw them they were Americans! This must not be!"

What happened subsequently has been often told during the past year. German singing societies, shooting clubs, turnvereins, social clubs sprang into sudden prominence and prosperity. German instead of French became the great modern language of the schools. Our universities received Germanic museums and a set of German professors just popular enough in their methods, the Kaiser must have felt, to take hold of the American mind. In our schools an artificial rage was created for German higher education. Young men finishing off in their specialties went by instinct to Germany where in many cases England or France would have served much better had they only known it. Americans of the old stock were hypnotized into a belief in the superiority of Germany in many things wherein she was actually inferior. The German-American was hypnotized into a passionate artificial Germanism which totally checked his development as an American citizen. The German-American awoke after we entered the war; but not until the Kaiser had gathered the fruits of his policy in our two years and a half of uneasy hesitation. I need go no farther with this; every day now the Federal inquiry is adding details to the story, which we all know.

Most of us do not know, however, that Germany was working just as systematically in other countries, and notably in South America. On that continent, so rich and so sparsely settled, the Pan-Germanist had designs—has them yet. By imperial will German emigration had been turned during the two decades preceding the great war from the United States, which Germany might influence but could not dominate, to this promising field for conquest. Germans scattered themselves all through South America; in certain countries, as Brazil, they flocked to limited districts and established colonies. Taking these as a nucleus the Germans, under orders from Berlin, began a systematic effort to introduce admiration for their Kultur and respect for their Fatherland. With that obedience which the lords of the empire have instilled into this generation, the German colonist, though far from the grip of German law, followed program. The Englishman or American resident for business purposes in a foreign land tends to keep to his own manners and customs and to hold a little apart from the natives. The isolated German in South America studied to make himself a part of the country in everything except loyalty. Usually he settled down for life, married a native woman, worked as closely as he could into the affairs of the district.

That was not true, however, of the colonies, where German blood prevailed in the population. These people remained—and by imperial policy—German of the Germans. Their churches and schools, where the German political faith and the German language were taught in their purity, were staffed and subsidized from Berlin. As the frank German political philosophers wrote again and again, these colonies were to be the "salvation" of South America. They were to spread German Kultur, in opposition to "degenerate Spanish-French Kultur." When their

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DECORATION BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

JEM OF THE OLD ROCK

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

EIGHTEEN years before my story opens, on a lovely evening in June, a stork was slowly flapping its way toward Major Milligan's mansion.

As you will guess from the use of the word "mansion" this was no ordinary house that the stork was approaching—any more than the major, of the late governor's military staff, was an ordinary man.

Outside, the victoria of Norwich's leading doctor was slowly rolling up and down Washington Street. Inside, Doctor Bingley and two trained nurses had organized themselves into a reception committee of three. And down in the library Major Milligan alternately got up and sat down, and walked to the window and walked back, and started to hum and stopped to listen—quite in the immemorial manner.

And yet if you had been there I think you would have noticed that Major Milligan did all these things in a style of his own, and not at all like other men.

When he got up, for instance, he rose with an air of great dignity, like the sun rising over Thermopylæ; and when he sat down he sat down as though he were the Supreme Court of the United States; and when he walked he walked as, I imagine, Henry Clay used to walk on his way to the barber's; and when he stopped to hum you could imagine the people reverently uncovering their heads and pins dropping with great noises in the distance. Yes, and when he stood and listened—quite in the immemorial manner—with his head slightly turned on one side, such a frown overshadowed his features that if you had been there to watch him I am sure you would have thought to yourself: "Oh, that awful bird! How can he have the nerve to keep the major waiting so!"

But still the stork loitered on his way. He may have been an old bird with a touch of rheumatism, or he may have been a businesslike bird keeping his eye open for future engagements, or he may have been a young bird and perhaps wasn't flying alone. Whatever the reason, he loitered.

At First She Thought She Was in for a Wigging. But Instead Her Father Took Her Up Into the Attic

And after the major had done all those things that I have mentioned—once, twice and again—he pushed back one of the glass doors that lined the room and carried to his desk a grand old-fashioned volume in royal octavo bearing the grand old-fashioned title Holy Bible.

This he opened to the blank pages that used to be found in those old volumes—pages headed Marriages, Deaths, Pledge of Total Abstinence. The major turned them over till he came to the page entitled Births, and then after a deal of playing with his pen and pursing of his lips he cleared his throat, dipped his pen in the ink and wrote:

June 28, 1899. To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, their first-born child, James ——

Suddenly the door opened, and just as suddenly the major sprang to his feet. But no, it wasn't the stork; it was Mr. Milligan's brother-in-law, who had dropped in for news of the day.

"Not yet, John; not yet," said the major in a gracious manner.

"Thought it had, seeing you making the entry." He glanced over the major's shoulder. "Going to call it James, eh? Don't you think you're a little premature?"

"Not at all, John; not at all," said the major, all dignity in a moment. "A thing like this, I have always held, is—ah—a matter of faith and—ah—concentration. The Milligans have always held to this belief. My father held it. My grandfather held it. My great-grandfather held it. All the Milligans have held it. Never for one moment have I doubted that it would be a boy. Neither, I may say, has Fanny. Moreover, if I may use the word, it is a family habit. I was the first-born—a boy. My father was the first—a boy. So was my grandfather; and great-grandfather. Indeed it's a family tradition ——"

But this particular family tradition may never be known to history, because just at that moment the door swung open and a breathless nurse showed her head through the opening, with the air of a sibyl fresh from her mysteries and having news of import to unfold.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but the baby's born."

Smilingly then, for all her breathlessness, she awaited the inevitable question, meanwhile holding her information to herself with the beaming manner of a very rich philanthropist who is about to give some of his wealth away.

"A boy, of course," said the major with a touch of impatience.

"No, sir; a girl." And being human after all, and not a bit stuck up, even if she was a trained nurse, which as everybody knows is right next door to being a doctor, she added: "The sweetest little thing you ever saw!"

And off upstairs she popped again and left the major thunderstruck.

It wasn't so much the disappointment in his own natural wishes, I think, as it was the slap at his family that made the major frown so. Family beliefs, family procedure, family tradition—all, all had been flaunted and set at naught by this—this indescribable little stranger of an unwelcome sex.

Baby's uncle went off with a chuckle. Baby's father sat down with a frown.

Yes, and the more he thought it over the more his frown increased; and after he had stared for a time at his entry under Births he grudgingly added three letters, so that the line now ran:

June 28, 1899. To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, their first-born child, Jamesina.

From the room above descended a thin plaintive "Ya-a-a-ah!"

The major cocked his eye aloft, as an irritable old duck will sometimes look up when it thunders, and for a moment he quite forgot his poise and native dignity. Of course, he knew that no one would hear him, but —— "Oh, will you shut up—shut up! Why aren't you a boy?" cried he.

If this were not the bustling age that it is—an age that wants some action from its heroines almost as soon as they are born—perhaps you would like to hear in similar detail how the major's family increased, generally one by one, but once with a leap and a bound.

When Jamesina—or Jem, as everyone soon called her—was eighteen months old, for instance, the stork came again to the Milligan mansion, but this time, alas, he winged his flight in the shadow of the Angel of Death. He left the longed-for son behind him, but the next morning the following two notices appeared in the Norwich Bulletin:

BIRTHS

To James Madison Milligan and Fanny, his wife, a son.

And just underneath, checking the smile and bringing a sigh to every man born of woman:

DEATHS

Fanny, beloved wife of James Madison Milligan. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

For a time, perhaps, you would have seen no change in the major, except that he looked a little older and was dressed in the deepest and most dignified of black. In much the same manner you might observe no outward change in a handsome gold watch when the spring breaks—but just as undeniably the change had taken place.

He began—always in his dignified way—by making an unfortunate investment in local real estate and, as many a man has done before him when the expected profits failed to pour themselves into his purse, he started upon that long heartbreaking game which is generally known as throwing good money after bad.

As a matter of fact he had never been a tower of strength, financially, and when his affairs were finally straightened out, just this side of the bankruptcy court, he found that he still owned the Milligan mansion—but that was all. His horses were sold; his coachman and groom took their immaculate buckskin breeches into other employment; his gardener mowed the lawn for the last time and left it ridgy; the nurse, the cook, the laundress and the waitress ate their last good meal at his kitchen table and vanished with that sorrowful wag of the head which seems to say, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

"Now what will he do?" asked the neighbors.

The major soon showed them.

The very next week, still preserving his dignified manner, he married Mrs. Merrill, a pleasant-faced widow with three children of her own. She had once been the major's housekeeper, but had left him years before to get married herself.

"What on earth will the man do next?" asked the neighbors with bated breath.

Not at all nonplused, and always in his dignified manner, the major proceeded to show them. His first child by his second wife was a girl named Judith, and his second was a boy named Jerome.

"He'll have a dozen yet," the neighbors told each other, lifting their eyes.

But in this the prophets had reckoned without their host. In Jerome the major had given his last hostage to fortune. As a progenitor the major was through.

When I was a boy—which I am yet, for that matter; but when I was a younger boy than I am now—I was often filled with a feeling of chagrin at being made the living text for very dead proverbs: "Little boys should be seen and not heard," "Spare the rod and spoil the child," "Early to bed and early to rise," and, most hateful of all, "Little pitchers have big ears."

Whether or not there is any foundation in fact for this last statement, I know that first and last I heard many a large earful about the major and his efforts to make both ends meet; but the phrase that sticks in my mind the tightest is that notwithstanding his efforts to carry things off in a grand manner it wasn't long before the major was publicly known to be as poor as Job's turkey.

Thinking it over lately it seems to me that this is a simile that can hardly be improved. If you can imagine a handsome old turkey tom of pedigree stock but now fallen on evil days, desperately trying to pick up a living among the brambles and losing most of his feathers in the attempt but still retaining enough to try to make a cart wheel of his tail whenever opportunity offered—there you will have a picture of Major Milligan that will stand as a model for the next fifteen years of his life.

Yet with it all he tried so hard to please. To those of us at whom he had hardly deigned to look before, he grew affable—with an almost pathetic desire to be noticed—bowing to the occupants of the carriages that rolled up Washington Street, and urbanely waving his hand to those who passed the mansion on foot. But even this innocent pleasure was gradually restricted, for the lower end of Washington Street, where the major lived, slowly but surely began to deteriorate, and both carriages and pedestrians began to favor the wider and more modern Madison Avenue—or "Parvenu Avenue," as the major bitterly called it.

In course of time the house next to the mansion was sold and a sign Table Board promptly appeared on the front door. What the major suffered from this probably no one will ever know but himself and his patient, pleasant-faced wife, and even she must have missed the point of most of it. She had always been a little hard of hearing, but of late years she had grown quite deaf—an affliction that may sometimes operate as a blessing in disguise.

Nor did the decline of Washington Street stop at table board. Antonio Camisa bought the old brick Macfarlane house across the street, ran an L to the sidewalk and built two stores therein.

In the right-hand shop Antonio's eldest son established himself as a tonsorial artist, and would frequently sit on a pleasant afternoon in the shadow of his striped pole, playing selections from Lucia di Lammermoor and Don Pasquale on a well-worn mandolin, and smelling most exquisitely of scented waters.

And a week later when the major came home one evening his horrified eyes caught the following sign on the store next door:

HOP LEE
CHINESE LAUNDRY

Like many another man, before and since, the major was always on the verge of making a fortune. Once it was a chemical process for manufacturing paint without the use of oil; again it was a churn for making butter in a minute—of which the major had purchased the Connecticut rights; and once again, I remember, it was the development of a tremendous water-power property along the Quinebaug River. Meanwhile he made a most precarious living by writing fire insurance for customers who were sent to him by his brother-in-law, the cashier of the Mohegan National Bank.

This went on for many years, and then one noon the major received a letter that made his hands tremble when he read it, and when he started home that afternoon, if you had seen him, I think you would have said to yourself in the voice of compassion, "Poor old major; he's getting old."

He walked home slowly, and the more he looked round him with bitter eyes the more prosperity mocked him from every side.

The stores were prosperous; the people who hurried in and out were prosperous; the crush of cars on Franklin Square fairly throbbed prosperity; the banks reflected it; the office buildings radiated it; the hotels beamed it; and the thirty-foot thermometer on the Thayer Building showing the town's participation in the first Liberty Loan was not only painted red all the way up the tube but red paint had been splashed over the top and made to run down the sides to show the generous oversubscription that had been secured.

"It would have been different if Fanny had lived," sighed the major. "A gem of the old rock if ever there was one. She could keep me at it, and keep me straight. . . . No, I've never been the same since she was taken. . . . . If Jemmy had only been a boy!" he sighed again.

He turned in at Washington Street, passing the barber shop and the laundry with a dispirited air; but when he crossed over to the old Milligan mansion which, like himself, was showing unmistakable signs of wear and tear, he stopped at the gate and stared with a heightening color at the scene that was taking place on the lawn by the side of the house.

Then the Young Man Turned and Took a Good Long Look at Jemmy

"My God! My God!" he muttered. And opening the gate he quickly passed inside.

Waiving all further ceremony I must tell you now about Jemmy, that indescribable little stranger of an unwelcome sex with which my prologue started. She was, in a word, one of those rare little madames who seem to be born with executive ability. Whenever the major's children went out to play they always played the game that Jem desired.

Another thing: Gwendolyn, the major's oldest stepdaughter, was two years older than Jemmy, but the time had never been when my heroine couldn't squirt a mouthful of water much farther than Gwendolyn; and though Percy was a year older Jem could outrun him, outjump him, outsing him, outshout him; and if he still persisted in his foolish rivalry she could give him a fine old walloping too, while the younger children gazed on in awe—especially Jerome and Judith, who regarded their valiant sister as a combination of goddess, empress, queen and Battling Jemmy.

At that time of her life she had a rather large mouth, but if she took a fancy to you she could give you a smile that immediately made connections with your heart, and then you saw only the blue in her eyes and the gold in her hair. She also had long thin legs and didn't seem to have the most remote idea of their existence.

As the other children grew up their characters began to develop—not yet clearly defined but casting their shadows before.

Jack, the one who was born on the night that his mother had died, showed a constant craving for excitement and startling experience. It was a dull week when he wasn't nearly drowned, nearly scalded, nearly kicked by a horse, nearly lost, nearly shot, nearly poisoned or otherwise nearly killed entirely. He was probably stung by more bees than all the other children on Washington Street put together, and ate more snow flavored with orange juice and sugar, and threw more stones, and broke more windows, and knew more dogs, and shed more tears and smiled more smiles—and oh, how he and Jemmy loved each other!

Percy, the major's stepson, was one of the sly quiet kind. He looked out of the sides of his eyes without turning his head and could punch harder and look more innocent than any law allowed. If the children each had a piece of candy Percy pretended to eat his with a loud noise, but in reality he hid it in his cheek until the others had eaten theirs. Then Master Percy with a look of triumph would produce his piece of candy all wet and warm, and make such a juicy sound over it that all the other children's mouths would run water; and the more of a hullabaloo they raised the more it pleased Sir Percy.

Gwendolyn, the oldest stepdaughter, was a pretty, languid child, who liked to read novels across the foot of the bed, getting up at frequent intervals to look at herself in the mirror. Her highest ambition was to be the world's most beautiful actress. Her wildest dream was that some day in her travels she would marry a lord and be known as Lady Gwendolyn.

Vivian, the third and last stepchild, was a born housewife. Her idea of a good time was to help her mother make the beds. Before she was ten she knew how to make the cake look yellow without putting eggs in it, and what to do with the bread crusts that Percy left under the edge of his plate.

Of Jerome and Judith I will say nothing except that they were inseparable. Once when Jerry was sent to bed without his supper Judy bade the others a tremulous good night, and she went toddling up to bed without her supper too, and soon had her arms round poor Jerry.

Such in brief was the major's family; and like Mrs. Phinney's turnip it grew and it grew. It grew, in fact, until the day when Jemmy reached her eighteenth birthday. That was the day when the major came home, stared over the gate as though he had seen a ghost, and muttered, "My God! My God!"

And that's where my prologue stops and my story begins:

I

THE children were on the lawn by the side of the house. Jack was mending the rose arbor. Percy, in long trousers, had been pumping a bicycle tire. Gwendolyn was reclining in the hammock, a book in her lap. Vivian was hemming a dishcloth. And Judy and Jerry were seated on a bench, frankly doing nothing but watch their Jemmy with eyes that never blinked. For that matter they were all watching Jemmy; and now I will tell you why.

She had draped an old sheet round her like a Red Cross uniform and, pretending that she was on the City Hall steps addressing the people of Norwich, she was making a spirited appeal for funds.

It wasn't what she was doing, however, that had made the major stop and stare. It was the way she looked. Heretofore her old dresses and style of hairdressing had given Jem an individuality of her own, but under the cover of that sheet, with nothing but her earnest little face showing, the major had almost thought for a moment that it was his first wife speaking, clad in the raiment of the tomb.

There was the same radiance of expression that had once been Fanny's; the same fire, the same saucy nose and eyes that alternately flashed and grew deeper than wells. And above all there was the same fearlessness with which his first wife had ruled him—with which she had kept him at it, and kept him straight, and otherwise made a man of him.

"A beauty, too," mused the major, the letter in his pocket quite forgotten. "If she only had some decent clothes like Fanny." A recollection and a whim seized hold of him together. "Oh, Jemmy!" he called, walking up the path. "Will you come here a minute, please?"

At first she thought she was in for a wigging, but instead her father took her up into the attic, where after rummaging round he found the old trunk in which his first wife's dresses had been laid away. You can imagine, perhaps, how Jem felt when she saw those treasures, and especially when the major lifted out a red-satin slip and a black-lace dress.

"There," he said; "I always thought that was the prettiest. Wait a moment; there's a long knitted sash goes with it. . . . Here. . . . And these shoes . . . . There. Now try those on, and when you're dressed I want you to come down in the library—come right in brisk and cheerful—and say 'Well, Jim!'—just like that—'Well Jim, how have things gone on to-day?'"

Yet though he had planned the scene himself the major felt a thrill run over him ten minutes later when Jemmy entered the library and briskly inquired about the doings of the day.

"Isn't that Fanny all over again?" he asked himself in a sort of awe; and aloud he added, "Oh, pretty well, honey; but here's something I'd like to ask you about."

Jem, however, didn't hear him. She was staring out of the window, horrified, at Master Percy, who had little Jerry down on the grass with the nozzle of the bicycle pump in his mouth, evidently threatening to blow him up and burst him.

The next moment Jem rushed from the room, and the major went to the window to see the reason why.

"Isn't that Fanny all over?" he muttered again; but this time he chuckled as Jem caught Master Percy a smart

crack on one side of his head and began to chase him round the yard, evidently bent on cracking him on the other side.

Now at the rear of the yard was a privet hedge, separating the Milligan place from one of the parvenu properties on Madison Avenue. Thinking to escape his fate Percy jumped this hedge, but rising in the air like a thoroughbred filly Jem grandly followed after.

As it happened the major wasn't the only one who had been watching. On one of the parvenu terraces above a young man in aviator's uniform had also been an interested spectator of the chase. As the hunter and hunted approached him he suddenly stepped forward and tackled Master Percy round the shoulders.

"Do you want him?" he asked.

"Thank you," gasped Jem; and after she had given Master Percy that other crack which was due him she politely added: "There, you can let him go now."

Percy retired, breathing fire and vengeance. The path was of gravel, temptingly crowned with pebbles, and they watched Master Percy very closely until he vanished. Then, and not till then, the young man turned and took a good long look at Jemmy.

It was thus, I think, that young Paris once looked at Helen.

It was thus, I think, that Bonaparte once gazed at Josephine.

The following Wednesday, Jem had all hands cleaning and dusting the old-fashioned drawing-room of the mansion; and as soon as supper was over she hurried upstairs and put on the red-satin slip and black lace. But even at that the doorbell rang before she was ready. Gwendolyn answered the bell—Gwendolyn, who was also dressed to the nines that night as though she scented romance in the air—and there at the door stood a shy young man in an aviator's uniform asking if Jem was in.

"My sister will be down presently," said Gwendolyn. "Won't you come this way, please?" And "walking with an infinite grace, meanwhile humming the last, lingering snatch of an old song," Mistress Gwendolyn, that enterprising little beau-snatcher, led the caller into the drawing-room. There five minutes later Jem found her, languishing and "casting the light of her radiant orbs into his." Jem sent her out with a flea in her ear, but even in her retreat Gwendolyn "walked like a young duchess, with that insolent hauteur in which she ever excelled."

As soon as she passed through the portières, however, her hauteur left her, and noiselessly turning she glued her eye to a narrow opening in the velvet. There she was presently joined by Jack, Percy and Vivian, who came tiptoeing out of the kitchen to get a glimpse of Jem's first beau. In the library across the hall sat the major, a tender wistful smile on his face, such as sometimes comes to an old man when he lives again the golden hours that taught him the meaning of life.

"Besides," he thought, a shrewder expression narrowing his eyes, "if he and Jem make a match of it there will certainly be some money in this family again. The old lady must have between two and three millions, and Stanley's the only son. With money like that at the back of me——"

He rose and walked to the door—whereat Jem's audience noiselessly sped back to the kitchen; and for the next five minutes the major chatted in his urbane manner with Jem's caller, gave him a cigar, and gently shut the door behind him when he left, as though to say: "You are welcome, young man. Take your time. Take your time."

That was the first call of a series, supplemented by many a ride in Stanley's wire-wheeled coupé. The last time she rode in it Jem climbed in radiantly enough, but when she came home she was pale, and her eyes had that clear limpid look which the world sometimes wears just after a shower.

Stanley's mother had set her foot down on the whole beautiful business.

"She's proud—terribly proud," Stanley had said as the car rolled slowly along a country lane, "and she says she's through with me forever if—if—if you ever were to marry me. We had the first big row of our lives. I'd be a mean sneak, dear, if I didn't tell you this, because if she really means it I wouldn't have a cent in the world to bless you with. But now I've told you that, I want to tell you this: My furlough's up to-morrow afternoon, and if you'll marry me we'll go for the license as soon as we get back to Norwich, and be married first thing to-morrow morning. What do you say?"

Without a moment's hesitation Jem said "No."

"To start by coming between you and your mother—I'd never forgive myself," she sighed. "And besides, Stanley, honestly they need me at home."

He took that for the hyperbole of youth, but the more he pressed her the more resolute she became. Stanley didn't guess it, but there was another reason back of her refusal.

"But we'll stay sweethearts," he said in alarm, suddenly afraid that he was going to lose her completely. "You're not going to throw me over altogether—are you, Jemmy? Just when I'm going away and perhaps we'll never see each other again?"

The despairing earnestness of his voice set the chords of her heart thrumming.

They kissed a little, and cried a little, and Jemmy took a step upward on the great stairway of life. A few minutes later they were back in Norwich, and when the car rolled past the Templeton residence Jem sat up very straight.

And now I will tell you the third reason why she wouldn't marry Stanley against his mother's wishes. Mrs. Templeton of the Pillars may have been a proud woman, but her pride wasn't one-two-three with the pride of little Jem of the Old Rock.

It was half-past five when Jem climbed out of the wire-wheeled coupé and ran up the steps of the old Milligan mansion, still pale from the first bitter cup that love had brought her, and her eyes with that clear limpid look which the world sometimes wears just after a shower. As she started upstairs to change her dress she heard voices in the library, one of them a loud angry voice—and she stopped with her hands on the banisters to listen.

"Now look here, major," said the loud angry voice, "you're either going to pay this bill or you're going to eat dirt. Some of it has been owing for ten years, and you've either got to come across right now or I'm going to make trouble for you."

Jem heard her father's voice—subdued but evidently trying to conciliate.

"You can't, eh?" said the other man, louder and angrier than before. "Then let me tell you something: A man who contracts a bill that he can't pay is a dead beat. And that's what you are—a dead beat! The worst in Norwich! Why, there's hardly a store in town that you haven't hung up for as much as they'll trust you with. You might as well steal a man's things or pick his pockets as do the way you've been doing."

On the stairs Jemmy came down a step, plainly undecided what to do—a look of horror in her eyes that anyone should dare to speak to her father like that.

"You're a nice one, aren't you?" continued the angry voice. "Going round sticking people right and left, and thinking you can wiggle out of paying when the time for paying comes. . . . What? Not shake my finger so near your nose? Why-y-y-y, my dear man, for two cents— "

His voice suddenly died away as he caught sight of Jem in the doorway—Jem whose face was paler than ever but who held herself more than ever like a little queen.

"Is this your bill, Mr. Kahn?" she asked, picking it off the table. "Well, will you leave it with me, please? I think I can promise you that you will get your money. . . . And is it really true, dad," she asked, after the obstreperous creditor had left, "that we owe nearly every store in Norwich?"

Again she reminded him so strongly of his first wife that he felt a thrill run over him and, even as Fanny had always been his confidante, so now he opened the bottom drawer of his desk and showed Jem the pile of bills that lay there flattened out under a horseshoe.

"I'm afraid to add 'em up any more," he said, his voice growing old and weary for the first time that Jem had ever heard it so. "And now you know this, I might as well tell you something else: Some years ago I borrowed money on the house—five thousand dollars altogether. Since then the value of the property's gone down, and the other week—I had a letter from the trust company—that I'd have to reduce the loan a thousand dollars before the end of the year—or else—or else ——"

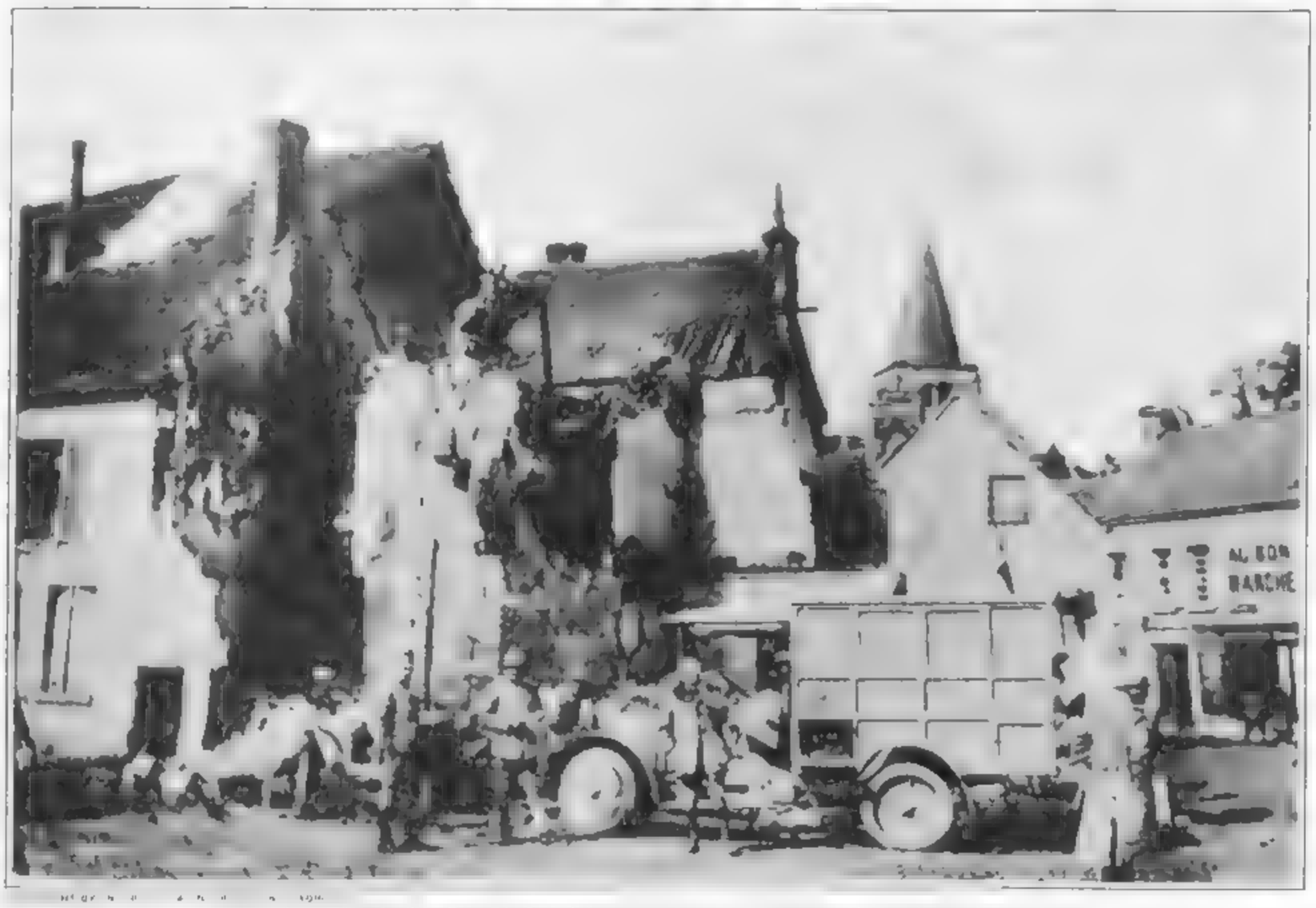
The old man made a helpless gesture, and Jemmy comforted him, sitting on the arm of his chair and holding his grizzled old head against her tender young breast. And as she sat there stroking his hair and soothing him into quiet again, all unconsciously she took another step upward on that grand stairway which is sometimes called life. Jemmy thought it over all that night and all the next morning. Yet when the solution came it

(Continued on Page 42)

"I Had a Letter From the Trust Company—That I'd Have to Reduce the Loan a Thousand Dollars Before the End of the Year"

BEHIND CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

By ELIZABETH FRAZER



What Remained of a French Field Hospital After a German Incendiary Shell Hit It

THIS is a story of causes. And those causes produced certain effects. I hope you will be patient with the causes—which, like all causes, are more or less dull—and read on until you come to the effects. There I can promise you some excitement.

When, in the midst of the March offensive, so disastrous in its initial phase, General Foch took command of the various Allied armies in France with the intention of merging those several distinct and often conflicting units into a single compact whole, one and indivisible, which should be at least as supple and cohesive as that of the foe, nobody on the outside even dimly realized how fundamental, how far-reaching would be the changes involved. For after three years and a half of fighting as separate entities each nation had rutted deeply into its own peculiar manner of waging war. England held one sector; Belgium another; France another; and when American overseas soldiers landed in France they were assigned another portion of the line in Lorraine.

And of his own particular sector each nation was supreme lord, of both the front and the back areas, the advanced and the rear war zones. That was his terrain, his stronghold. Therein he could do as he pleased, make war as seemed to him best, without let or hindrance. Thus England built up one policy of war strategy, of transportation and hospitalization; France another; America a third. There were three autonomies, three great war chiefs, three grand headquarters. Each autonomy fought in a water-tight compartment, so to speak—water-tight so far as concerned the others; but unfortunately not water-tight to the boche.

So rigorously was this sense of independence held by each country, so distinctly did each nation cover its zone and its zone alone, that the fresh divisions held in reserve in back areas in case of a possible grand attack could not be stationed save in their own respective territories. French reserves could not be stationed in the British zone; British reserves could not be stationed in the French zone. Even if every sign pointed to a powerful massed action in one particular sector, all the neighboring sector could do was to hold mobile troops, together with trains and camions, in its own area ready to move. Naturally this caused great delay; precious time was lost in conveying troops.

Profiting by a Grim Lesson

FOR example, on March twenty-first, when the Fifth British Army fell back, fighting valiantly, before the furious onslaught of a Hun host of quadruple strength, and a temporary breach was made in the line which opened the road to Paris, the French generals, Pelle and Humbert, rushed up their reserves from Picardy and Champagne. These two generals had received special instructions from the French High Command to study the different hypotheses of attack on the British Front and to hold themselves responsible for all consequences. An agreement had been entered into by the British and the French commanders, fixing the sixth day of battle as the one when the French should intervene if necessary and come to the assistance of their British allies. But so fast and furious waxed the offensive, so urgent appeared the crisis to the onlooking French generals, that it was not six days but scarcely more than that number of hours when the blue casques of the French began to appear in the frightful mêlée and the German flood in full drive began to be stemmed.

But it was a narrow squeak. And a good part of its narrowness consisted in the fact that fresh troops could not be held in readiness behind the danger zone, but had to be transported by camion, without their organizations behind them, often without sufficient guns or ammunition, from a long distance, and then hurled without a minute's rest into the very heart of the maelstrom. Had the French reserves been massed near at hand in the British back areas so that they could have gone immediately into action, there is no doubt that thousands of British soldiers, now German prisoners, hundreds of wounded in hospitals, not to speak of the loss of guns, supplies and evacuation hospitals along the entire front line of that sector, would have been saved to the Allied arms. It was a bitter, grim lesson, and its price was high. But not too high to pay for a unified command.

Now in the present engagements the Germans are meeting French, British, Americans and Italians, all within a few miles upon the same sector. They are intermingled and interwoven, as the need arises, regiment by regiment, company by company, and even man by man. The old partitions have been completely torn down.

One of the most distinctive features of the old régime was the hospitalization system. Here as elsewhere each nation carried on in its own fashion. The British evolved one type of organization; the French another; the Americans a third; so that there existed side by side three separate networks of systems, each elaborate, ramified, complete, which never touched each other. In the British sector, for example, the seriously wounded are evacuated as rapidly as possible back to England, where are located most of their big base hospitals. In the French system the evacuation hospitals are dotted all along the sector a few miles behind the firing line, with their large base and convalescent hospitals scattered throughout the interior, in the Midi or down on the Riviera, far from the rude northern winds. And when the Americans were assigned their sector in Lorraine they organized their system along similar lines.

First come the evacuation hospitals, as close up behind the Front as possible, in order to catch the wounded man within two, three or four hours of the time he falls on the field. Here he is operated on without delay, rendered fit for transportation, and then shipped to some big base farther back in the rear. As the hospital formation recedes from the advance zone of the army, and therefore from acute danger and unstable tenure arising from likelihood of capture, shelling and bombing raids, the bases grow in size and elaboration, until at some points they are vast beehives, community centers with a capacity of ten to twenty thousand beds. Between the two extremes of the formation, the evacuation hospitals just behind that invisible and most uncertain quantity called the front line and the big solid base situated some hundreds of kilometers away—between these two types there exists the greatest difference.

The base, as its name implies, is solid, immobile, permanent, steady as the Rock of Gibraltar or the skyscrapers of New York. The evacuation hospital, on the contrary, creeping up as close as possible behind the fighting forces, is light, mobile, supple, easy to move, consisting largely of tents, stuff that can be loaded swiftly on trucks and motor lorries and carried away. If during a big push the line begins to sway perilously, to strain, to crack, with breaches showing here and there, and the order comes to retire, the evacuation hospital can fold up its tents like the Arab and silently steal away, not on camels but their modern substitutes, camions, with the orderlies on the rear truck, thumb to nose, wagging derisive fingers at the oncoming boche, who if he does break through will find—just nothing at all.

That is one difference between evacuation and base hospitals. And there are others. The bases do good straight honest and honorable surgical and medical work of the type that is known in America. They have a fine régime, and this régime is rarely overturned. They are, therefore, prosaic. But an evacuation hospital is dramatic, picturesque, full of potentialities and surprises, with tragedy, comedy and broad farce competing for first place every hour in the day.

Here during a big offensive, when Allied and enemy wounded are pouring in in a continuous stream, surgeons, nurses and personnel work like fiends under a tremendous pressure, twelve, twenty-four, even forty-eight hours at a stretch. Here are to be witnessed in the operating room running fights with death as tense and thrilling as anything upon the battlefield. Sometimes the wounded man is exactly upon the great divide, hovering between life and death, an extra hair's weight capable of sending him to either side; shrapnel in his chest, his lungs full of blood, breathing like a trumpeter, suffering from shock, exhaustion, lack of food—and still able to smile up into the surgeon's eyes and say faintly: "I'm all right, sir. Take that other poor guy. He's worse off than me."

Wonderful Surgical Team Work

IN CASES like these, three minutes more or less in the length of the operation spells all the difference between time and eternity. The surgical team works with the perfect union of a football eleven. In their white aprons, caps and masks they look like priests performing a rite. The sweat stands out on their foreheads. Their expert fingers move like lightning, yet precise, unhurried, sure.

In an operation of this kind, with life and death in the saddle and both riding hard, I have seen the assistant hold a watch on the operating team, as if it were a horse race, and call aloud the minutes, thus: "Three! Five! Seven! Ten!" Two minutes too long, and the patient may expire on the table, or die of pneumonia from the added strain of ether on the lungs. Here margins are short and time more precious than the weight of iron in rubies.

Here also is to be seen what is known as the new war surgery. The wounded men are X-rayed before entering the operating room, and the exact position of the foreign body indicated by an indelible cross on the patient's skin. Consequently the surgeons need not go delving and exploring and guessing all over the landscape, but make a clean straight dive for the intruder. As the greatest danger in all these wounds is that of infection from the gas-gangrene germ, which infests the soil of France and therefore every particle of the soldier's clothes, and as in addition the wounded are often forced to lie twelve, twenty-four or even thirty-six hours on the field on account of a violent enemy barrage, these wounds are often badly infected by

this germ before ever they reach the evacuation hospital, near as that may be. In order, then, to prevent the further spread of the poison throughout the body the wound is laid wide open, the crushed and torn tissues shorn clean away, and a big clean wound created. This is thoroughly cleansed, packed with gauze soaked in Carrel solution, after which the entire area is wrapped in compresses, solidly bandaged, strapped or splinted—and the patient is ready to be shipped a hundred miles.

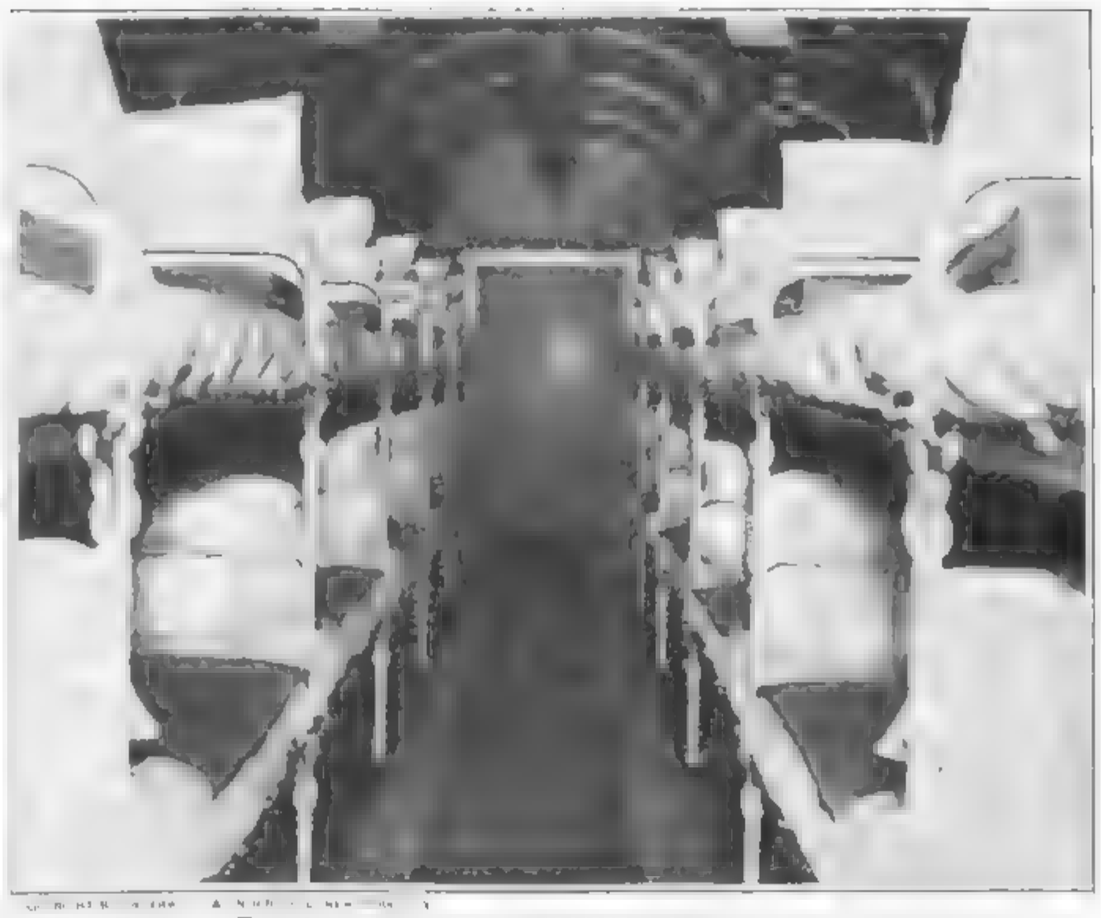
From this it will be seen that it is at the outset of the game, after the man is first wounded, that the time element is most precious. Upon the speed with which an ambulance can deliver a soldier to the nearest evacuation hospital, divest him of his dirty, infected clothes and lay him on the life-saving operating table depends largely the speed of his recovery and return to the lines. Delays there are bound to be—violent shelling of trenches, back areas or crossroads, which may block every form of transportation for hours. And it is to counteract these unavoidable delays that evacuation hospitals are creeping closer and closer up to the Front, risking bombardment and air raids in order to save a greater percentage of life and limb.

Behind these hospitals, then, stand the big solid bases, imposing, safe and sane. In front of them is still another formation. Briefly, it is something like this: A soldier is wounded on the field, in the trenches, in a wood. If alone, he applies his own first aid. If he has given it away to a comrade, he uses his belt for a tourniquet, his bootlaces—anything. If he cannot get at his wound or if he is knocked unconscious, he lies until he is picked up by friend or foe. If he is not picked up he "goes West," joining the great host of immortal comrades, and all is well. That is the first step, where each individual attends to himself, is attended to by others or is lost.

Coming Out of Ether

THE second step consists of getting him to a dressing station, usually in some *abri*, where he is bandaged, given a hot drink, an injection of anti-tetanus serum, and an iodine cross is marked on his forehead to indicate that he has received the same. If he is suffering acutely he is in addition given a morphia tablet. After this he is transported by ambulance to the divisional field hospital, where if he is in good condition he is not even unloaded but sent straight on to the evacuation hospital a few miles farther back. Thus he receives personal, regimental and divisional first aid before ever he strikes the evacuation hospital.

All of which, if he is lucky, he may get inside of two or three hours, and be safely tucked away in his cot coming out from under ether, raving not of home and mother but of going over the top, shouting in stentorian accents: "Shoot 'em to hell, boys! The dirty skunks! Shoot 'em to hell!" to the infinite delight of his comrades in the tent ward, who cheer him on: "That's the stuff, buddy! Atta-boy! Eat 'em alive!"



Army Hospital Trains Assure Absolute Comfort for the Wounded

Finally, after much batting of wobbly eyelids, he opens his eyes feebly upon the white-capped nurse at the foot of the bed and murmurs in weak flat tones of pleasure: "Well, hello, chicken! How'd you ever git here? Gosh! That's a foul taste in my mouth. Say, can a guy spit in this place?" And if he has come through thus far alive the chances are he will stick. He is the stuff that survives.

This sketches in the large the hospital formation that the American Army built to care for its wounded behind the Lorraine sector under the old régime. All of the units, the string of evacuation hospitals, base hospitals and transportation facilities were designed and constructed on the principle of America's holding that particular sector.

And then, presto, General Foch took command.

That simple statement merits an entire paragraph all to itself, for it wiped out the old order and engendered a whole new realignment of policies and plans—in hospitalization especially. For manifestly if American troops were to be shifted here and there, up and down the Western Front as the need rose—as they must indeed be shifted if the Allied army was to be as swift and mobile as that of the foe—then a hospital formation away over east in the Lorraine country was not going to be a great advantage to American troops fighting up north round Montdidier and Château-Thierry. Nor could the American Army all at once, by the wave of a magic wand, conjure into being another system. And even if it could there would still remain the question of conflicting French and American traffic over already congested lines.

Yet something had to be done to cover this situation, and done at once, for our troops were already on the move. The French command, in collaboration with the American command, solved it in the only possible fashion. It was decreed that when American troops fought in a French sector the wounded should be evacuated along with the French through the French system; when they fought with the British their wounded should be evacuated with the British to England. And so the affair stood.

Lonely Soldiers

AMERICANS went up to the British Front in Flanders. They went to the French Front in Picardy and Champagne. They stayed at home on their own Front in Lorraine. And the wounded began to be evacuated by all three systems. So far, so good. And yet, not altogether good. Good perhaps from a purely military point of view; not so good from a human point of view. For the Americans in the French hospitals were lonesome, desperately, pathetically, heart-rendingly lonesome. There was no use blinking the fact. They did not do well. Hearing never a word of their own language, unable to make their wants known, unable also to comprehend the soft swift babble of words by which the gentle French sisters tried to express their sympathy, they sickened, not so much from their wounds as from pure nostalgia and longing for the familiar home tongue.

And one man died. But while he was ill in that strange hospital in a foreign land he kept a little journal which he called The Philosophy of Loneliness. From that little book of scribbled notes it appeared that this young soldier grieved and grieved for lack of someone to speak to him in his own tongue. And at last, when his isolation became intolerable, he decided to rise up and go in search of human companionship. But the tall woman in black, with the black veil, like one of the Fates, kept thrusting him back into bed. Her hands were gentle but strong. He told her, quite simply, that he only wanted somebody to talk to. She replied with a torrent of strange unintelligible sounds. And then he shouted aloud, in order to drown her babble and hear some good honest American speech.

It was no use; she could not comprehend; she held him down, gently but firmly, pouring out over his fainting soul

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A Pause for Rest After a Valiant Fight at Bourcuches

The Undertaker's Handicap

By BYRON MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE Bear, otherwise Old J. D. Ward, his hide somewhat warmed up by the first blue-and-white days of the California spring, was showing symptoms of excessive restlessness. He was hungry for excitement. At the smoothly running Western Branch of the Darco Motor Company, in Los Angeles, action, however, was strangely lacking.

"This place is too damn quiet!" he growled.

He jammed on his hat, slammed the door of the Bear Den and rumbled his way downstairs to the salesroom floor.

Everything there was serene. Two salesmen were explaining to customers the indisputable merits of the Darco car. Old J. D. marched out into the shop. The mechanics were busily engaged; the place was running with clocklike regularity. For half an hour the Bear poked his nose into every corner of the plant, looking for something to worry about. But nobody paid the slightest attention. Everyone knew Old J. D.'s most ferocious growl was only throat deep.

"Wheeler!" he suddenly grunted to himself. "Why didn't I think of that fellow before?"

He pulled his hat down over his eyes, lighted his cigar, and with his hands jammed into his pockets hurried down the street, bent upon a good-natured invasion of the camp of his rival—the Rexton Motor Car Company.

"See that? Look who's here!" greeted Wheeler, former manager of J. D.'s Western Branch and now agent for the Rexton. His inflection was a shade too affable, but J. D. did not notice that. Wheeler shooed a nest of salesmen out of the private office, winked at the last one to leave, and pulled up the largest chair for the Bear.

"How's the new manager getting along?" inquired Wheeler.

"Great! For a youngster I must say that fellow Walden is making durn good," J. D. rumbled enthusiastically. "Glad you picked him out for me."

"Me picked him out? No, thanks!" protested Wheeler. His face took on a slightly puzzled expression. "I only suggested that young Walden might possibly make good on the job. You can have all the glory, J. D."

The Bear grunted. He was surprised. In five years' acquaintance he had never known Wheeler to wave aside a chance to take credit to himself.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference who discovered him," J. D. growled. "As a manager Walden is a wonder—too damn wonderful. Kid's got the place running so smooth it's like a morgue. Haven't had a good argument for over a month."

"Say, Toodles, They're Going North, Then Back to Detroit. Thought You'd Like to Know"

"Glad to hear it," Wheeler assured; but his look of bewilderment increased. "And when do Miss Dorothy and he ——"

"Eighteenth o' next month!" smiled J. D., the lines of his hardened old face softening. "That's all I'm waiting out here for. Gol durn it, Wheeler, I'm getting homesick. If it wasn't for that daughter of mine I'd buck the doctor and head for Detroit to-morrow."

Wheeler looked searchingly at Old J. D.

"Head east?" he questioned. "I'm surprised at you, J. D. Thought you had fighting blood. Going to run away after such a licking as you got last week?"

"Licking?" J. D.'s voice rose instantly. "What licking? What in thunder are you talking about? What's the joke?"

"Oh, don't bluff, J. D. You're caught with the goods—for once. Caught fair."

"Goods?" J. D. growled. "Somebody's been kidding you, sonny."

"Not me! So you've fooled yourself into thinking you could lift that Los Angeles-San Francisco record away from my Rexton!" Wheeler chided.

"You really thought you could do that thing! And didn't you make a nice fizzle of it?"

"San Francisco record!" bellowed J. D. "What are you driving at? I don't monkey with those stock-car affairs."

"Like thunder you don't!" laughed Wheeler. "Say, I know for a positive fact that last Wednesday night at six o'clock a Darco touring car, driven by your star manager, our dear little Toodles Walden, left First and Broadway. At Paso Robles, Toodles broke a steering knuckle and went into the ditch. Guess he was shoving her along too fast. He was only two hours behind time when it happened."

"What's that?" Old J. D. yelled. "That fellow Walden trying for the coast record? With one of my cars? You're crazy!"

"Honest, didn't you really know about it?" Wheeler questioned incredulously. "Why, J. D., every cub salesman in Los Angeles is laughing over the fizzle. Where've you been? Say, Walden shouldn't talk about what he's going to do—not until he's sure he can get away with it."

"By thunder!" J. D. roared. "So that's where he was last Wednesday night? That's why you're so modest about me hiring him? By gad, I don't blame you!" The Bear banged his chair back against the wall, kicked over a luckless file that was in the way, tore open the door and plunged through the salesroom toward the street.

Wheeler slapped his knee, bolted from the office and joined the laughing group of salesmen at the street door. Old J. D. was snorting furiously down the sidewalk toward the Darco shop.

"Cut-out wide open!" Wheeler chuckled. "My, there's going to be fur flying! Say, I wouldn't have squealed, but I thought of course he knew about it. Oh, well, Walden's not the only one that's barked his shins on our record! He's got plenty of company!"

And Wheeler went back to his office to pick up his scattered correspondence.

Wheeler was right. The list of failures would have read like a directory of the local automobile industry. Since that night two years ago when a Rexton stock touring car had roared its way from Los Angeles to San Francisco in fourteen hours flat—just fifteen minutes behind the fastest Southern Pacific train time—practically every make of car had at one time or another tested its worth against the Rexton's famous record. Hardly a rainless week passed but some car stole quietly out of Los Angeles and plunged away into the night, either to fall by the wayside or sneak unannounced the next morning into San Francisco many hours behind the mark. No cheering crowds lined the road for these clandestine races. The public never knew how many cars tried and failed. The disgrace of failure and the speed laws of the state of California were the two factors that prohibited advertisement. Only Old J. D. and his Darco, three-time winner of the Grand Prize race, had refrained from trying for the tempting prize. Now the mighty had fallen.

The Bear steamed into the Darco salesroom in a state of near explosion.

"Send Walden up to my office!" he roared.

The door of his office slammed and shook the building. Five minutes later Toodles Walden, the good-natured, irrepressible young manager and J. D.'s son-in-law to be, tiptoed up the stairs, his jaunty exterior somewhat dented. Cautiously he opened the door of the Bear Den. The storm broke.

"Young man," Old J. D. bellowed, "why were you in such a hurry to get to San Francisco last Wednesday night?" He sat and glowered.

"Why—why," Toodles stammered, "I thought if I—if we could get that record—why, it would help sales. I thought ——"

"That's the sort of stuff the street department of hell uses for paving," J. D. roared. "You've got the swelled head. Worst case I ever heard of. Because you mixed ninety-eight per cent luck and two per cent brains with the help of the best mechanician that ever rode a racing car, and managed to win the Grand Prize, you think you're a grown-up go-devil. Don't you know the difference between a racing car and a stock model? That San Francisco road record is the trickiest thing in this world. It's a regular undertaker's handicap. The best cars and drivers in the country have fallen down on it. They were smart enough not to get caught. You've made the Darco the laughingstock of the state.

"Now, look here, young man! You've given our competitors the best argument they ever had. Failure with a specially built racing car is bad enough; but with a stock car—the model we sell every day—it's hell! That's why I never went after that record. Our sales in the next six months will fall off forty per cent. Why? Because you got the big head."

"But listen, J. D.," Toodles protested: "If that steering knuckle hadn't——"

"Yes, if——" J. D. growled. "If something hadn't always happened to everybody the Rexton wouldn't have held that record thirty days. They had a barrel of luck themselves—just once. Nobody ever heard of their failures. They heard of ours—because you bragged."

"But, what are we going to do?" stammered Toodles, beginning to realize the extent of the disaster.

"What are we going to do?" exploded Old J. D. "We're not going to do anything. You got me into this mess. I'm going to get out of it by myself. I'll wire to the factory for Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton to report out here at once. They'll have to beat the Rexton's record. Smash it hard. They're real drivers—not bungling amateurs."

"Let me take a car and try it again," pleaded Toodles. "Give me a chance to square myself."

"Certainly not! You get busy and sell cars. Put some life into your sales force. And"—the Bear's voice rose to a menacing roar—"forget this speed craze. Understand?"

Five days later Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton arrived in Los Angeles. They bore themselves with the competent, unenthusiastic coolness of thoroughgoing professionals. Their manner said plainer than words: "What's the worry? We'll bury the undertaker's handicap!"

They found the Bear primed for action. For two weeks Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton drove carefully over the highway from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Every curve, every grade, every piece of bad road was studied and mastered. They knew each rut by heart. They worked out just what time they must make from each town to the next. Finally they announced themselves ready for the long nocturnal four-hundred-and-sixty-two-mile grind.

A well-limbered-up touring car was given its final overhauling. Old J. D. personally superintended the job. Mud guards, top and wind shield were stripped off. The car was given one last stiff try-out. J. D. was satisfied. The time-honored straw method selected Oldham and Kerhoff as the team for the first dash up the coast. Compton felt abused; J. D. had kept his straw-pulling out of sight.

At promptly six o'clock the Darco slipped out of Los Angeles and bored its way into the face of the setting sun. The Bear had taken all pains to cover his tracks. He crouched grimly in his chair in the Bear Den, and awaited the first word from the north. In two hours Santa Barbara rang in.

"Santa Barbara. Eight o'clock!" came the guarded words from the dealer of that town.

Old J. D. smiled grimly. "Two hours," he muttered. "Fifteen minutes better than we figured."

But the Bear was an old hand at the racing game. The next one hundred and twenty-one miles, between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, he knew, would be a heartbreaking struggle for both car and driver. Mentally he

"Young Man," Old J. D. Bellowed, "Why Were You in Such a Hurry to Get to San Francisco Last Wednesday Night?"

ran over the course. Thirteen miles beyond Santa Barbara, between the Santa Ynez Mountains and the surf of the Pacific, the road became a rough roller coaster, plunging down to the very edge of the ocean, then up again, only to drop into the next cañon. Twenty-five of those deep ravines were crowded into twenty miles. At Gaviota the highway, as though tired of the sea, suddenly shot to the right and scooted zigzag up over Gaviota Pass. Here was the crucial bit that had broken the endurance of many sturdy cars and the bones of more than one hard driver. J. D.'s time schedule allowed the Darco four and a half hours for the bone-racking hundred and twenty-one miles. Could they make it? He glared at the clock.

Midnight passed, then the half hour; still no word from San Luis Obispo. One o'clock crept by without a message. Old J. D., staring at the hands, saw in spite of himself a gruesome picture of his car lying in a twisted mass at the bottom of one of those cañons, with Oldham and Kerhoff trapped beneath the wreckage. These touring cars, with their low cowl and high doors, did not protect you like the high-hooded racers. He glared at the telephone. Forty-five uneasy minutes he paced the floor of the Bear Den. Then the telephone whispered its message:

"San Luis Obispo. One-fifty-two. We're fighting the fog!"

Old J. D. shivered. Such a road—and fog! The one hour and twenty-two minutes of lost time was understandable. Could they make it up? The next report, from Paso Robles, would tell the tale. Except for steep Cuesta Pass, just beyond San Luis Obispo, the road for thirty-one miles was very good.

"They'll run out of the fog when they get back from the ocean. They'll make up time on that stretch," J. D. informed his pipe.

But the phone jingled rather too soon for Paso Robles. Instead there came just a few brief words from the little town of Santa Margarita, that nestled on the north side of the pass.

"Skidded on Cuesta. Car's a wreck. Nobody hurt."

The Bear pulled himself stiffly out of his chair, mechanically jammed on his hat, turned out the lights and went downstairs to the salesroom. For a moment he stopped and glared at the array of silver cups grouped inside a plate-glass case. Each cup marked a Darco victory.

"By thunder," the Bear remarked aloud, "I'm not licked yet!"

He slammed the front door, climbed grimly into his car and went home to sleep off his disappointment.

The four weeks that followed proved beyond doubt the Bear's stubbornness as a fighter. Three times in those weeks he sent a Darco after the coveted record, using his drivers in all possible combinations. The second time the elusive prize had seemed to be within reach. With Compton and Kerhoff as drivers the Darco stock car had fought its way through on schedule time to within a league of San José—fifty-two scant miles from the goal; then a cylinder-head water jacket cracked. They limped on into San Francisco, finishing, despite the handicap of running on three cylinders, only thirty minutes behind the Rexton's fourteen hours flat. The two subsequent tries had been hopeless. But defeat merely served to increase the Bear's determination. The sting of each disaster whipped up his mind to a ferment of new plans. None of them seemed likely to work.

Meanwhile matters were growing serious. J. D.'s prophecy was coming true. In the past month sales had fallen off more than twenty per cent. Rival salesmen were using Toodles' unfortunate fiasco as the best of rebuttal arguments. Old J. D. was coming to realize that the whole future of the Darco in the Pacific Coast territory hinged indeed on the San Francisco record. A smashing victory alone could lay the ghost of the undertaker's handicap.

Recent failures, the Bear had hoped, were cloaked in strict secrecy. Therefore Wheeler's grinning announcement, a few days after the last sad attempt, came as a jar to his bump of confidence.

"Why take four lickings instead of one, J. D.?" Wheeler hailed him. "Thought you didn't monkey with those stock-car affairs?" Then the one-time Darco manager gave a hearty laugh that drew the sting from the words.

"Listen here, sonny," J. D. rumbled. "That eight-legged combination of circumstances that some halfwit named the Rexton is due for an awful licking. I'm going to smash your old record if it breaks a leg."

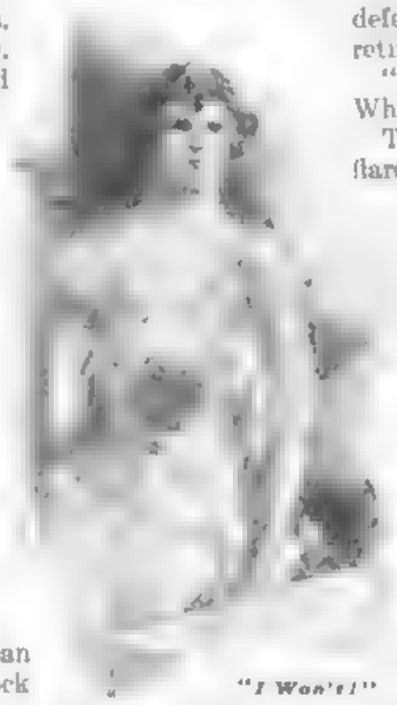
J. D.'s threat was as good-natured as Wheeler's friendly gibe.

"Great Scott," Wheeler exclaimed, "better quit while you've a good excuse!"

"Good excuse!" bellowed J. D. "The Darco doesn't need an excuse. You forget it won the Grand Prize three times in a row. You ——"

"Look out, J. D.," Wheeler interrupted; "you'll crack a cylinder. Oh, I'll admit you can build racing cars; but your stock model won't stand the strain."

"Holy love of Mike!" J. D. roared. "You ——"



"I Won't!" She Repeated Defiantly. "Toodles Won't Either!"

"And if it would," Wheeler ignored the interruption, "your drivers couldn't lower the time. There's one trouble, J. D.—your drivers. Same as the others that have failed."

"You talk like a fish," exploded J. D. "What's the matter with Oldham, Kerhoff and Compton? Aren't they good drivers?"

"Certainly," admitted Wheeler. "Great drivers—racing drivers. That's the trouble. They thrive on the cheers of the crowd—the spectacular. No cheers in that long night grind, J. D. They're licked before they've started. On the track everybody watches out for the big man; now he's got to share the right of way with everything on the road. If he hits and hurts anyone in a regular race he's given a write-up in the papers; on the San Francisco run he's breaking the state law and he'll go to jail. That's why you've failed to lower the record, J. D. Your drivers haven't the incentive."

"Bunk!" J. D. growled. "Piffle!"

"You know it isn't," Wheeler shot back. "How was it Toodles managed to win the Grand Prize?"

"Luck—and a great mechanician."

"It was not. It was incentive—to get back at you. Incentive of a good fight to get even. Wasn't it?"

"Well, I've offered a five-thousand-dollar bonus for the San Francisco record," J. D. said grimly.

"Hadn't heard that. You must be rather anxious to get that undertaker's handicap. You used to laugh about it."

"I am," the Bear growled. "A thousand times more anxious now than I've ever been. And I'll get it too!"

"If you do," retorted Wheeler, "you'll go to jail."

"Jail!" bellowed Old J. D.; then he laughed. "By thunder, that's good! For the murder of the Rexton record—you're on."

"You're laughing at your own funeral, J. D.," Wheeler said soberly. "Haven't you seen the afternoon papers?"

"No!"

"State authorities at Sacramento have put their foot down hard. No more racing on California's holy highways." Wheeler's voice had the tone of a judge delivering the death sentence. "After the fifteenth of this month it's jail for anyone they catch at it. Hard luck, J. D. I guess the Rexton will retire with the honors."

For a minute Old J. D. sat like a grim statue. The not wholly illogical action of the State Board of Highways was a blow from an unforeseen assailant.

"Retire," he muttered slowly. "Yes—with about as much glory as any prize fighter that gets too rotten to defend his title! That's what rotten fighters always do—retire."

"Good alibi for the fellows that couldn't lick him," Wheeler cut back.

The Bear's eyes blazed fiercely. "Confound you," he flared, "your tin-plated, glorified twin-four flivver hasn't retired yet. Not by three whole days. Don't forget that, young man!"

The door banged shut.

For half an hour Old J. D. sat scowling at his desk. Then his eyes focused grimly on the calendar over it. The heavy black numeral "12" seemed to grin down at him. "Three days," he muttered. "Seventy-two hours."

Wheeler's grinning cocksureness and the drastic action of the highway board together with his powerful hatred of defeat fanned his fighting spirit to fever heat. His mind swept back over Wheeler's theory. He was willing to admit there might be some logic to the "incentive" argument. If so, where was he to find an incentive greater than the five thousand dollars? If five thousand wouldn't do it, neither would ten. He kicked back his chair and paced the floor.

Suddenly he stopped at the little window that looked down onto the garage floor below. His eye swept over the assembled cars. In one corner was the old dirty red Number Eleven Darco racing machine which Toodles had driven to victory in the Grand Prize. That car had been rebuilt from the wrecks of his three scrapped racers. Toodles had done it. The boy had the stuff that might bungle, but didn't fail—a blessed explosive amateurishness. How different from the cool workmanship of the Oldham stamp! He and Dorothy would

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Miles Slipped Away Under the Clicking Wheels, Dust and Choking Oil Smoke Poured Down Upon the Platform, But the Bear Never Shifted His Gaze From the Road

MRS. PILLOW

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP

Mrs. De Pablo Described Her Inexpensive Dishes of Soup and Spaghetti

SITTING by her window in the late afternoon Mrs. Pillow looked down Fite Street to the corner. It was springtime, but Fite Street, named for a city councilman of Feltonville, looked exactly as it had looked in January, except that the swarm of children was thicker, the voices louder, the costumes of the women lighter. There was no tree to be gazed at hopefully; there was no grass to bless the eye with its green; there were no shrubs about to burst into bloom. There were, instead, flag walks and a paved street in poor repair, and tall gaunt houses with broken shutters and gaping paneless windows.

Feltonville reproduced in miniature all the features of the city of which it was a suburb. There were fine houses and fine shops on the upper streets; and before them handsome automobiles waited and trim nurses walked about with children.

There were also narrow streets, where the air was never fresh; where all day women quarreled loudly and children screamed. Of these streets Fite was the meanest and the narrowest, and of the women there Mrs. Pillow was the most slatternly and her children the most quarrelsome. The other residents of Fite Street were climbing up—Hungarians, Poles, Italians, Russians. Mrs. Pillow, on the other hand, was climbing down. Mrs. Pillow was an American who had let go.

Mrs. Pillow's children were not at present on the street. They sat in a row on the bed—Geraldine, named when hope and ambition still had their abode in Mrs. Pillow's breast; Bessie, named when hope was fading; Willie and John, named when hope was quite gone. About John Mrs. Pillow had said: "Call him any old thing." And Pillow had consequently called him for himself.

The young Pillows were at this moment divided between intense discomfort caused by inactivity, and eager expectation inspired by a rapidly approaching delight. It was Saturday evening; in five minutes Father Pillow would be at home, wages in hand, and the Pillows would go forth. First they would stop at the store—at the corner grocery store—and there would pay for the food eaten during the week; then they would stop at the dry-goods store round the corner, where they would pay for Mrs. Pillow's hat, John's shoes and Geraldine's new dress; then they would eat a supper of bananas and cakes in the park; then they would go to moving-picture shows. One moving-picture show only whetted the appetite; the Pillows had been known to go to three.

The pockets of Father Pillow would be empty when Fite Street saw them again; but what did that matter? The Pillow children were surfeited with moving pictures, Father Pillow was surfeited with food, and Mrs. Pillow was surfeited with pride. It was not the food or the entertainment to which Mrs. Pillow looked forward; it was the family procession through Fite Street before the envious eyes of her neighbors. She lived no better than they; she had no furniture; but she knew that there were Saturday evening proprieties and she was able to observe them. Take this satisfaction away from Mrs. Pillow and she would have nothing.

Father Pillow was late and Mrs. Pillow grumbled; not at him, for she had lingering convictions about the proper respect due from child toward father, but at his employers.

"It's a wonder they let 'im off at all," said Mrs. Pillow. "Grinding down the faces of the poor, that's their business. I bet they're long since off at their golf."

"What's golf?" asked Geraldine.

"I told you to be still!" roared Mrs. Pillow, thus covering her ignorance of the cherished game of the rich. The eyes of the children rolled solemnly at one another. "Some day there's going to be an uprising, and those that ride will walk, and those that walk'll ride."

"I'll ride," said Willie.

"You won't have strength even to ride if you don't keep still," cried Mrs. Pillow, who was growing nervous.

By the battered alarm clock on the table Pillow was five minutes late. An awful suspicion darkened the world for Mrs. Pillow. Surely nothing could have happened to him or his money—especially to his money!

"You go to the corner and see if he's coming, Geraldine; and if the Haggertys look at you twice just you tell me and I'll settle them."

Geraldine went gladly. Mrs. Pillow ignored the pleas of Bessie and John and Willie to be allowed to accompany her. Mrs. Pillow walked up and down. Seen thus, she was a tall angular woman, still under forty. She wore white shoes and a cheap and stylish dress. Mrs. Pillow's life had been hard and disappointing, and each disappointment showed in her face. Some strength was still there; but whether it was partly strength of character or all strength of temper it was hard to say. Mrs. Pillow had, it must be confessed, a good deal of temper. There was a certain climax of indignation, which she called a trembling rage, from which an actor of tragedy might easily have learned much.

Presently Mrs. Pillow went to the door. She stepped over the discarded clothes of the children and portions of a broken chair. At the door she stood very still; so still that Willie and John, thinking that she had gone out, turned somersaults over each other on the bed, and Bessie spanked them with a successful imitation of their mother's stroke. Bessie could see her mother's back. After a moment she rose and tiptoed toward her.

"Mom," said she, "them boys——"

But Mrs. Pillow did not hear, being absorbed in an ominous sight. Pillow usually came swiftly up Fite Street, conscious of a weakness toward tempting screened doors. Now he walked slowly. He seemed to be leaning upon Geraldine.

"Your man's took bad," shouted a neighborly voice.

"You can mind your own business!" answered Mrs. Pillow; but her heart stood still.

Pillow came slowly up the steps and into the room. There he sank upon the bed. Mrs. Pillow stood before him, John and Willie sat behind him on the bed, and Geraldine and Bessie stood, one on each side.

"What ails you?" demanded Mrs. Pillow.

Pillow did not answer. He was a small man, not so very much larger, indeed, than Geraldine, and much smaller than his wife.

"Are you sick?"

Pillow shook his head.

"Are you fired?"

Again Pillow shook his head.

"Didn't you get your pay?"

"I got it," said Pillow ominously.

"Did you ——" Mrs. Pillow laid her hand on his shoulder. "Surely you didn't lose it!"

"No," said Pillow.

"Well then, what ails you?"

Pillow burst into tears.

"It was took from me."

Mrs. Pillow sat down heavily in her rocking-chair.

"All of it?"

Pillow fumbled beneath his coat. He drew out a stiff card, perhaps ten by twelve inches in size. Upon it was printed: We Own a Bond!

Below the inscription a bell rang so frantically that it stood upon its head.

Mrs. Pillow said nothing. The war had as yet made no impression upon Fite Street, but Mrs. Pillow understood that Pillow was exchanging his money for that which did not profit her. She began to tremble. Pillow saw her tremble, and trembled also.

"They made me do it," he protested.

"Made you do it!" repeated Mrs. Pillow.

"One of the bosses come round with a paper. I was afraid not to do it. I don't have to pay for it all now."

"Pay for it all now!" It was one of the unfailing heralds of Mrs. Pillow's trembling rage that she repeated other people's words. "How much did it cost?"

"Fifty dollars."

This Mrs. Pillow could not repeat.

"Two dollars a week for twenty-five weeks. Then we shall have a bond; and it pays us interest." Pillow put his hand into his pocket. "There is my pay, all but two dollars."

Mrs. Pillow allowed the money to be placed in her lap, meantime sitting motionless.

"I had to do it!" said Pillow.

"Had to do it!" repeated Mrs. Pillow. "I'd like to hear any living being say 'had to' to me!"

Then Mrs. Pillow rose. She seized little John by his foot, turned him over and unlaced the new shoes, which were to have made an impression on Fite Street that evening. She held them out to Pillow.

"Take them back to the store;

(Continued on Page 94)

Mrs. Pillow Held Out to a Stunned and Feeble Pillow a Second Roll of Money

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

By KENYON GAMBIER

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

"Yvonne Has Been Stopped by Telephone! I'll See Her Through—Outside Turnbout—To-Night"

X

TO SAN FRANCISCO had come, in 1892, a ruined German officer, bringing with him his wife and an infant son. The child had become an orphan in his fifth year and had been taken into the home of a New-England-born lady, who had learned brilliant piano execution at Leipsic. Later he had been sent to a public school in which, at the taxpayers' expense, he had been taught German for one hour each day. In his rich American home his toys had been German, his first reading Grimm's Fairy Tales and, later, beautiful German folklore stories, lovely German legends, and dark, mysterious accounts of the doings of German gods and goddesses. At twelve the boy had joined a Turnverein; because the gymnasium had been so well equipped. At fifteen he had belonged to a German target-shooting club, where the discipline had been semimilitary, and had played second violin in an amateur German musical organization founded by his American foster mother.

At twenty-one he had become a naturalized American citizen. Politically an enthusiastic American, he was emotionally, spiritually and in sentiment a German. He was grateful to his American foster parents, and to American taxpayers and schools, for having fostered and encouraged his German culture. He often told his German friends over a tall glass of Culmbacher beer, of which he was very fond, that his good luck had been incredible. If things had gone a little differently he might not have known a word of German, or ever recalled that he was of German birth.

At twenty-four his American foster-father had died and left him a few thousand dollars, and he had promptly gone to Germany on a visit, hugging his American passport, proud of his American citizenship, romantically happy in the chance to see the home country of his dreams, and eagerly hoping for a friendly reception from grandparents who had ignored his existence. He had arrived in Hanover in June, 1914, and it was he who had summoned Roderick Stoneman and now walked with him in silence out of the village toward the north.

The German turned suddenly, looked nervously about, and then held out a hand that burned hot in Stoneman's grasp.

"Do you know me?" he demanded.

Stoneman looked at the haggard eyes, at the black pouches beneath, at the twitching mouth. The German broke into a harsh laugh.

"Think of a fat, blue-eyed boy," he said; "an American boy that American schools and American people made into a German—more German than the Germans, because I looked across half the world and saw only the romance and charm and heard only the music of it. They caught me in the glow and ardor of my first visit to the homeland." He repeated the word with a curling lip. "I went faint, Stoneman. The drums beat; the bugles sounded. I jumped at the chance of a commission."

"Tiedermann," said the surprised and relieved Stoneman.

They came to the top of a little hill, and the German looked all about him again and saw that there could be no hidden listeners. He caught Stoneman's arm.

"Look here!" he burst out. "It's good to see a white man. You must help me. You must get me out of this. It's up to you. It's the United States or the firing squad for me. See the senators from California. See the State Department. It may work. I was naturalized in Superior Court Number One on the twelfth of April, 1911. Stick that date in your brain. I'll give you three months. If your ambassador hasn't got me out by then—March the thirty-first; that's the date—I'm done! I can't herd with barbarians longer than that. My God!" He flung out his hands.

"Of course, Tiedermann; of course! I'll do what I can. I'm not going straight back; but I'll set the wires working as soon as I get into Holland."

They discussed details. Hope sprang up in the heart of the despairing man. He looked at Stoneman from eyes less haunted and said eagerly as they turned:

"We must come in, Stoneman; we must help to save the world. We don't understand. Our country must—before it is too late."

Stoneman agreed most heartily, and listened to impassioned words from an ardent American, who forgot for five minutes that he wore a German uniform. But the sight of two carriages in the distance brought the lieutenant sharply up.

"Your wife?" he asked.

Stoneman nodded.

"I can't meet her, Stoneman. I wouldn't dare to shake hands with her."

"She, too, will want to help you," Stoneman said, trying to soothe him.

The man was staring down the road and the muscles of his jaws were twitching.

"I can never look an American woman in the face again." His voice trailed away.

Stoneman put a steadying hand on his shoulder; but Tiedermann shook it off.

"I told you I went fanti," he ran on. "When I came to myself my sword was stuck in my scabbard. I pulled it out, rusty red, moist, oozing still by the hilt—and stuck to the blade was a woman's hair—a long white hair!"

He stopped and looked into Stoneman's face; then turned suddenly and, without even a nod, muttering, walked off into a field path. Five minutes later, little Ellen cried with obvious disappointment:

"Oh, that's him, I suppose!" She was disappointed at so tame an ending of a mystery.

Stoneman came sauntering up, smoking a cigarette.

"Hello, little girls! I'm Uncle Monty. Remember that, all of you. Now can I trust you to ride by yourselves for five miles and not fall out, and not try to climb up by the driver, and not sing Yankee Doodle?"

"We don't know it, thank you!" said Ellen with dignity.

"Oh, of course not! I beg your pardon."

"But you can trust us," said Ellen. "We have been rather well brought up, you know."

Stoneman laughed and looked at Peggy.

Her eyes, against her will, told how anxious she had been.

"Everything is all right," he said quickly.

She bent forward, looking as directly at him as she had on the night he had entered the dining room at Antwerp. His eyes answered as they had then; and Peggy settled back, sure that he told the truth. She hid a smile at his change of expression when she told Ellen to go with him to the other carriage. She said they could not leave the children by themselves, and that Ellen was sure to interest him. The child was on the ground before Peggy had finished speaking and danced down the road to the other carriage. She snuggled into his fur coat with a murmur of content. He exclaimed at her frozen hands and clasped them.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "It's just living a fairy story and I don't know I'm cold. It's so splendid to wake up every morning and never know what's going to happen; not like it used to be when everything was just so, and I had bread and butter for breakfast, and then a music lesson—I rather liked my music teacher, if she did rap my knuckles—and then recitations and study and dinner, and a walk, and everything always just the same, till every day seemed like yesterday and I didn't care whether to-morrow ever came, because it was just to-day over again. It's such fun; and two horses in the carriage, too, and a fur coat like a soft bear. She looked round everywhere, and she was frightfully pale; and when she saw you she just leaned back and did like this"—the child drew a deep long breath—"and she put her hands up to her face; and when she took them down she wasn't pale any more; and I think she was very anxious before, but not anxious any more now. But everybody is, of course, most of the time in war. I know all us girls felt it very much. You are her husband, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then why do they call you Mr. Stoneman and not Mr. Fargo?"

"My name is Montague Stoneman Fargo."

"Rather funny—that coachman calling you by your middle name, isn't it? Mrs. Fargo is very beautiful. Her eyes are luminous."

"They are, Ellen. Where did you get that word?"

"Oh, one of the older girls had a storybook and read me a chapter one day in the cellar when I was off my feed and gave her my soup. She was rather a greedy girl. She wasn't supposed to have a storybook; but she read it on the sly and cried so much that the nuns pitied her a bit. They thought she was frightened by the shells. She was a bit silly, I think; but I loved hearing her read, for she put so much feeling into it. Mrs. Fargo loves you very much, doesn't she?"

"She is what is called reticent, Ellen. Do you know what that means?"

"Oh, yes. I must say she doesn't look it. Nuns are reticent; very reticent, aren't they? Mrs. Fargo doesn't act like a nun, does she? But that's silly of me, isn't it? Because nuns and ladies are different, aren't they? And that's silly, too, because nuns are ladies, aren't they? Most of them. But ladies are not nuns. I get hopelessly mixed up sometimes, because words are so funny and don't mean what I mean; but you understand, don't you, Uncle Monty? I say, you won't mind my asking, will you? But I simply can't help it. I suppose it was speaking of the soup; but do you know where we are going to get dinner?"

A Blinding Flash; a Roar; the Automobile Leaped High in the Air, Sprang Forward, and Crashed Through Wire

There was such eager effort to repress eagerness in this inquiry that Stoneman quickly explained about the large lunch basket in the other carriage.

"Were there two baskets?" asked Ellen, sitting up.

"No; but the one held a lot. We'll stop now and find out what's in it."

"No, please; I'm not hungry. I was only asking." She nestled back into the soft fur.

"But it's one o'clock."

"I couldn't eat a mouthful," she declared. "They'll stop when they want it."

The front carriage did stop in every village and then went on again after a talk between the drivers and dwellers; but it was not until the fourth pause that Stoneman drove alongside and learned of the disappearance of the lunch basket. There was nothing for it but a dash to Malines and a combined lunch and tea there.

It was at Malines that Peggy was recognized by a German teacher of ten years before, who now appeared as a lieutenant of the *Landwehr*, short, stout, and as absent-minded as ever. Presented to Herr Fargo, he sent the children into fits of laughter by his congratulations to Frau Fargo on looking so young with such a fine-growing family. He took tea with them, telling of his own granddaughters in Munich, not noticing the stiff civility with which the little girls listened to the tale of a Christmas tree in preparation for German children. After the war, he said, he should come back to England and teach again; and his daughter and her children would come too, for they had lost their father in the war. The little girls looked at one another and Ellen tossed her head. The unfortunate struggle would soon be over, he said; and he hoped that Frau Fargo, "such a brilliant pupil," would give him support and patronage in establishing his connections again.

"She will be in the United States with me," Stoneman explained calmly, not looking up.

Peggy shot a look at him.

"I am going to visit a lady in California," she said, a little tartly. "She is going to teach me to throw a lasso."

Herr Bolander looked wistfully at the children as they went out to the carriage. To Ellen he said: "You remind me of my little girl." He stooped to kiss her.

"Go away, you German!" she said, shrinking.

He looked pathetically at Peggy.

"But why?" he asked. "War is not for children."

"You Germans have made it so!" flamed Ellen.

As the carriage drove off he muttered to himself that English children were as ill-bred as ever.

Stoneman, exhausted by listening, had Eunice Milsom now, a blue-eyed dormouse who slept inside his arm all the way to Antwerp.

They found Clothilde alone. Madame Campion and Mademoiselle Yvonne, she said, had gone to a dinner party given by Frau von Schwabe in honor of the engagement of mademoiselle. Madame had left word that the Belgian passports were in order and that they were all to leave for Holland on Wednesday morning.

An hour later the children were having a ferocious pillow fight upstairs. Downstairs Peggy was telling Roderick about the diamonds of the Brazilian, hidden beneath the stones of a cellar floor.

"I'll get them," he said. "That's three things to do—passports, diamonds and return a stolen fur coat."

Peggy listened to the noise overhead.

"The children were only the excuse," she said. "I feel now as if they were the important thing." She laughed as the happy laughter floated down to them and the little German dog yapped joyously. "It has all been a perfect success," she said.

Roderick nodded and looked at her covertly. It would not be a perfect success for him unless he won something more than freedom.

On Wednesday morning, Leutnant von Schmiedell, dreaming of his Berlin holiday with Yvonne, received a message canceling his leave. Christmas in Antwerp alone, without Yvonne! He banged his desk with a clenched fist. Leutnant Strobell, passing, saw it. This bitter-tongued brother officer, with a round head and a skin like an old boot, nodded and said:

"I should think so! You are trusting, my innocent youth. I was at the Station Centrale and saw that you opened the cage to all the birds at once. Suppose they don't come back? Is that why you hit the furniture?" His laugh was a sneer.

"Your tongue is always poison."

"Should it be honey for a Yankee who mocks the German?" Strobell asked. "I heard him talk of the German drumbeat round the world and the wine circling the table in the German way. You—you got red, you were so pleased. I—I got red with just anger. His tongue was in his cheek."

"You blushed? Ah, wonderful!" Von Schmiedell stared at the other's dark skin. Strobell scowled and turned on his heel.

Christmas—Antwerp—no Yvonne! The lieutenant eyed the telephone. He thought of Frau Schwabe's silly little Christmas tree at the hotel; but how if Yvonne was there? He fingered the telephone stand; Yvonne among Germans, where she ought to be, under the wing of a blind, kind chaperon, and her tiresome aunt away off at The Hague; he pulled the stand toward him. Did he dare? Strobell's words—"all the birds at once"—that should be his excuse. He smiled; the commander would know he had no distrust of Yvonne, would understand the little trick, would be amused. He called up the station at Esschen.

Mademoiselle Duberge's passport was canceled, he said. She was to be treated with high courtesy and told that Leutnant von Schmiedell was coming immediately in his car to bring her back to Frau von Schwabe's care. Yes, the others of the party were free to go. Leutnant von Schmiedell greatly regretted the incident, but had not been able to prevent it.

He hung up the receiver with a joyous laugh. War was wonderful! How pleased Yvonne would be!—after the first five minutes. She would rather be with him than buy clothes, of course. What a jolly lark!

At Esschen happy Peggy marshaled her excited little flock into the train. She laughed as Madame Campion's hand was pressed firmly on the lips of little Ellen; as Clothilde muzzled Eunice Milsom. She closed the door on them in their crowded compartment and glanced along the shining rails toward freedom and the neutral zone, only a few yards away. She turned, with an exultant smile, and got into the next carriage. Yvonne would come in a minute; it was like Yvonne to linger for a last courteous word with the polite officer in command of the station.

Radiant Peggy thought of Geoffrey and of the meeting that evening. She had seen him last sitting in this very train in which she sat; and she remembered how bitterly she rebelled that she could not turn back. How glad she was now that she had been forced to go on! What great things she had been able to do in those few crowded days! Roderick Stoneman that morning had told her that she was Moses and Joshua in one; she was leading a people out of bondage and into a promised land. She drew a deep breath and opened her eyes to find him standing by the door, looking at her just as he had looked at her by the Church of St. Gudule. Her eyes dropped under his intense, significant scrutiny. He slammed the door between them.

"Sit still!" he ordered abruptly, but in a whisper. He thrust her hand bag and a parcel through the open window. The train began to move. He stepped on the footboard. "Yvonne has been stopped by telephone!" he said hurriedly. "I'll see her through—outside Turnhout—tonight." He got off.

Startled Peggy leaped to the window. The parcel fell and broke, and her feet crunched on scattered diamonds. She saw him, standing, looking toward her. Beyond was Yvonne, and a handkerchief floated from her high upraised hand.

Something flung from the next carriage flew across Peggy's window—a dog's blanket, edged with mauve. She heard the dog yapping cheerily. She heard madame cry: "*Le Roi et Victoire!*" Exultant children's voices shouted: "God save the King!" Peggy sank back in grief too deep for tears.

XI

BEHIND, on the station platform, Yvonne stood gazing from still, wide eyes toward forbidden freedom. Stoneman came and thrust his arm through hers and walked her fast up and down the long stretch. She was so slight that he almost lifted her in turning, and she began to pant breathlessly, as a tired child might.

"That's good," he encouraged. "Pump blood into your cheeks and rage into your heart. You must be in a white-hot rage, you know, and make him do just what we've planned."

She answered, with a tang in her voice that reassured him:

"Oh, yes; I can be angry. I can be myself—at last."

"Fine!" he answered. "Now I'll wait on the other side, so you can have it out with him alone."

She nodded and released his arm. He looked into her face ere he turned, and she raised her head and smiled. He left her, sure that she would not fail in her part. He hummed a tune as he crossed the rails—Over the Border and Far Away. He was happy because Peggy was safe and because there was something, at last, for him to do. He was the alert, cool airman now. He smiled when a sentry, with diagonally crossed rifle, barred his egress from the station. He paced up and down, watching the road for

an approaching motor car. Sometimes he looked across at that wonderful fur-clad girl. In the instant in which she had been told she was not to go she had planned that the rest should not know.

"My aunt would stay," she had said; "a useless sacrifice."

This was shining heroism. She was worthy of Peggy. They were a pair, he thought; amazing, splendid!

The auto came at last, and there was no chauffeur. So far, so good. Stoneman met the young lieutenant with a jovial greeting, which was coolly received. He could not leave mademoiselle alone, of course, he explained. He understood that these things must happen in wartime, and one must put up with them.

Now that the lieutenant had come in person he felt that mademoiselle was in safe hands. For himself, all he asked was a lift as far as Antwerp. He could not get a train. He could not move a foot in any direction, because his wife had the pasaports. He must get new credentials and leave on the morrow. The auto was a dandy machine and he had enjoyed driving it in Brussels that Sunday evening. He should like to drive it again.

The lieutenant, watching Yvonne from the corner of his eye, said he would be pleased to take Herr Fargo to Antwerp, and hurried across. He was, in fact, relieved when Madame Campion had not remained and glad that he was to have a chauffeur. He rushed to Yvonne, with an eager cry, holding out both his hands. She drew herself up and did not take them.

"It is not my fault, my dear Yvonne," he cried. "I swear it is not. You must not be angry with me. Come! . . . Madame von Schwabe is honored that you go to her."

"No, Otto," she said, with grave decision in her manner. There was a note of finality in her voice that astonished and disconcerted the young officer. Her eyes, always so expressive, said more to him even than her words.

"But you must," he stammered. "Come!"

He thrust his arm through hers. She stood motionless. He glanced about, always self-conscious and fearful of anything like a scene.

"We cannot stand here, squabbling!" he cried. "And I cannot leave you here."

"You can call the guard," she suggested haughtily.

"Yvonne!" he said, starting back.

"You treat me as a prisoner," she said. "Very well; make me one!"

A deep flush reddened his fair skin.

"It is not my fault at all."

"I have been shamed, humiliated," she said, with high dignity. "It does not matter who has done it. It is done. I will not be dragged back to Antwerp by you. I will not have my shame advertised. I will place myself under the care of the American."

"*Ach!*" he broke in, spluttering in his anger. "That Yankee ——"

"He shall take me to the only place I will go," she said. "He shall take me if we have to walk! I shall go to the Convent. That is where I shall go. That is the only place I will go."

She turned to cross the rails. He could do nothing but walk by her side. He saw German privates watching; saw the lieutenant in command looking on. He forced a smile.

"The Convent?" he repeated. "It is a hundred miles away. You are mad, Yvonne!"

"It will hide the indignity that has been inflicted on a Belgian," she said. "On you, too, Otto. My world at Antwerp and your world there shall not see that you are unable to protect me."

He glanced at her, struck by this view. He said haughtily that no one would dare to criticize him. Then the officer commanding at this frontier station came and saluted, and the lieutenant tried to be amiable and calm, and paused for a few words; but Yvonne, all stately dignity in her small, straight, slim body, went outside.

Stoneman sat at the wheel in the car. Her eyes flashed a signal that the plan was going well. When the lieutenant came, a minute later, he could hardly continue to argue within the hearing of "this Yankee."

"I'm sorry, old chap!" he cried. "Mademoiselle Duberges wishes to go to the Convent. She has some matters to arrange at her château. I can't give you a lift."

"But you must go through Antwerp, Herr Leutnant," Stoneman pleaded. "Let me drive you that far."

"No!" Yvonne cried. "We are not going through Antwerp. We are going round. But you shall come, just the same, Monsieur Monty, if it is convenient. He stayed with me, Otto." She turned to the impatient lieutenant. "He must not be left here. You can take him on to Antwerp afterward."

"Suits me all right—thanks!" Stoneman drawled.

Yvonne was already in the automobile. The lieutenant was helpless, and he was not displeased. He should have three hours with Yvonne all to himself, with no care of driving, and a sympathetic chauffeur who would not look round too often.

"Keep the main road to the southeast," he said. "You can't go wrong."

The car jumped away. So far, perfect! Stoneman, exhilarated, confident, drove as German officers drove. There were no speed limits for them. There were no cars on the roads but theirs and now and again one from which waved an American flag; a flag of mercy carrying its message of help and comfort from the Relief Commission.

Stoneman kept always toward the east, and did this the more boldly when he heard no protests from behind. The lieutenant was too much occupied in appeasing Yvonne to notice direction. He pleaded; he stormed. He got angry; became cool again. Stoneman could not understand the German words, but from the inflections he thought Yvonne was carrying it off with too high a hand.

They were stopped at Turnhout by a sentinel. The lieutenant spoke harshly; but, with a civilian driver, he was forced to produce his Staff pass. This precious document Stoneman retained, without protest. He placed it in the map pocket in front of him. He went on more confidently. He had not been sure the lieutenant carried any pass, or that it would cover civilians.

He drove slowly now, recalling the map, which he had furtively studied in the carriage when Yvonne had talked of the underground road to freedom. His trained brain identified roads and places. He turned down a rough lane, sure that he was near the charcoal-burner's hut. Stopped here by a patrol, he produced the passport to receive a respectful salute. Farther on he checked as a peasant woman passed. Yvonne asked the way in Flemish.

Stoneman was sure a message had been given. The charcoal burner would know a party must cross that night, even if there was a moon. He peered through the dusk, marking every object, so that his return journey might be without hesitation. The lieutenant leaned forward.

"Did you see the aërodrome as you passed, Monday, Herr Fargo?"

"Yes," Stoneman answered.

"One of your fellow countrymen did it," the lieutenant snapped.

"Ah, you've caught him, then?"

"No; he was drowned, we think, in escaping. We heard it from Berlin to-day. They got it from New York papers—Stoneman, of the French Service; perhaps he is a friend of yours?"

A rasping antagonism barked in the voice. Yvonne had not forgiven him and he had become angry.

"I must go to the château first, to get some things," she broke in. "Please keep to the right at the fork of the road."

Stoneman nodded, as though the request was news to him. The lieutenant heard it gladly. He should have her alone in her own house, for a few minutes at least. She should climb down from her high horse then.

They came to the gate. It hung, broken. They drove up a shattered avenue, avoiding fallen branches. The wide, sloping lawn was frozen mud. A great hole was in the center where a shell had burst. They drew up in front of the deserted house, dark and dreary in its shuttered isolation.

"The key," Yvonne said, "is beneath the seat in the summerhouse."

"You leave it there!" the lieutenant exclaimed, surprised, jumping out. "Is that safe?"

"No Belgian would use it," was the quick answer.

The lieutenant, who knew the place well, stalked angrily away with an electric torch. The accent on the Belgian had sharply pointed Yvonne's retort

"Be careful!" Stoneman whispered.

(Continued on Page 55)

The Cold Clutched Her as With a Palpable Hand: But She Would Not Even Shiver, Lest She Disturb the Sleeper

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 5, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

Fiscal Responsibility

PERHAPS your newspaper recently carried a headline to the effect that the Senate passed appropriation bills carrying twenty-one billion dollars in a day.

If you have observed the progress of these enormous bills you have seen that Congress mainly just threw up its hands. Some points have been debated, but on the whole Congress said to the executive departments, with an air of fine patriotic fervor: "Help yourself. There's the pot; take what you like." Also saying to the country, with the greatest self-satisfaction: "You see how loyal we are. We make no difficulties. We raise no obstacles. We play no politics. We give the President all he asks for."

But, in fact, Congress had to throw up its hands. It was incompetent to take any such controlling part in the shaping of these appropriations as the Constitution allots to it. It had no machinery for that purpose, no organization, no tradition, no experience. It had never dealt or participated in dealing with national finances as a whole. It had never attempted to form a national budget. It had no organs that could function in a national fiscal body. It may have had a left lung in one committee room and part of a liver across the street; but it had nothing that resembled an organism of fiscal control, national in scope, much more closely than a collection of artificial limbs resembles a human being. Of course, it threw up its hands.

For war purposes that branch of Government which the Constitution especially vests with fiscal responsibility becomes a rubber stamp for the executive branch. Still it makes no move to set up an adequate system of managing national finances.

Training Labor

A MAN, evidently much in earnest, puts his situation before us, in substance, this way:

"I have an occupation that brings me a fair living. It isn't under the ban, but I know there is nothing essential to war work about it. I am in good condition physically, can write a grammatical letter, have picked up some knowledge of mechanics, electricity, chemistry and drafting. I'm more or less one of those free-lance breadwinners you spoke of in a recent issue. I have dependents. There must be a great many men like me. It wouldn't take very long for me to learn some skilled war-work trade well enough to hold down a real war-work job. If you will tell me where I can get the training I will take off my coat."

The Committee on Labor of the Council of National Defense has been considering such cases. It recently announced that already a hundred important plants engaged on war orders are undertaking to give intensive training to unskilled men—and finding it possible in a few weeks or even a few days to teach a man a single process or a single machine. The training is done under actual working conditions and the output of the training room goes into the factory's production.

This training scheme—as a war-emergency measure—ought to be extended and advertised so that every man in the position of our correspondent will know of an opportunity in his region where quick intensive training for war work may be obtained.

Government Bond Market

WITH four and a quarter per cent Liberty Bonds selling at a discount of about five per cent the Treasury is ready to offer at par another big issue bearing the same rate of interest. In which it is quite right. The market price made by a comparatively small volume of transactions on the New York Stock Exchange is a factor that the Treasury may well ignore.

All the Liberty Bond issues have ignored conditions in the bond market, and may well continue to do so. People buy these bonds for patriotism, to help win the war. Subscribing to a bond is their stroke for democracy and a free, peaceable world. The idea of haggling with the Government and holding back in order to screw the best possible terms out of it would be disgusting to them.

Bonds of the First Liberty Loan bear three and a half per cent, those of the second four per cent, those of the third four and a quarter. Up to the ninth of November bonds of the first and second issues may be converted without charge into those of the third issue, bearing a higher rate of interest; but the Treasury recently announced that very few holders had taken advantage of this conversion privilege. Owing to their freedom from taxation, the three and a half per cent bonds are in such demand that they have risen considerably above par. As they are more apt to advance than to decline it is not likely that anything would be gained by converting them.

There is now a six to seven per cent money market, a six to seven per cent bond market. Twenty million or more people will cheerfully accept the Government's offer of four and a quarter per cent for their money.

That spectacle, as an indubitable sign of the attitude and purpose of the people of the United States, is worth infinitely more than a per cent in the interest rate.

Go For Them!

FROM the twenty-first of March to the eighteenth of July the Allies were on the defensive and falling back. Whenever the Germans struck they won ground. Two more such pushes as carried them from St. Quentin to within gunshot of Amiens and from the Ailette to the Marne would have put the Allies in the most desperate position. Then Foch attacked the Marne salient, took the initiative out of Ludendorff's hands, and ever since has been rolling the Germans back.

Now the Germans had substantially the same army in August, when they were losing, that they had in April, when they were winning; and the same generals. The Allies had almost the same army. Only a couple of hundred thousand fresh American troops actually participated in the fighting. They had pulled themselves together, effected a better military organization, made their means more responsive to their will. Ten per cent did it.

Always it is just that last ten per cent that puts a thing over, and the last ten per cent is always there if one will only call it out and put it in action.

That is the situation of the United States in respect of this year's twenty-four-billion-dollar war bill. It is your situation right now—personally and individually yours. Ten per cent more will power; the sixteenth ounce of determination; saying to yourself "You've got to!"—that is what this year's fiscal program means for you; what this Liberty Loan means.

Subscribe all you think you can pay for in the next four months, and then some, and take it out of your expenditures. Your expenditures are boches. Go for them!

A British View

A LONDON banker, speaking to his stockholders at their annual meeting the other day, had this to say:

"The United States is now supplying nearly one-half of all the manufactures that enter the national commerce of the world. Five years ago she stood third on the list of exporting countries. To-day she is so far ahead—the value of her exports being practically double that of our own—as to be in a class by herself. One result of this transformation is that the United States, from being a debtor nation, has become the chief creditor nation of the world. . . . The war has brought her something more than a greater total of wealth than was ever before in the ownership of a single nation. It has enormously enlarged her horizon; it has completely broken down her political isolation; it has stimulated her people with a new sense of the possibilities of foreign commerce; it has given them a merchant marine."

An amazing situation has risen, in which international trade means pretty nearly the trade of the United States. The Department of Commerce calculated that in 1912 the value of all merchandise that crossed an international boundary anywhere in the world was about eighteen billion dollars. Last year we shipped pretty nearly a third of that. The same natural resources, the same labor power, the same organizing and directing ability which produced these manufactures for war can produce manufactures for peace.

The banker suggests a brilliant picture of America's future. America herself puts the question mark over it. Can we compound our own differences and use the situation intelligently? How will politics view this outlook—as an opportunity to be improved with horse sense or as an invitation into a wood-pulp Utopia? The situation is there. We can make what we please of it.

Government Management

OFFICIAL figures of railroad earnings for the first six months of Government management were lately published. They show that gross earnings increased a hundred and eighty-two million dollars, operating expenses increased four hundred and fifty-seven million dollars, net earnings decreased two hundred and seventy-five million dollars—or a little more than one-half.

During the first five or six weeks of Government management weather conditions were extremely unfavorable for railroad operation. The roads would have made a poor showing in any hands. The Government raised wages, dating back to January first, some four hundred million dollars a year. This wage increase is charged into operating expenses for the period mentioned; but the offsetting increases of more than twenty-five per cent in freight and passenger rates came into effect only at the very end of the period.

The ruinous showing for the first half year of Government management is therefore readily accounted for. All the same it bears indisputable testimony to the hard facts with which Government or any other management must deal.

Shippers were clamoring against higher freight rates. Labor was clamoring for higher wages. If the wage increases which Director McAdoo ordered had been put upon the roads without a sweeping increase in freight rates the railroad system of the country would have been well on the way to insolvency by the end of the year. The official figures under Government management show that. And what the Government gives to labor it takes from the public in higher transportation charges.

As to Nonessentials

LAST winter a good many people thought the Government should pick out the businesses that were not essential to winning the war and shut them up out of hand, so that all capital, labor and material might be applied to essential businesses. Very little study was needed to convince the Government that the matter could not be handled in any such rough-and-ready fashion. Since then it has been steadily expanding its war work, and that expansion has necessarily trenched more and more on businesses that could not engage in directly essential work.

Finally it has come to a point where, without any arbitrary classification by the Government but simply by the expansion of most essential industries, some businesses are pinched almost to the point of extinction. And the other day Chairman Baruch, of the War Industries Board, asked Chairman Harding, of the War Finance Corporation, to take up the matter of giving support, in the form of loans or credit, to nonessential businesses in order to keep them alive.

Far from wanting to wipe them out, the Government finds it advisable to intervene for the purpose of keeping them from being wiped out. Because all these so-called nonessential businesses, though they can contribute nothing directly—save taxes—to war work, are inextricably woven into the national fabric of credit and commerce. The Government does not want to start an unraveling of the skein. It does not want a lot of insolvencies. It does not want to raise wholesale doubts about commercial credits. It wants the least possible disorganization of industry, so that when peace comes the wheels can start turning again as smoothly and promptly as possible.

WITH THOSE WHO WAIT

VIII

By Frances Wilson Huard

DECORATIONS BY CHARLES HUARD

TO GO from Le Mans to Falaise, from Falaise to St.-Lô, from St.-Lô to Morlaix, and thence to Poitiers would seem very easy on the map; and with a motor, in times gone by, it was a really royal itinerary, so vastly different and picturesque are the various regions crossed. But now that gasoline is handed out by the spoonful, even to sanitary formations, it would be just as easy for the civilian to procure a white elephant as to dream of purchasing sufficient gas to make such a trip.

There is nothing to do but take the train, and that means of locomotion requires not only time but patience and considerable good humor. Railway service in France has been decidedly reduced, and though traveling is permitted only to those persons who must needs do so the number of plausible motives alleged has greatly augmented, with the result that trains are crowded to the extreme limit. To tell the truth, a good third of the population is always moving. For how on earth is one to prevent the parents of a wounded hero from crossing the entire country to see him, or deny them the right to visit a lad at his training camp?

This, then, accounts for the appearance of the Breton peasant's beribboned hat and embroidered waistcoat on the promenades of the Riviera, the Arlesian bonnet in the depths of Normandy, the Pyranese cap in Lorraine.

Flocking to Read the Communiqué in a Little French City

All this heterogeneous crowd forms a long line in front of the ticket office, each one encumbered with a basket or a bag, a carpet sack or a bundle containing pâtés and sausages, pastry and pickles—every known local dainty which will recall the native village to the dear one so far away.

It is thus that from Argentan to Caen I found myself seated between a stout motherly person from Auvergne and a little dark man from whose direction was wafted so strong an odor of garlic that I had no difficulty discerning from what region he hailed. Next to him were a bourgeois couple whose mourning attire, red eyes and swollen faces bespoke plainly enough the bereavement they had just suffered. Silent, indifferent to everything and everybody, their hands spread out on their knees, they stared into the ghastly emptiness, vainly seeking consolation for their shattered dream, their grief-trammeled souls.

A heavily built couple of Norman farmers occupied the seats on either side of the door, and then came a tall young girl and her mother, a Belgian soldier, and finally a strange old creature wearing an antiquated starched bonnet, a flowered shawl, and carrying an umbrella such as one sees in engravings illustrating the modes and customs of the eighteenth century. She was literally buried beneath a monumental basket which she insisted upon holding on her knees.

Every available inch of floor space was covered with crocks and kits full of provisions, and in the rack above our heads were many boxes and bundles, bags and bales, remaining aloft by such remarkable laws of equilibrium that I feared lest any moment they fall upon our heads; and once this catastrophe should occur there seemed to be little hope of extricating oneself from beneath the ruins.

The conversation was opened by the Norman farmer, who offered to relieve the little old woman of her basket and set it safely between his feet.

"*Oh, non, merci,*" she piped in a thin little wavering treble, and an inimitable accent which made it impossible to guess her origin.

"*Oh, non, monsieur*, thank you," she continued. "It's full of cream tarts and cherry tarts and custard pies made right in our own home. I'm taking them to my boy, and as we stayed up very late to make them so that they would be quite fresh I should hate to have any of them crushed or broken. He did love them so when he was little!"

"Our son was just the same. As soon as he was able to eat he begged them to let him have some *brioche*. But his fever was too high when we got there, and he couldn't take a thing. 'That doesn't matter,' he said to his mother. 'Just the sight of them makes my mouth water, and I feel better already.'"

My Provençal neighbor could no longer resist. His natural loquaciousness got the better of his reserve.

"Well, the first thing my son asked for was olives, so I brought him enough to last, as well as some sausage which he used to relish. Oh, if only I could bring him a little bit of our blue sky, I'm sure he would recover twice as quickly."

The mother of the young girl now sat forward and asked the Norman farmer's wife about her son's wound.

"He had a splinter of shell in his left thigh. He'd been through the whole campaign without a scratch or a day of illness."

The woman's eyes sparkled with pride and tenderness.

The short man beside me, who informed me he was a native of Beaucaire on the Rhone, had one son wounded and being cared for in a hospital at Caen, a second prisoner in Germany, and two sons-in-law already killed.

According to a letter which the dear old flowered shawl spelled out to us word by word, her grandson had been wounded in seven different places, and had had one hand and one leg amputated. But he hastened to add that he was not worrying one bit about it.

The young girl's mother had one son in the ranks, and a second, aged seventeen, had enlisted and was about to leave for the Front. She and her daughter were on their way to embrace him for the last time.

The Belgian soldier was just getting about after an attack of typhoid fever, and the motherly person on my left was traveling toward her husband, a territorial of ripe years whose long nights of vigil beneath bridges and in the mud of the Somme had brought him down with inflammatory rheumatism.

Their son they prayed was prisoner—having been reported missing since August 30, 1914. This coarse, heavy-featured woman of the working classes cherished her offspring much as a lioness does her young. She told us she had written to the President of the Republic, to her deputy, to her senator, to the King of Spain, to the Norwegian Ambassador, to the colonel of the regiment, as well as to all the friends of her son on whose addresses she had been able to lay hand; and she would keep right on writing until she obtained some result, some information. She could not, would not admit that her boy was lost; and scarcely stopping to take breath she would ramble on at length, telling of her hopes and her disappointments, to which all the compartment listened religiously while slowly the train rolled along through the smiling, undulating Norman country.

Each one did what he could to buoy up the mother's hopes.

The little southerner seemed to possess a countless number of stories about prisoners, and he presently proceeded to go into minute detail about the parcels he sent to his own son, explaining the regulation as to contents, measures and weights with so much volubility that the good soul already saw herself preparing a package to be forwarded to her long-lost darling. "You can just believe that he'll never want for anything—if clothes and food will do him any good. There's nothing on earth he can't have if only we can find him, if only he comes back to us!"

And growing bolder as she felt the wealth of sympathy surrounding her, she looked over and addressed the woman in mourning, who at that moment smiled gently at her

"We thought we knew how much we loved them, didn't we, madame? But we'd never have realized how really deep it was if it hadn't been for this war, would we?"

The woman continued to smile sadly.

"More than likely you've got somebody in it too," persisted the stout Auvergnate, whose voice suddenly became very gentle and trembled a trifle.

"I had three sons; we have just buried the last one this morning."

All the faces dropped, and a ghastly silence fell upon the group. Each one looked straight into the distance ahead of him, but the bond of sympathy was drawn still tighter, and in the moment of stillness that ensued I felt that all of us were communing with sorrow.

Between Folligny and Lamballe we were quite as closely huddled among three soldiers on furlough, a short old priest, a traveling salesman, and a stout gentleman with a pointed beard, a pair of eyeglasses and an upturned nose.

At one moment our train halted and waited an incredible length of time vainly whistling for the towerman to lift the signal which impeded our progress.

The traveling salesman, who was cross and weary, finally left his seat, grumbling audibly.

"We'll never in the world get there on time. It's certain I shall miss my connection! What a rotten road! What management!"

"It's the war," murmured the priest, pulling out a red-checked handkerchief, in which he buried his nose.

"You don't have to look far to see that," responded the other, still grumbling. "Oh, it's plain enough for us, all right. Those who are handling government jobs are the only fellows who don't know it, I should say."

"Bah! Each of us has his troubles. Each of us has his cross to bear," murmured the father by way of conciliation,

casting his eyes round the compartment, much as he would have done upon the faithful assembled to hear him hold forth.

"Pooh! It's you priests who are the cause of all the trouble. It was you who preached and got the three-year-service law voted."

The poor curate was fairly suffocated with surprise and indignation. He was so ruffled he could hardly find a word In the meantime the traveling salesman, taking advantage of his silence, continued: "Yes, it was you and the financiers; and it's nothing to brag about either!"

The man with the upturned nose now wheeled sharply about. His blood was up and he strangely resembled a little bantam cockerel.

"Monsieur," he snapped—and his voice was clear and cutting—"if anyone had a right to express a complaint on any subject whatsoever it would certainly be the soldiers who are seated in this compartment. Now as they have said nothing I cannot admit that you, a civilian, should take such liberties."

"But, monsieur ——"

"Yes, monsieur, that's exactly what I mean; and as to the sentiments to which you have given voice they are as stupid as they are odious. We all know now that war was inevitable. The Germans have been preparing for it for forty years."

"Monsieur!"

"Monsieur!"

The two glared fixedly at each other for an instant. The one was very red, the other extremely pale. Then they turned about and resumed their places in each corner. The priest produced his breviary, the soldiers finished a light repast composed of bread and cheese.

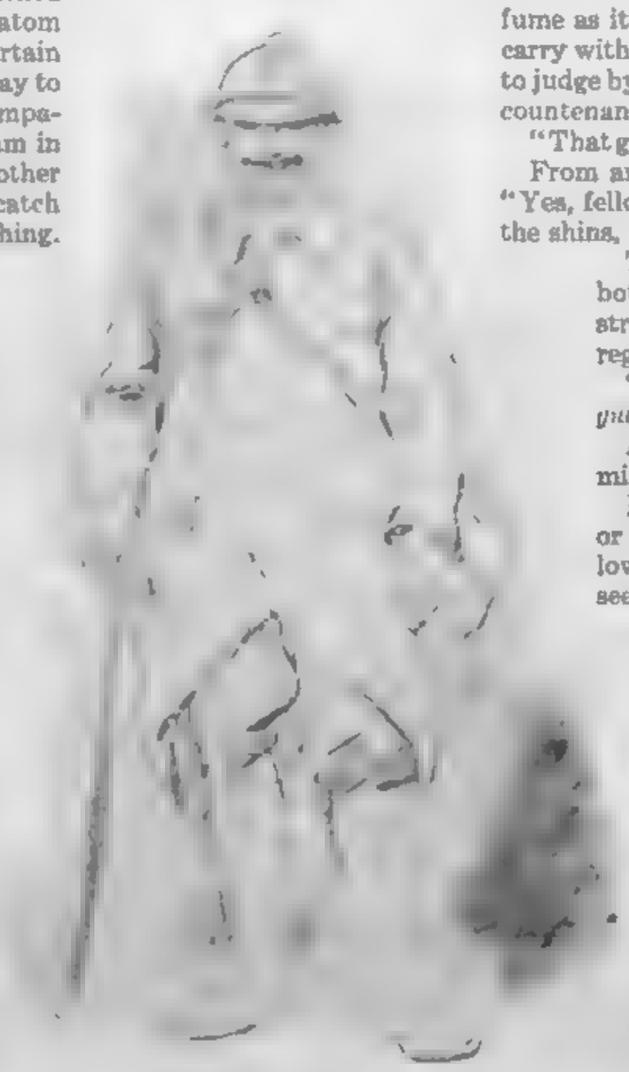
They were all three peasants, easily discernible from the way they slowly chewed and swallowed or caught up crumbs of cheese on the points of their knives. They had sat silent and listened to the outburst without turning an eyelash.

Then presently one of them lifted his head and, addressing his companions in a deep bass voice, "Well," said he, "this makes almost two days now that we've been on the way!"

"What have you got to kick about?" retaliated one of the others, shutting his knife and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "You're as well off here as you were in the trenches of Bois le Prêtre, aren't you?"

The third one said nothing, but recommenced carving a cane, which he had abandoned for an instant and which he was terminating with more patience than art, though the accomplishment of his task seemed to give him infinite pleasure.

As the commercial traveler had predicted, we were hours late and in consequence missed our connection, but the platform of a station where two lines meet offers under such circumstances so diverse and diverting a spectacle that we hardly regretted the delay. It is here that anyone interested in physiognomy can best study and judge the masses, for it was as though the very texture from which France is woven were laid bare before him. The spectacle is constantly changing, constantly renewed, at times deeply moving. No face can be or is indifferent in these days—and one no longer feels himself a detached individual observer; one becomes an atom of the crowd, sharing the anxiety of certain women who one knows are on their way to a hospital, and who, half mad with impatience, are clutching the fatal telegram in one hand while with the fingers of the other they thrum on one cheek or nervously catch at a button or ornament on their clothing.



"Ungrateful Country!" He Cried

Or again, one may participate in the hilarious joy of the men on furlough who, having discovered the pump, stand stripped to the waist, making a most meticulous toilet, all the while teasing a fat, bald-headed chap, to whom they continuously pass their pocket combs with audible instructions to be sure to put his part on the left side.

The waiting rooms literally overflowed with soldiers, some stretched out on the benches, some on the floor; certain ones lying on their faces, others on their backs, and still others pillowing their heads on their knapsacks

One felt their overpowering weariness, their leaden sleep after so many nights of vigil, their absolute relaxation after so many consecutive days in which all the vital forces had been stretched to the breaking point

From time to time an employee opened the door and shouted the departure of a train The soldiers roused themselves, accustomed to being thus disturbed in the midst of their slumber. One or two got up, stared about them, collected their belongings and started for the platform, noiselessly stepping over their sleeping companions. At the same time newcomers creeping in behind them sank down into the places which they had just forsaken, while they were still warm.

On a number of baggage trucks ten or a dozen Moroccan soldiers had seated themselves, cross-legged; and draped in their noble burnooses they gently puffed smoke into the air, without a movement, without a gesture, without a sound, apparently utterly oblivious of the noisy employees or the thundering of the passing trains.

On the platform people walked up and down, up and down; certain among them taking a marked interest in the old-fashioned wheezing locomotives, which seemed fairly to stagger beneath the long trains of antiquated coaches hitched behind them.

Here of course were to be found the traditional groups in evidence at every station—a handful of people in deep mourning on their way to a funeral; a little knot of Sisters of Charity huddled together in an obscure corner, reciting their rosary; families of refugees whom the tempest had driven from their homes—whole tribes dragging with them their old people and their children, who moaned and wept incessantly. Their servants, loaded down with spoils saved from the disaster in heavy, clumsy, ill-tied bundles, were infinitely pitiable to behold.

They were all traveling straight ahead of them with no determined end in view. They seemed to have been on the way so long, and yet they were in no haste to arrive! Hunger gnawing them they produced their provisions, and having seated themselves on their luggage they commenced a repast, eating most slowly, the better to kill time while waiting for a train that refused to put in an appearance.

The buffet was so full of noise, smoke and various other odors that having opened the door one hesitated before entering. There was a long counter where everything was sold—bread, wine, cider, beer and lemonade; sandwiches, pâtés, fruit and sweetmeats. One made his choice and paid accordingly. At the side tables the civilians were lost amid the mass of blue uniforms.

This was a station in Normandy, and for the boys of that region nothing can substitute a good big bowl of hot vegetable soup, seasoned with the famous *graisse Normande* and poured over thin slices of bread, the whole topped off with a glass of national cider, or "pure juice" as they call it. It was a joy to see them seated about the board, their elbows on the table, their heads bent forward over the steaming bowls whose savory perfume as it rose to their nostrils seemed to carry with it a veritable ecstasy if one were to judge by the beatific expression on every countenance.

"That goes right to the spot, doesn't it?"

From another table a voice responded: "Yes, fellows. It's better than a kick in the shins, every time!"

The last mouthful gone, the cider bottles empty, they tightened the straps of their kit bags and rose regretfully from their seats.

"*Allez*—off again, boys! *C'est la guerre!*"

And they shuffled away, humming, and filling their pipes.

From the direction of the *buvette*, or bar, came noisy laughter followed by oaths. The voice of a seemingly intoxicated individual dominated all others. Yet only soft drinks were sold.

"As the colonel of the 243d used to say," it continued, "'Soldiers of my regiment, repose upon your arms!' My arms are the bottle! My bottle and my wife are the only things worth while when I'm on furlough. I ——"

His voice disappeared an instant, dimmed by the rising tumult. Then suddenly it broke forth anew.

"Attention! Present arms! Here comes a coal scuttle.

Monsieur Amédé

Now, then, flatten out on the back of your stomach!"

An instant later the man appeared at the threshold of the dining room.

He was a heavily built, big-jointed, husky Norman farmer soldier, with his helmet pulled down low over his eyes, so that the upper part of his face was completely hidden from view. Suddenly he pushed it far back on his head, and casting a sweeping glance over the assembled diners he called forth in stentorian tones that made everyone turn round: "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!"

The cashier behind the counter, who evidently foresaw trouble, called out to him in shrill tones: "You've made a mistake; go back to the *buvette*. You've nothing to do out here!"

Removing his helmet the gallant knight made the lady a sweeping bow.

"Your servant, madame. Your humble servant," he continued. "Cyprien Frémont, called Cyp for short."

"Did you hear what I said? Now, then, take yourself off!" cried the ungracious adored one.

But the poilu was not to be so silenced. Putting his hand to his heart and addressing the assembly—"Ungrateful country!" he cried. "Is it thus that you receive your sons who shed their blood for you!"

"That's all right; but go and tell it elsewhere. Go on, I say!"

"I've only got one more word to say, and then it will be over."

But before he could utter that word his companions seized him and dragged him back whence he came. As he disappeared from view we heard him announce his intention of doing some stunts—which offer was apparently joyously accepted, followed by more laughter and several dares.

Suddenly the most terrific noise of falling and breaking glass and china brought everyone to his feet. Excited voices could be heard from the direction in which Cyprien had vanished. The army police dashed in, followed by the station master and all the employees. A lengthy discussion was begun, and having finished our dinner we left matters to adjust themselves and sauntered forth to the platform.

Here we found our Cyprien surrounded by his companions, who were busy disinfecting and binding up the wounds that he had received when the china cabinet had collapsed upon him. One of the men poured the tincture of iodine onto a hand held fast by a friend. Two others were rolling a bandage about his head, while the patient, far from subdued, waved the only free but much-enveloped hand that he possessed, beating time to the air that he was literally shouting and in whose rather bald verse the station master's wife was accused of the grossest infidelity.

"Sh-h-h, Cyprien!" his friends enjoined. "Shut up a bit, can't you?"

But it was no easy thing to impose silence upon Cyprien when he had made up his mind to manifest a thought or an opinion.

"You'll get us all into trouble, old man, see if you don't. Cut it out, won't you? See, here comes an officer."

The officer approached them.

"It's not his fault, sir," began one of the fellows, before his superior had time to ask a question. "I assure you it's not his fault. He's just back from Saloniki—his first furlough in a year, sir. It must have gone to his head. I swear he hasn't had anything but cider to drink, sir."

"But that's no excuse for making all this noise. Show me his military book!"

Night, inky-black, fathomless night had now settled about us. In the distance one could just discern the red and green signal lamps—at closer range the burning tip of a cigar or cigarette. The soldiers turned up their collars—the wind shifting to the north was piercing cold. One had to walk briskly up and down to avoid becoming chilled. Away at the other end of the platform the flare of fugitive matches revealed shadows moving about as though searching for something upon the ground.

"What are you looking for?"

"A third-class return ticket for Royan. That old lady over there has lost hers."

We turned about to see a poor old wrinkled soul, in her native Norman costume, wringing her hands in distress.

"What a misfortune! Oh dear, oh dear, what a misfortune! What will become of me now? What shall I do?"

(Continued on Page 24)

"For work or in training or play,
This soup makes me clever and gay—
A feast so beguiling I have to keep smiling,
And trouble just bubbles away."

Good health, good work, good courage—

They are linked together

You cannot succeed at your daily task—no matter what it is—if you are handicapped by a weak frame and undernourished nerves. You cannot bear your share of the Nation's burden unless you are well fed and well nourished. You cannot be courageous and cheerful without a good appetite and good digestion. This is right where you feel the benefit of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is an appetizing nourisher in itself and it so strengthens and regulates digestion that all your food gives you more nourishment—and more enjoyment, too.

We make it from choice fresh-picked tomatoes prepared and blended with other wholesome materials by the improved Campbell method. This gives you all the delightful flavor and valuable tonic qualities of the perfect ripe tomato—and even more tempting than nature made them.

The contents of each can gives you two cans of pure rich nourishing soup. And it is more economical for you than would be possible if made in any home kitchen.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, it is doubly nourishing and delicious. The whole family will be healthier and happier for its regular use.

Order a dozen at a time. Enjoy it often and keep in good condition.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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CHICAGO

HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y. M. C. A. to come.

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Rates 30 to 60c a day

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SHIRTS
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VINDEX Shirts are Bosom Friends—and you'll be happy to meet VINDEX Athletic Underwear. Ask your dealer.
THE VINDEX COMPANY, Balto., Md

(Continued from Page 22)

And to each inquisitive newcomer she babbled forth her story of a wounded grandson whom she was on the way to visit. The curate and another man of her village had seen to her expenses. They had purchased her ticket and handed it to her with strict instructions not to lose it. For safety's sake she had knotted it in the corner of her handkerchief—and now it wasn't there!

The inquirer then examined her handkerchief, made her stand up and shake her clothing, turn her pockets inside out, empty her baskets and her handbag; and still not willing to trust the thoroughness of his predecessors he would begin looking all over the immediate vicinity, match in hand. So presently nearly two hundred men, forgetting their soreness and fatigue, were down on their knees scouring every nook and cranny. The sleepers were awakened, the drinkers routed out and put to work, scanning every inch of ground.

A loud and persistent ringing of an electric bell sounded on the air.

"Hey there, fellows," called a tall Zouave, "get together! The train is announced, and since we can't find grandma's ticket we can't leave the old girl alone in the dark, so come on, chip in—we'll make it up to her. She says it cost forty-two francs and ten centimes. Are you ready?"

And removing his helmet he started to make the rounds. In an instant coppers and silver rang in the steel receptacle.

"Stop! That's enough."

They retired to count.

"Chic—there's some left over!"

"Never mind. She'll buy something for the kid with it."

Someone purchased the ticket.

"There now, grandma, a new ticket and enough to buy your boy a cake with; so you should worry! But as you're too young to travel alone we're going to take you in with us. We just happen to be going your way. Here, Ballut, Langlois! Quick there—take her baskets. Now, then, don't let go my arm—here comes the train. Sh! Don't cry; there's nothing to bawl about. We're all good fellows—all of us got grandmas who'd make just as big fools of themselves if they had to travel."

And with infinite care and tenderness a dozen hands hoisted their precious burden into the dimly lighted wooden-benched compartment.

Yes, traveling in France under such circumstances is to me more interesting than ever, for when it is not one's fellow passengers that hold the attention there are always those thousand and one outside incidents which the eye retains involuntarily—war factories and munition plants sprung from the ground as though by magic; immense training camps in course of construction; aviation fields over which so cleverly hover those gigantic graceful war birds, who on catching sight of the train fly low and delight the astonished passengers by throwing them a greeting or, challenging the engineer, enter into a race.

But above all there is the natural panorama: that marvelous succession of hills and vales, hamlets and rivers, fields and gardens, so wonderfully harmonious beneath the pearl-tinted sky. How it all charms and thrills, and how near the surface is one's emotion on hearing a soldier voice exclaim:

"What a country to die *for*!"

So the hours sped by, and at length we reached our destination. P—— is a flourishing little city, perched on the side of a rocky hill, with a broad landscape spreading out at its feet. The best hotel is called L'Hôtel des Hommes Illustres—and its façade is adorned with the statues of the above-mentioned gentlemen, carved in stone. The proprietor who built the edifice and paid the bill having been sole judge in the choice of celebrities, the result is as astonishing as it is eclectic, and though absolutely devoid of beauty it is thoroughly imposing!

We arrived before our luggage, which was conveyed by so old and puffy a horse that we had considered it criminal not to leave our cab and finish the hill on foot. At the top of a monumental staircase we entered the hotel office, behind whose desk were enthroned two persons of most serious aspect: the one, stout and florid of complexion, with a long nose and an *allure* worthy of Louis XIV, proudly bore upon her head such an extraordinary quantity of blond hair arranged in so complicated a fashion that I trembled to think of the time required to dress it; the other, sallow faced, with a long curved chin, might have been taken for a Spanish infanta pickled in vinegar and allspice.

The formality of greetings accomplished, Princess Number One produced a book in which we were to sign our names. The dignity and importance she attached to this ceremony would certainly not have been misplaced in a grand chamberlain preparing the official register for the signature of peace preliminaries.

This, together with the manner in which she took note of our names, drying them with a spoonful of gold sand, gave me the illusion that I had just performed some important rite.

"One or two rooms?" she queried.

"One big room, madame."

"With or without bath?" demanded the coadjutor, whose voice possessed a contralto quality utterly out of keeping with her complexion.

"With bath, please."

A new register was opened, both bent over it closely, showed each other different paragraphs with their fingers, finally murmured a few inaudible syllables, and shook their heads.

"Would you prefer Number Six or Number Fourteen?" finally asked the infanta.

We looked at each other in astonishment, neither being superstitious about numbers; but it would have been painful to announce to these ladies that the matter was totally indifferent to us, they had been so condescending as to allow us a choice

"Number Six has a balcony and two windows. Number Fourteen has one window and a bathroom," the princess informed us.

"But," continued the infanta, "it is our duty to inform you that hot water has been forbidden by the municipal authorities, and that cold water is limited to two pitchers per person per room."

I said I would take Number Six, which arrangement terminated the ladies' mortal indecision, and seemed to please them greatly. They smiled benignly upon us.

The smaller one, whom I have called the coadjutor because her throne was less elevated than the princess', put her finger on a button and a violent ringing broke the silence of the vast hallway.

No one answered. Three times she repeated the rings, with an imperious movement.

"Be kind enough to go and call Monsieur Amédé, Mademoiselle Laure."

On her feet Mademoiselle Laure was even smaller than when seated. She crossed the vestibule, opened a door, and her strong voice resounded along an empty corridor from which issued the odor of boiling cauliflower.

"Monsieur Amédé!" she shouted anew, but not even an echo responded.

"Mademoiselle Laure, ask for the head waiter."

Mademoiselle Laure recrossed the vestibule and, opening a door diametrically opposite the other, called: "Monsieur Balthazard!"

Monsieur Balthazard appeared, his shirt sleeves rolled up beyond his elbows, wiping his hands on a blue-gingham apron. He was a slim little man who may have been sixty years old. A glass eye gave him a sardonic, comic or astonished air, according to the way he used his good one, which was constantly moving, at the same time being clear and piercing.

"Monsieur Balthazard—what an attire for a head waiter!"

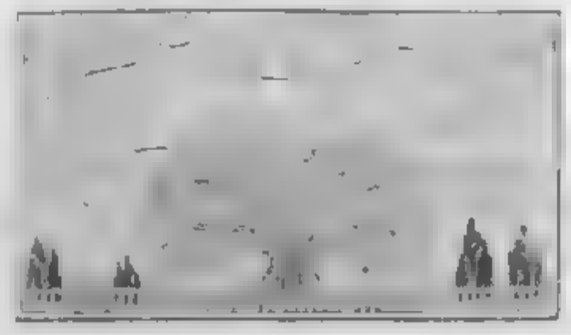
"Madame, I was just rinsing the wine barrels."

"And how about the errands for the people in Rooms Twenty-four and Twenty-seven?"

A noise at the hall door attracted our attention. It was as though someone were making desperate and fruitless attempts to open it.

"There he is now," exclaimed Monsieur Balthazard. "I'll go and let him in. He's probably got his hands full."

Monsieur Amédé, literally swamped beneath his bundles, staggered into the vestibule. To the different errands confided to his charge by the hotel's guests had undoubtedly been added the cook's list, for an enormous cabbage and a bunch of leeks completely hid his face, which was uncovered only as he let them fall to the ground.



When he had finally deposited his treasures we discovered a small lad who may have been fourteen or fifteen years of age, dressed in a bell-boy's uniform which had been made for someone far more corpulent than he. The sleeves reached far down over his hands, the tight-fitting, gold-buttoned jacket strangely resembled a cross between a bag and an overcoat, and though a serious reef had been taken in the trousers at the waistline the legs would twist and stray—at times being almost as ample as those worn by the Turkish sultans.

Our coachman now arrived with our luggage.

"Monsieur Amédé, take this luggage and accompany monsieur and madame to Number Six."

The child gathered up his new burden and started upstairs. We followed, helping him to pick up the various objects which successively escaped his grasp.

"Goodness, it seems to me you're awfully young to be doing such heavy work!"

"Oh," said he, wiping his brow, "I'm very lucky. My mother is cook here, and Monsieur Balthazard is my uncle. With old fat Julia, the maid, and Mathilde, the linen woman, we're all that's left. All the men have gone to war, and the women into the powder mills. We keep the hotel going, we do."

Monsieur Amédé was full of good will and a desire to help all he could. He explained to us that he was now building the solid foundation of a future of whose glories he hardly dared think, so numerous and unfathomable did they seem. Unfortunately, however, we were obliged to note that he seemed little gifted for the various occupations to which he had consecrated his youth and his glorious future—for in less than five minutes he had dropped a heavy valise on my toes, and upset an inkwell, whose contents dripped not only on the carpet but on one of my new bags. In trying to repair damages Monsieur Amédé spoiled my motor veil and got several large spots on the immaculate counterpane, after which he bowed himself out, wiping his hands on the back of his jacket, assuring us that there was no harm done, that no one would scold us or think of asking us for damages.

We saw him again at dinner time, when, disguised as a waiter, he passed the different dishes, spilling sauce down people's necks, tripping on his apron and scattering the handsome pyramids of fruit hither and yon. Lastly he took a plunge while carrying out an overloaded tray, but before anyone could reach him he was on his feet, bright and smiling, exclaiming: "I'm not hurt. No harm done. I'll just sweep it up. It won't stain."

In the meantime, quiet, skillful Uncle Balthazard strained every nerve in a Herculean effort to keep his temper and serve thirty persons all at once.

It was touching to hear the old man murmur: "Gently, boy—go gently!" as his youthful protégé stumbled from one blunder to another. "Go gently; you can be so clever when you're not in a hurry!"

Monsieur Amédé almost caused us to miss the train next evening in spite of the numerous warnings from the princess behind the desk, who had arranged the hour of our departure. The brilliant young man, who had been sent ahead with our luggage, was nowhere to be found when our train was announced.

My husband, a woman porter and a soldier on furlough who knew him started out to scour the immediate surroundings of the station, finally locating him in a back yard near the freight depot, his hands in his pockets, his eyes fairly glued on a game of ninepins which a group of convalescent African soldiers were playing.

Of course, he immediately explained that there was no harm done since the train was twenty minutes late, and when finally it arrived and he handed our baggage into the compartment he accidentally let slip a little wooden box containing an old Sèvres vase which I had purchased at an antiquity dealer's that very morning.

He picked it up, exclaiming: "Lucky it's not fragile!"

And lifting his cap, on whose visor one might read "Hôtel des Hommes Illustres," he cheerfully wished us a *bon voyage*.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Industrial Wagon

Hupmobile

Every dollar you invest in the Fourth Liberty Loan carries us nearer to the decisive big victory we are now just beginning to win

Men who USE gloves —who do not just WEAR them—men who insist on quality plus appearance and fit, and who practice Economy, wear

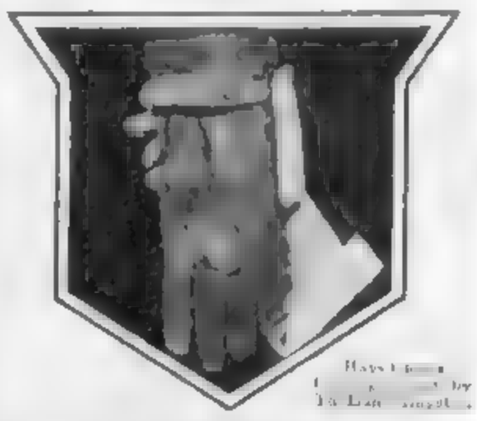
HAYS

Superseam Gloves

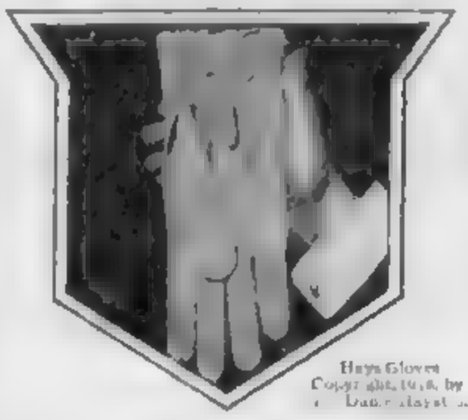
They are economical because they are made from selected first grade leather—the grade that wears. "Superseam" stitching will not rip even if you cut the thread. Every glove is given special inspection and must be up to the Superseam standard.

There are just two models—MILITARY, the glove with button and wrist strap, and CIVILIAN, the regular button glove—both made with the modish pinch seam Military back.

Below is the Cape MILITARY model—also made in selected long-wearing Buckskin.



Below is the CIVILIAN model in Buckskin—also made in first grade Cape.



Both models are favored by business men and many Army men will be wearing Superseam Gloves this fall. They are excellent gifts from the home folks to those who are going "over there."

Ask your Glove Dealer—He Knows Superseam Gloves

THE DANIEL HAYS COMPANY
Gloves since 1854
Factories: Gloversville, N. Y.
New York and Export Division
900 Fifth Ave. N. Y. C.

EUROPE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 8)

influence grew strong enough they were to take the leadership in "fulfilling the destiny of Germany in South America." Here as elsewhere we cannot accuse the enemy of failing to give us warning.

In Europe, too, the propagandists of Kultur were busy laying foundations. Always great bribers and corruptionists, they gave in this field a foretaste of methods that they were to intensify when war began. Some details of their ways with the French press have come to light recently.

In the United States we know how the wishes of advertisers may influence some newspaper opinion. Our corruptionists had used that method loosely; the Germans systematized it. A little before the war an advertising agency, nominally of Swiss ownership, began to approach the provincial French dailies with an alluring offer. They would engage to lease, for a lump sum and on good terms, the entire advertising space. Such an offer was much more attractive to a French publisher than it would have been to an American. In business we like to speculate a little, while the French like a sure thing. To look over his paper and say "This advertisement returns me seven per cent a year, and it is as safe as government bonds," would give a French publisher a joy which we know not.

There was, however, a joker in the contracts which the Swiss firm offered. A half-buried clause provided that the party of the first part should have the right to veto any editorial policy that it felt to be invidious to the interests of the advertisers. Those advertisers were to be mainly German. On the grounds that to attack a country was to attack its goods, the "Swiss" firm could prevent any criticism harmful to German policy. This transaction in higher business is almost parallel to the old "red-line contract" policy pursued by the patent-medicine companies in the days when they operated freely. Of course, the Swiss firm was only camouflage. Back of it stood the Imperial German Government.

This was but one interesting manifestation of a cellar campaign all over Western Europe having two definite objects: to lull suspicion of Germany; to create suspicion of that nation whose power and goods Germany coveted—Great Britain. With secret control of the press, with the bribery of corruptible persons in power, with outwardly graceful acts, Germany was wooing Italy, her unwilling ally, congenitally hostile France, neutral Spain, half-persuaded Switzerland. Not only this; she was preparing jumping-off places for use in propaganda during the war which she intended to force.

Political Intelligence

For only a small part of her propaganda had as yet appeared above the surface. She had been preparing for at least twenty years to make mental warfare as well as physical. This, like almost all her aggressive activities, was under control of the Great General Staff. The Intelligence Department, which conducted the amazing German spy system, maintained an innocent-sounding "ethnic section." This body, utilizing spies, commercial travelers, diplomats, tourists and out-and-out agents, was collecting data on every race and people of the world and especially on those nations that Germany hoped to control or with which she expected conflict. Their inside political complications, their turn of mind, their sources of public opinion—all were set forth in the card indexes. Especially minute was the information on personalities. Name any minor statesman you wish in France, Spain, Switzerland, Belgium—he was on the card index, with his career, his affiliations, his worldly circumstances and his weakness. If he had a skeleton in his closet, as a hidden vice or private scandal, that also was recorded. In the last emergency he might be blackmailed.

The small rudimentary "separatist" movements of the European and Asiatic nations were studied with especial attention and skill. For example: Belgium includes two elements of population, the Flemish and the Walloon. The Flemish are akin to the Dutch, the Walloons to the French. In a general way Walloon influence rather prevails in the martyred kingdom; the official language, for example, is French. Though no Belgian advocated the division of the Kingdom there was a weak Flemish movement, its object being not political disturbance but the preservation of Flemish language and customs, and the increase of Flemish influence in national affairs. Here was a rift which might in case of necessity be made a gulf.

"And no single Fleming," a Belgian said to me once, "knew half so much about the Flemish movement as the German General Staff."

For the collection of information upon which to base a campaign of propaganda, for the actual operation of the propaganda when the time should come, the Germans had unexcelled human material. They had made of their rigid and tyrannical system a most complicated machine, all the parts coördinating. Government, high finance, foreign commerce, diplomacy and the unescapable Army all worked interlocked. And every piece of this human machinery was most carefully finished.

An admirer of Germany has told this story: Traveling once in Prussia, he was entertained at the country house of an importer. The sixteen-year-old son of the family remarked, in passing, that he was preparing for a career in Russian trade.

"I am interested in Russia," said the visitor.

"Then would you mind coming to my room?" said the boy.

Germany's Foreign Studies

The visitor found the room lined with a library of Russian books. The furniture, the hangings, the pictures—all were Russian. This boy, as the visitor learned upon inquiry, had learned the Russian language along with his German, and was already branching out into dialects. All his studies were on the history, the internal organization and the customs of this land of his career. He was not merely studying Russian; he was living Russia.

"My brother," added this boy, "is going into the South American trade. He is studying Spanish in the same way."

Since the war Germany has shown again and again what specialists in the ways of foreign countries she can command. The Commission for Relief in Belgium, in the days when Hoover and his Americans ran it, decided to divide Belgium and Northern France into thirty administrative districts. It was agreed with the Germans that each district should be under joint control of an American from the commission and of a German captain.

"You'll want," said the Germans, "specialists on the Anglo-Saxon mind. Further, they'll have to speak French. It is largely a financial job. Therefore they should be bankers."

The next week the thirty captains arrived. They all spoke French and English, they had all lived in England or America, or had at least specialized on those countries in their studies; they were all, in civilian life, bankers or bank employees.

The ethnic section of the German General Staff at Berlin was assisted or advised by innumerable experts such as these.

Just as carefully and minutely did the planners of German propaganda go into the larger and more aggressive tactics of the game. Here, German fashion, they borrowed and improved. The modern German mind, as has been observed again and again, does not originate. Characteristically, poison gas is the only invention which Germany has added to the art and practice of war. Its deadliest devices—such as the machine gun, the submarine, barbed wire and the aëroplane—were invented in America. Its strategy is studied from Napoleon, save where it has been improved by hints from the great Entente generals. Its grand tactics were almost all worked out by the other side. Usually the actual inventor of these tricks and devices failed. Sir John French first tried the intensive bombardment of intrenchments; but he had not enough guns and ammunition to make his plan succeed. The Germans improved the method; it was the best weapon of their assault on Verdun.

It was accepted as an axiom of this war that surprise was no longer possible. Cadorna, the Italian, with the mental daring of his race, challenged this notion. While making a strong bluff attack on the Trentino he conveyed by night several divisions into the Gorizia sector. These, as they detrained, he concealed by a careful system of camouflage. When, with everything prepared, he swept into the town the Austrians were so taken by surprise that the officers abandoned even their papers and their personal baggage. Nearly a year later Nivelle, the Frenchman, tried in the Champagne an attack without the customary intensive bombardment, which so warns the enemy. He failed by a hair's breadth through causes still under dispute; it was the most distressing near-victory of the war. The Germans took the Cadorna method and the Nivelle method, combined them in the Van Hutier method, perfected it, gave it a rehearsal on the Eastern Front, launched it against us last spring, and threatened Paris and the Channel ports.

So when, long before the war, the Germans prepared plans for a campaign of persuasion designed to break the will of the enemy, where should they borrow? From the United States, of course! Owing to the extraordinary freedom granted our press, owing also to the spirit of initiative in our character, we had carried the practical psychology of persuasion further than any other people. In this we were specialists, as the French in military science, the British in naval strategy. We had brought newspaper advertising from a fine science to a philosophy which was being taught in the commercial schools. We had spawned the press agent, who had dignified his profession until it became that of the publicity agent, handling not only the press but all other agencies for influencing the public mind. We had even a literature on it.

The Germans therefore studied the United States. They collected our books; doubtless they maintained among us agents to report on our methods. Ever since the Spanish War there had been a secret "press attaché" in the German Embassy at Washington. Probably he added to his immediate task of planting German propaganda that of watching our way with public opinion.

I cannot prove this by the book. It is, however, the opinion of Frenchmen and Englishmen who have been carefully watching the German game ever since the great war broke. Myself, I have been struck all along with the resemblance between certain tricks of the German propaganda and certain well-known methods of the American publicity agents. And in Washington last spring I encountered a piece of documentary proof. By way of a neutral country adjoining Germany came an order for American books. This commodity requiring a license for export, the list was referred to the Government. Through it, as though for camouflage, were sprinkled a few titles of current best-selling novels. The rest of the list consisted solely of the latest American books on advertising and publicity method. The Great General Staff was bringing its library up to date!

Crude Publicity Work

They were as ready for their psychological campaign as for their military campaign. They had studied the principles and worked out a method. They had collected minute information upon the mind and character of every people whom they might want to persuade. Sitting at the elbows of a board composed of the best publicists to be had in the empire was a set of experts unrivaled and unmatched in all Europe—men who knew Spain as well as did the Spanish, Russia better than did the Russians. Every diplomat stationed in a neutral country, every military and naval attaché, every spy, every member of a German colony abroad was a propagandist. Back of them stood the power above the Kaiser—the Great General Staff.

Such being the case I cannot quite understand why they made such an awkward beginning. For the first two or three months, as every American knows, they bombarded us and the world in general with "copy" which had no affinity for any mind except the German. The Herr Professor fulminated. He threw out by reams that heavy Germanic philosophical matter which, proceeding from a false premise, reaches, by a perfectly logical process, a false conclusion.

In the language of the press agent, "This stuff goes great" with Germans. It made no dent on the practical Yankee intelligence; no more, probably, did it affect the

(Continued on Page 28)

To prevent a coal famine it is estimated that 720,000,000 tons must be mined this year and delivered to consumers—60,000,000 tons a month.

MOTOR TRUCKS can do their part to prevent a coal famine by making quick deliveries from the yards to householders.

Trucks cannot afford to lose time. Every minute and every mile counts.

Good Tires prevent delays—

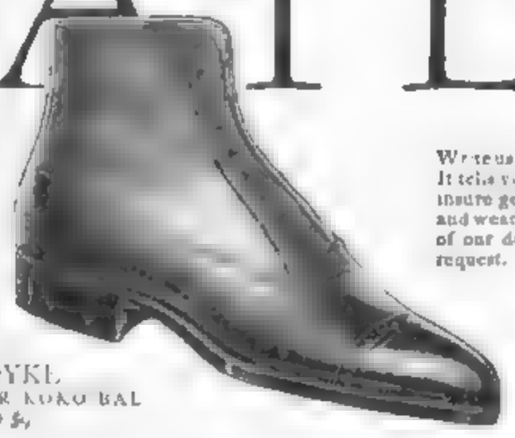
Dependable tires are built to wear, and meet the rugged conditions encountered in actual use.

Fisk Solid Tires *are* dependable. When you need truck tires—buy Fisk.

"There is now a Fisk Tire for every motor vehicle that rolls."

FISK SOLID TIRES

BATES



Write us for your copy of Shoe Life. It tells you all you should know to insure getting out all the comfort and wear built into the shoe. Name of our dealer in your locality on request.

The Bates Shoe

VANDYKE
IN CALF, METAL OR KOKO CALF
$6 TO $9

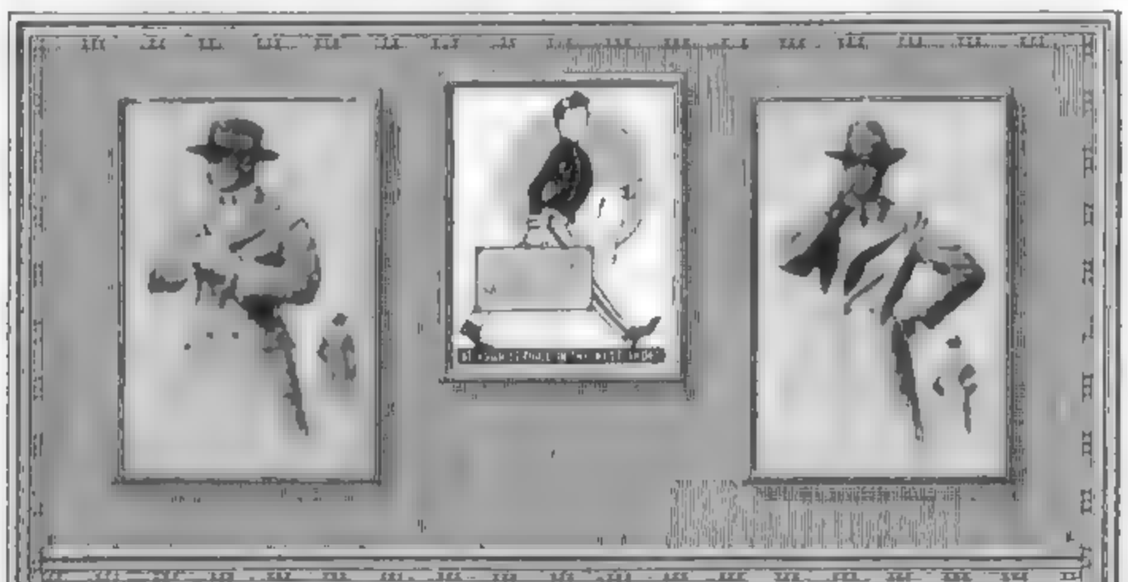
MEN naturally careful of their appearance and patriotically careful of their pocketbooks, like Bates Shoes.

There is a clean-cut snap about these shoes that wins approval. And there's the economy of quality about them, too.

They're cheerful shoes that offer quality at a moderate price — that develop volume sales through rapid turn-over for dealers. Bates Shoes sell at sight, and their built-in wearing quality gives lasting value to their appearance.

A. J. BATES CO
WEBSTER ESTABLISHED 1885 MASSACHUSETTS
Warehouses New York and Chicago

SHOES



ECONOMY—getting "Value First"—has always been a wise principle. To-day, it is even more—it is an imperative obligation.

A sure way of practicing clothing-economy is to wear

MICHAELS-STERN
VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES

Send for Style Catalogue, Dept. A

MICHAELS, STERN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-made Clothes.

(Get Full Value From Your Quarter—Buy W. S. S.)

(Continued from Page 26)

Spaniard with his disregard of pure reason and his fine sense of the values in honor; or the Italian with his dramatic spirit and his intuitions. How to account for this blunder I do not know. Perhaps it was due to bureaucratic politics—some man with prejudices temporarily in power. Perhaps, as so often happens with the modern Germans, who have a curious quality of brain feverishness which drives them into humorless rages, the German intellectual class went must like a bad elephant and threw form to the winds. Probably at this time the Great General Staff felt no great necessity for intensive propaganda. They expected to conquer at once by force of arms alone.

However, soon after the Battle of the Marne they knew that this was going to be a long war. And German propaganda became rapidly expert, subtle and dangerous. So far as mere open work with the neutral press was concerned they dropped the syndicated ravings of heavy German professors. Instead, they opened their battle lines discreetly to correspondents of neutral journals—the bigger the correspondent and his journal the warmer his welcome. The men who visited Germany on those terms understand now how minutely they had been studied before they ever got their passes to the Front. Was the correspondent an American? Unless he was already listed in the card index of the Great General Staff his name was flashed to the offices of the Hamburg-American Line in New York. Back came an estimate of his importance and that of his newspaper, together with sundry useful advices on his personality and tastes.

Watched constantly during his tour of the Front lest he learn too much, he was surrounded by subtle influences. If he happened to be a Southerner he found a headquarters staff chatting genially on the amazing strategy of Stonewall Jackson. If his family fought with the North he learned quite by accident that Germany had worked out her strategy on the principles laid down by Grant and Sherman. One man who visited Germany, by invitation, at this time, is related by blood to a general of our Civil War who does not figure in history as a success. The Germans tried to persuade him that his distinguished connection really won the war for the North.

At this time the Allies, passionate for military secrecy, had not let a single correspondent go near the Front. Banquets and joy rides were the lot of the correspondents who went to Germany; suspicion and jail the fate of the correspondent who went to help the Allies prove their case in America.

Dirty Work in Neutral Countries

This, however, was only a surface phenomenon. Everywhere under the surface the German propagandists were getting their grip on the sources of public opinion. At strategic points they bribed the bribable, whether journalist or statesman. When bribery failed they often used personal blackmail. They wormed into the ownership of newspapers. Controlling stock in neutral journals doubled and trebled in value. They bombarded all the neutral world with books and pamphlets admirably studied to get at the native mind, whatever its peculiarity. As literature began to lose its grip they took, in countries which they could reach, to the moving picture. When, awaking tardily, the Allies tried to introduce moving pictures of their own into the neutral countries they found in most cases that the cinema theaters had been bought up by strings and syndicates with German money; that they would run no films calculated to help the Allies.

In Spain the Germans varied these tactics. Cinema privileges there were useless to them, since they could not get through consignments of film—except occasionally by submarine. So, on a quiet day when no one was suspecting, a law was slipped through the Cortes forbidding the exhibition in Spain of battle or army films dealing with the present war, lest it "inflame the public mind."

Secret agents with long purses were everywhere at work. Of Bolo Pasha we know, owing to his great success and his disastrous fall. He with his associates nearly broke down the resistant spirit of France after the Champagne failure of 1917. Then—the firing squad.

But there are still many Bolos uncaught probably. Under them scurry a horde of little gnawing mice of agents, spreading the whispering propaganda—by hints, innuendoes and plain lies imparted to the gossips of this or that provincial town, telling the tale which Germany wishes people to believe at the time. These are as dangerous as the big agents, just as the attack of a swarm of bacilli is as dangerous as the rush of a lion. Your Bolo Pashas may be found and rooted out; it is difficult to discover, round up and convict hundreds of innocent-appearing commercial travelers, book agents and women of the town.

With most people this subtle whispering propaganda is as much more effective than printed propaganda as personality is more effective than mere dead matter. At this moment, prevented by Argentina's breach of diplomatic relations from introducing anti-Allied matter into the press of Buenos Aires, the Germans are employing by hundreds pleasant and gossipy characters who, for a good wage, sit all day in the cafés and just talk.

By now nearly everyone knows of these tactics. But let us consider broadly the whole state of German propaganda as it must have appeared to the governing board in Berlin when it sat down to lay out a strategic plan.

First, as to their objective.

In the neutral world they wished to create such favor for Germany, such distrust of the Entente that the nations involved would either not come in with the enemy or would eventually come in with Germany. In the meantime they wanted certain favors from these neutrals, like the illegal refusal of essential supplies to France and England, or the provision—equally illegal—of secret submarine bases. Finally they wanted to keep as much as possible the after-the-war trade.

In the enemy world they wanted to create and maintain a spirit of suspicion and dissension which would break down military and civilian morale at times when things were going badly, and especially when a victorious Germany should be ready for a sudden and overwhelming peace.

A Confidence Game

To do all this Germany must create a background of confidence. If you are seeking a man's friendship it is necessary to prove to him that you are honest, good faith being the foundation of amicable relations. And here, in the very beginning of her campaign, she was forced to fight on the defensive. The managers and editors in chief of German propaganda knew exactly as well as we that Germany had been working during at least a decade toward this war; that with the peaceful road open to her she deliberately chose the road to war so that the Junker dream of a place in the sun might be fulfilled. The truth, if they had told it with the best foot forward, would have run something like this:

"We believe in war. It is necessary to the evolution of races. The strongest must prevail. That is the law of life. It is the duty of a nation to make war, to extend its territory and its power. There is no such thing as faith between nations. To prepare for war and to carry on war for his nation by every means in his power, however cruel and false, is the highest moral obligation of every man, high or low. Certainly we have launched this war, and have been planning to launch it for many years. If the Entente nations failed to prepare for aggressive war the more foolish and knavish they. For they have been untrue to the highest duty of subjects in a state—to make war."

No, that philosophical manifestation of the higher barbarism would not go down with a world which, outside of Germany and Austria, was becoming rapidly democratic, and held, as democratic peoples do, that nations, like individuals, have moral obligations.

They must lie. They must invent some great fiction and bolster it up with little fictions. The great fiction was invented with but little strain on the Teutonic mind. Against them stood Great Britain, potentially the most powerful of her adversaries. England, as mistress of the seas, had a past. So has every nation involved; peoples, like people, are neither all black nor all white. But with her far-flung power England had created many tiny jealousies in other races just as she had created an enormous, devouring jealousy in Germany. Moreover, Great Britain was the nation which, more than any other, Germany wanted to beat. She had the property and

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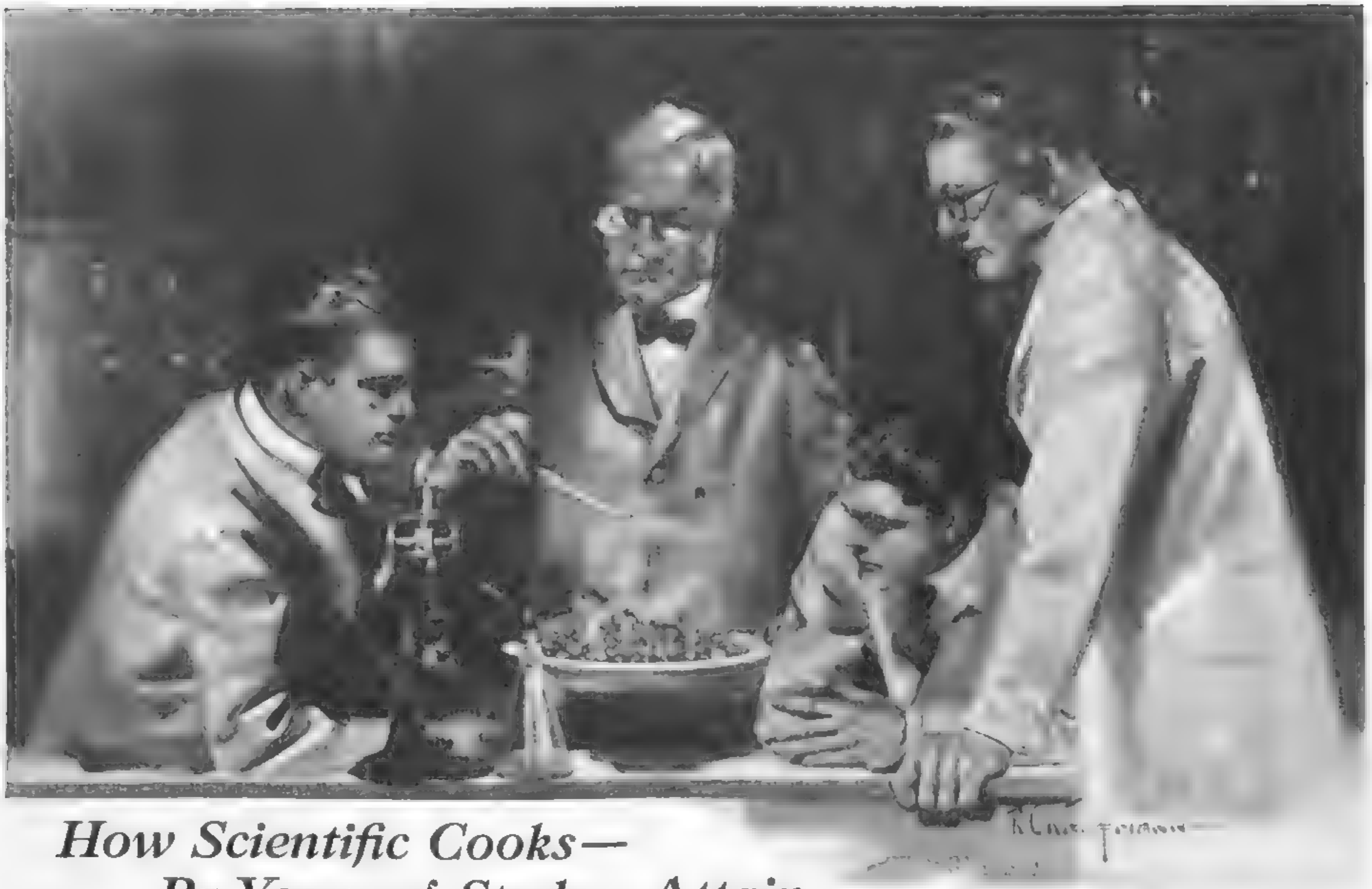


How Scientific Cooks— By Years of Study—Attain

The Perfect Dish

The Van Camp kitchens offer you some cooking revelations. They are based on chef creations of the rarest sort. Some are world-wide recipes. All were first developed for us by a noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris.

But our college-trained cooks then took those recipes and applied scientific methods. They made a study of every ingredient. They compared in some cases a thousand blends.

By years of expert effort, they multiplied the quality and flavor. They attained unique delights. And now we ask you to compare those dishes with the kinds you used to know.

Pork and Beans

With Unique Zest and Flavor. A Quality Undreamed-of

Try for example, Van Camp's Pork and Beans of today. Under old methods—years ago—this dish made these kitchens famous. It always was a master dish, amazingly delightful.

Now the beans are grown on studied soils. Each lot is analyzed before we start to cook.

To insure a tender bean, all water used is freed from minerals. The baking is done under pressure, but the steam doesn't touch the beans. Thus we apply hours of fearful heat without bursting or crisping the beans.

The sauce is the final result of 856 tests. It is a masterpiece of zestful flavor, which never varies. It is baked with the beans, so every granule shares it.

The result is the whole and mellow beans with a most inviting tang. Beans that easily digest. Beans which change one's whole conception of this old, familiar dish. Let it show you the supreme result of scientific cookery.

Famous Soups

From Prize Recipes, Now Bettered Many Fold

Van Camp Soups are among the most conspicuous results of this scientific cookery. Most of them are based on famous recipes. They were first made in our kitchens by a famous French chef. Some had won prizes in that capital of cookery.

But our scientific cooks, through countless tests, improved each soup beyond all recognition. They studied every ingredient. They learned what seeds and soils best grew the needed vegetables.

Then for each soup they made countless blends. They tried a thousand ways of adding to the flavor. To attain today's perfection years were spent. And every step was recorded. So a single formula covers many pages. And thus is every Van Camp Soup exactly like the finest which these experts have created.

Now for your own sake, choose any soup which, under old methods, seemed to you delightful. Then learn for yourself how Van Camp methods made it more delectable. One such trial will win you to our new culinary art.

VAN CAMP'S

READY COOKED FOODS

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's Pork and Beans

An economical dish, more nutritious than meat, and made a delicacy.

Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds

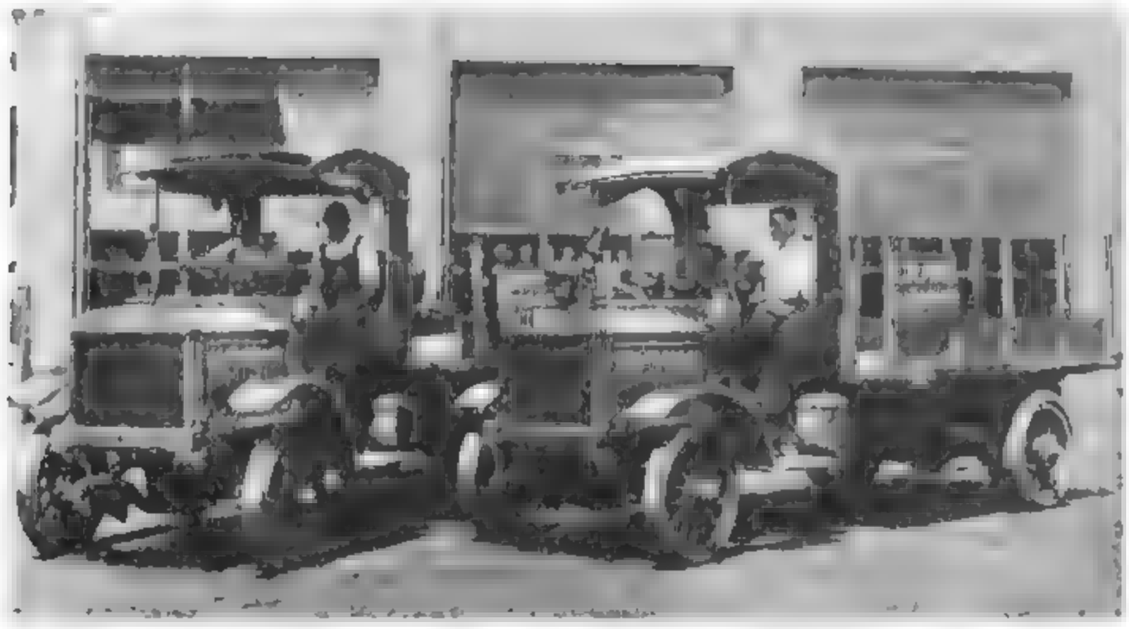
Each a French chef creation, perfected by years of scientific study.

Van Camp's Spaghetti

Made from a formula which we value at $500,000. Italian style but not Italian quality.

Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made from blended nut meats of the highest grade, with every bitter heart removed.



Crane Company Trucks in Bridgeport. Two of a fleet of Rikers.

RIKER

TRUCKS

ARE

BUILT BY

THE LOCOMOBILE CO.

OF AMERICA · *Bridgeport, Conn.*

"Children, This is Mr. Will Stick His Nick Name is CICO"

I should have said his stick name, because **CICO,** Carter's new liquid paste, sticks things down so hard they can't be pried loose. When you think of **CICO** remember it will stick. When you want things to stick use **CICO.** It is a thick cream paste that is always ready for instant use. Needs no messy water well. Works best when spread thin. Never gets lumpy or gritty, smeary or gummy. **CICO** is ideal for school use, for scrap books, for libraries, the home, the office. **CICO** reflects the same Carter quality that has made *Carter Ink* the ink standard of America and distinguishes Carter Typewriter Ribbonz and Carbonz.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Boston Chicago
New York Montreal

(Continued from Page 28)

possessions, and would make the best looting. If Germany could create in the rest of the Entente Allies universal hatred and distrust of England she might cut them one by one out of the war, leaving only the great adversary.

So the German propaganda began to lie in a fashion wholesale but ingenious, the burden of falsehood being that England, perfidious, intriguing Albion, launched this frightful war on the world in order to overwhelm her business rival—innocent, peaceful Germany.

A few months ago I tried in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to analyze the moral downfall of Germany, to show how false ethics have corrupted the state and are fast corrupting the individual. First, the lords of Germany inculcated the philosophy that the state was supreme and that its glory and advancement, without regard to the happiness of the individuals composing it, were the highest moral good. In peace or war any act advancing the interests of the state, performed against the subject of any other state, became at once highly moral no matter how treacherous, brutal or immoral by ordinary standards. Second, having got this strange moral standard accepted, they carried the philosophy one stage further. It became equally praiseworthy for the subject, acting for the glory and advancement of the state, to perform a treacherous, brutal or immoral act against a fellow subject. So was created a false and double standard of morals. If this process continue, I pointed out, it is bound to destroy all faith between man and man, and to bring the age of lies. He who dallies too long with falsehood becomes incapable in time of distinguishing the truth from the lie.

Something like that happened in this case. Embarking upon a campaign of the most ingenious lies the German propagandists rapidly became incapable of using truth. The Western cowboys of my childhood used to say: "He lies when the truth would suit better." Become the falsest emanation of the human mind, German propaganda rapidly arrived at that state. Again and again, when the actual state of affairs served their cause, they could not forbear so to decorate the truth that it became almost indistinguishable under the embroidery.

Here are a few examples:

At present the backbone of German journalistic propaganda is the Nauen wireless. This, sent from the most powerful radio station in the world, is a newspaper service equivalent to two or three columns of print a night. Relayed by other stations, open or secret, it reaches the whole world. To the newspapers it goes without cost; the publisher in a neutral country who cares to use it gets a war-news service free of charge. That in itself constitutes a kind of bribe. Nauen wireless is picked up by our own stations, though naturally it is not published here.

Socialists to Order

"A lie in every line" should be its motto. If its promoters have any sense of humor I can imagine them shaking with loud Germanic laughter as they concoct it. Sometimes the recipient who knows the facts has himself a merry season. Last spring, quietly reading the day's Nauen wireless in my office, I alarmed the stenographers by laughing immoderately. This is what set me off:

In August, 1917, I wrote from Switzerland to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the strange story of Nassim Masaliah. When the first Socialist conference was called at Stockholm, Berlin wired to Tallat Pasha, Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking him to send some Turkish Socialist delegates. Tallat Pasha was puzzled. He did not know what a Socialist was, and neither did any of his suite. Only one thing was certain—there were no Socialists in Turkey. Fearing, probably, that this was some strange doctrine which denied the Koran, Tallat sent for a Jewish unbeliever—Nassim Masaliah, an active and clever little lawyer who did odd jobs for the government. He was ordered to get two other Jews, go with them to Stockholm, and be a Socialist. At the conference Nassim Masaliah, being insufficiently instructed, gave himself away. He had to admit that he did not know just what Socialism was. The Germans got him and his companions away before the neutral comrades learned this. The original conference broke up, and a year ago, when I last had accurate news concerning him, Nassim Masaliah was in Berlin studying Socialism under a professor and an interpreter.

Such being the situation, I had found in the Nauen wireless a long interview indorsing the democracy of Germany with "Nassim Masaliah, the eminent leader of the Turkish Socialists!"

Here was a case where I happened to know the facts. To one who had all the facts there would doubtless be a laugh in every paragraph of the Nauen wireless. Every day it carries such reports as this: "Lieutenant Schmitz, of our submarine U-Blank, operating off the English coast, reports sinking 62,000 tons of shipping, including one steamer of 16,000 tons." A government official in a position to know the real facts had these Nauen reports of sinkings added up over a certain period of time. The total came to two or three times the actual figures, and even to twice the figures given out by the regular German communiqués on the subject, themselves gross lies of exaggeration.

"Of course," said an old-time Western liar, "you allus have to get you a little piece of truth for a peg to hang the lie on." The Nauen wireless and kindred agencies use quarter truths a great deal. Take a current example:

Whatever their claims to observing international law, the German submarines probably sink hospital ships whenever they can. A boat is a boat; a sunken hospital ship must be replaced from merchant tonnage, and reduction of tonnage is the object of the campaign. At the first chance they will sink an American hospital ship, as they have already sunk British. So they are already preparing the excuse.

Before we entered the war a great many adventurous or philanthropic young Americans went to Europe to drive ambulances carrying the French wounded. They crossed in ordinary passenger steamers. They were strictly noncombatants, and as such recognized by the laws of nations. When we entered the war most of these boys at once enlisted in our Army. Being the kind of men they were, the majority picked the romantic and dangerous service of the air.

More German Poison

These facts, conveyed to the liar of German propaganda, were enough for a peg. All through last July Nauen wireless was hammering into the neutral world the charge that Americans were sneaking over aviators, disguised as Red Cross ambulance drivers, on hospital ships. This charge has no more basis than the facts I have cited above But whenever the German submarines succeed in finding and sinking a shipload of our helpless wounded and of woman nurses the alibi is ready.

In the summer of 1917 a few British batteries joined the Italians on the Carso. At the time the Germans were striving to break down the morale of Italy. As part of the general campaign they were trying to create hatred and suspicion of England. Now when men of different nations are for the first time thrown together in large bodies they nearly always fight a little. There is a boy inside of every man, especially when he wears a uniform. One night some British and Italian soldiers, probably flushed a little with native wine, "went to it" in a café. The British attacked with fists; the Italians came back with knives. One or two Britons were cut, and one was badly stabbed. If this had happened during an accidental meeting of British and Italian bluejackets in a neutral port before the war it would have been simply a police-court case, reported by the local press in a paragraph.

The Germans, with the pipe line they had then into Italy, learned of this; and the liar, having the suggestion which stimulates imagination, went to work. In the organs of propaganda the incident became a ghastly riot. Machine guns had to be turned on the rioters. There had been numerous executions; but even that did not stop the trouble. The whole Italian Army was roused by the insolent attacks of the "invaders." The whispering propaganda took up the story and carried it to every corner of the Entente nations. When a little later I went to the Italian Front friends at British headquarters wrote to me asking if all this was true—would I investigate? I did, and found the facts as I have stated them. The British and Italians having got the fight off their systems were getting along in perfect comradeship.

(Concluded on Page 32)

Send *him* a word of cheer-

IT seems a bit early to begin thinking about Christmas. For many of us it is going to be mighty hard to think about Christmas at all this year.

But it is none too early for those of us who have sons and brothers and friends in France, or on the naval vessels scattered throughout the globe.

Nothing must interfere with getting into the hands of every American soldier and sailor, on Christmas day, a message of hope and cheer from every member of his family and from his friends.

No fight was ever won by gloom. Smiles are bullets. Brave thoughts are bayonets. Words of cheer are trains of powder that run straight and swift to the enemy lines.

You may not be able to get packages to your boys at the front. *But a Christmas greeting card will go anywhere*, even into the front line trench, and do the trick of answering the German snarl with a Yankee grin.

Think of everyone you know in the service and send a Christmas card to every one of them.

The stores in your town are ready now with a fine selection of Christmas Cards for Soldiers

And the folks at home.

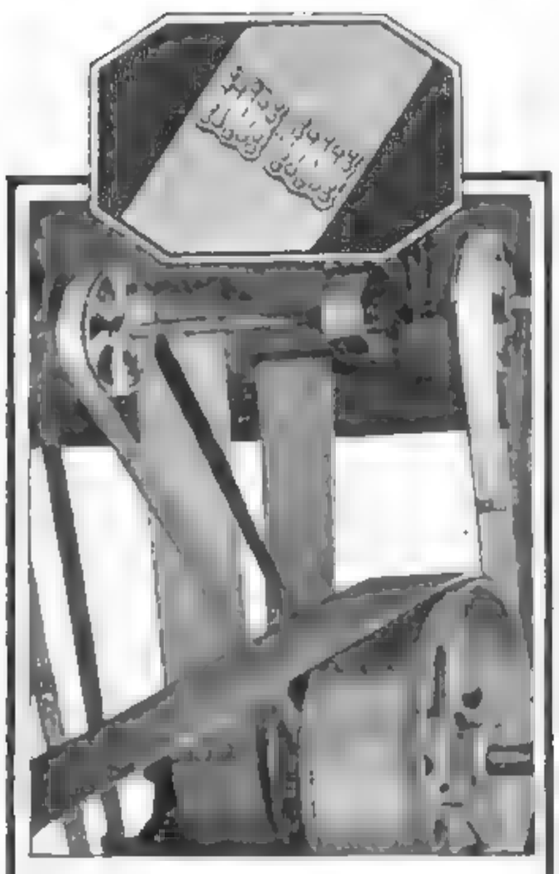
If ever you should send out generously those friendly cards of Christmas greeting, it is this year. There is hardly anyone for whom the war has not already caused some hardship. Every friend you have needs a word of courage from you. *Keep up the Christmas spirit with a message of cheerfulness.*

Begin now to jot down the names so that no one will be overlooked—not only the boys in the service, but their mothers, fathers, wives—the folks back home—your neighbors, relatives, business acquaintances.

Send them all Christmas cards this year, and thus help in this fight to bring back *Peace on Earth* by voicing your *Good Will to Men.*

The National Association of Greeting Card Manufacturers, U. S. A.

do it with Holiday Greeting Cards



Cut Out That Machine-hour Loss

HAVE you ever actually figured in dollars and cents the loss of time, the cost of idle machinery, the cost of idle men, the belt cost, the cost of the original joint and the cost of its repair—when a belt breaks down?

The belt man brought up on a hollow punch diet is directly responsible for this loss. He has removed 40% to 60% of the belt's best life and then tries to hold it together by leather lacing.

This deliberate misuse of a good belt is one of the worst shop habits. The next time your machinery stops for belt repairs, figure the cost—the results will startle you.

Crescent Belt Fasteners make the belt joint of correct engineering practice—precise and dependable.

Crescents distribute the strain evenly across the entire width of the belt. Are permanent for the life of the belt.

You do not have to worry about a Crescent joint.

It is easy and quick to take up the stretch on a Crescent joint.

It is the time-proven belt joining device.

Adapted to all kinds and makes of belting of every length, width and thickness for transmission, elevating and conveying.

Ask us to send the Crescent Service Chart. Ask your Mill Supply or Hardware man to show you Crescents.

CRESCENT BELT FASTENER CO.
381 Fourth Avenue New York City

Branches and Distributors throughout the world

CRESCENT BELT FASTENERS

For Continuous Production

Hold Without Holes

(Concluded from Page 30)

These kept liars of the German propaganda are mighty ingenious. The whole world must know by now the story of the forged newspapers which, reaching the Italian Army with lying stories about riots at home put down by the machine guns of the British, did so much to break down morale. Here, however, is another trick of that campaign, less well known: Special attention was being paid to two divisions holding a quiet sector where the Germans planned to make their great assault. Now, just before the battle a great part of the married men in these divisions received from their home towns anonymous letters saying—falsely, of course—that their wives had been unfaithful in their absence. The Italian is peculiar, as we all are—to other people—and this trick was based on knowledge of Italian character. The effect of such a letter on the recipient was to make him forget cause, country and everything else in his desire to get back home and have a settlement.

In April and May the Austrians and Germans, preparing for their disastrous attempt to break the Piave line, were trying again to undermine Italian resistance. This time America rather than England was held up as the bugaboo. We had entered the war at the order of Wall Street, because our men of finance saw their loans endangered. We were lending money to the Allies at usurious rates of interest. If the war went its course we should own Europe, body and soul. So ran the song which the Germans sang to Italy.

The Boomerang Lie

On May twenty-fourth Italy celebrated the third anniversary of her entry into the war. President Wilson cabled to the Italian people a message of felicitation and good will. As usually happens in such cases the message was transmitted by cable several days in advance, in order that it might without confusion be distributed to the newspapers under a "release" for the morning of May twenty-fourth.

Somewhere along the line the text of this message leaked to Austria or to Germany; and the liar did with it one of his most ingenious turns. On the very day of release the newspapers of Vienna published the astonishing information that the message was a fake. It was only an old communication of Wilson's to the French people which the Italian authorities had raked up and rewritten, substituting "Italy" for "France" and "Italian" for "French." Austrian aviators flying over the Italian lines dropped leaflets containing the same astonishing charge.

Perhaps I need not say that the message as printed in Italy was genuine. A government employee at the time, it was my task to see that it was transmitted; and I handled the original text.

Having followed the European War from the beginning and collected the journalist's usual sheaf of "inside facts," I can cull such instances as these from almost every issue of the Nauen wireless. No document in history was ever so false; yet it is typical of the whole German "psychological offensive."

Let us, however, consider the campaign as a whole and see whether the plan of strategy as laid out by the German propagandist in the beginning has succeeded or failed.

If you set the years 1916, 1917 and 1918 apart from eternity and consider them alone you must acknowledge that it has succeeded—so handsomely as to give the greatest satisfaction to the Father of Lies. Propaganda, based everywhere on bad faith, on bribery, on false statement, has been worth whole armies to the German. I have forborne to say anything, hitherto, about Russia, because I have not visited that country since the war. But who doubts that her heartbreaking failures before the revolution, her collapse afterward, were due largely to the German "mental offensive"? By intelligently distributed bribery, by clever lies told to a people so ignorant and so imaginative that they could not distinguish truth from falsehood, she turned the tremendous, pure idealism of awakened Russia into a self-destructive force, as a jiujitsu wrestler turns a man's strength to his own strangulation. I know by personal observation what it has done in Western Europe. After the Champagne failure in the spring of 1917 it spread such hesitation and uncertainty in France that the army, during the last vital year when Russia held a part of the Germans away from the Western Front, was incapable of a general attack.

In the autumn of that year, and just when Italy had only one more height to take before spilling over on to the Austrian plain, it broke the resistance of one of the best armies in the game. With insignificant losses the Austro-Germans took a quarter of a million prisoners, two thousand guns and a winter's supplies, occupied a province, made negative the victories of two hard years. Twenty crack divisions could have produced no greater effect.

Yet fifty years from now, when the returns are all in, when the last of the reminiscences are written, when the state papers have been dragged to light, when the hatreds have died out, when men can see impersonally, and when some Carlyle undertakes the mighty task of writing a history of Armageddon—what will he say about this new, curious method of warfare? He can form only one conclusion, I think—that it succeeded tactically but failed strategically; that while securing temporary advantages it served in the end only toward the destruction of Germany and of the German military caste.

At this very moment, mid-course of the war, it is wearing itself out—reaction has set in. After the disastrous Italian defeat at Capretto it seemed that Austria could take either Milan or Rome at her leisure; the Italian armies of the right wing were going backward in utter confusion. Yet at the Piave River this horde of fugitives mysteriously crystallized into an army. With a few old-fashioned guns, with a little ammunition scraped together from every dump in Italy, they put up such a sudden resistance that the Austrians were stopped dead. Why?

I was at the Front when the break came, I was all over Italy when the line set again, and I think I know. The Italian soldier realized how grossly he had been deceived, what a dupe Germany had made of him; shame and humiliation roused all the fire in his Latin spirit. Last spring, as I have already shown, the German propagandist tried it again. He preceded his general attack with another bombardment of words, equally false and clever. The Austrian attack which followed was a fiasco. Italian morale, instead of being broken by the enemy propaganda, had perhaps only been stimulated.

The Reaction Setting In

Probably somewhat the same thing happened in France, though France affords no dramatic example as does Italy. The campaign of 1917, with its Almareydas, its Duvals and its Bolos, failed of its major objective. The energetic Clemenceau brought the facts to light; and who knows whether the reaction has not helped to stimulate weary, suffering France to stand firm through the trying fifth year of war?

An Entente diplomat who was once a journalist wrote to his government recently from a Latin-American country:

"The newspaper sense in me tells me that the tide of opinion is turning in our favor. I cannot prove this, and it is strange in view of how little we have done; but my instincts tell me that it is so."

Even when Germany seemed in her spring drives to be near Paris and the Channel ports, and enjoyed therefore the prestige of a winner, one could feel the tide running our way in such countries as Spain and Sweden.

The German propagandist while preparing his campaign had studied the practical psychology of persuasion in that great laboratory of publicity, the United States. But either he had not carried his studies far enough or more probably he let his heated German mind deceive him. He had overlooked or ignored one great and vital principle, which the whole experience of American journalism proves: Alike, the lying newspaper and the lying publicity campaign fail if you give them time enough. Once I spent nearly three years in studying the American newspaper as a public institution. During that time I learned the life history of dozens of established journals which had fallen into bankruptcy or just quit. In nearly every case the story was the same: A greedy business office took money secretly from an individual or a corporation engaged in "putting something over." To fulfill its contract it had to lie. From that moment, though no one may have exposed this transaction, its influence began mysteriously to wane. In time it was of no use to the corporation, because no one believed it. Finding the newspaper no longer useful on account of this very lack of influence the corporation withdrew its support; collapse and death followed.

The exceptions are only apparent. Lying newspapers here and there have kept circulation and earning power. People buy them for sensation and thrill, as a boy buys a dime novel. But they retain little or no influence—and we are dealing now not with a money-making proposition but with an assault on public opinion.

The real sixth sense of humanity is a sense of truth. It is instinct rather than revelation of facts which discredits most liars. And there is no reaction of humanity so certain as that against the proved liar.

Again, if you hope to make the lie stick, even for a time, you must lie alone. As soon as you drag a great body of men into a campaign of falsehood you encounter enormous difficulties. Someone is bound to make a mistake or to betray you. One mistake or one betrayal is often enough.

That has happened among the German liars. The first thing they started to impress upon the world was the innocence of Germany. They placed the burden on England. It was she who persuaded deluded France and barbarous Russia to attack Germany; it was she who was making them cat's-paws while saving herself. In all this Sir Edward Grey figured as the main villain.

Where Truth is Trumps

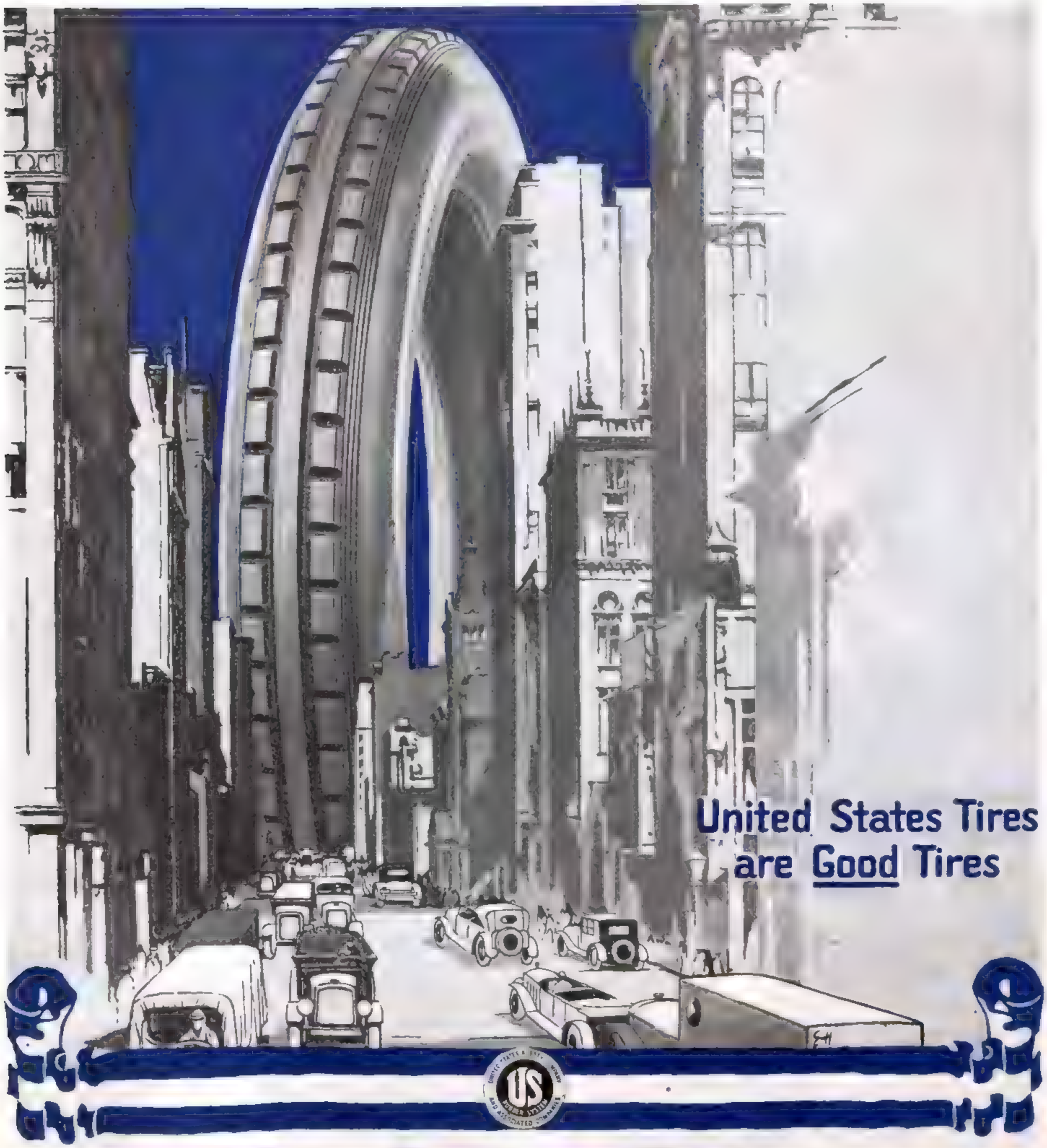
Now, not a word of revelation has come out of England, since the war began, to support these statements. But revelations have come out of Germany which place the blame where it belongs—on the military caste of Berlin. First, there was the confession of Muehlon, now an exile in Switzerland. A director of the Krupp works, he told how the army ring took the industrials into their confidence concerning the war which they were so soon to start; how he and his fellows were offered lands and concessions in Australia—a division of the loot in advance—as a bribe for their support. Then Prince Lichnowsky, Ambassador to Great Britain during the negotiations which preceded the war, "blew the game." His secret memorandum, designed to save his face with his friends, and also perhaps to relieve a burdened conscience—this Lichnowsky is apparently a little old-fashioned—became by accident public. It showed that war could easily have been avoided, and with honor to all sides.

A lie is a great sprinter. The truth is the only unbeaten long-distance champion.

A Germany triumphant over the whole world would need neither the love nor the good opinion of vassal nations. If Germany lost, let good opinion go with the rest, the tail with the hide. She is losing; and she will pay for the fatal turn of the card in all the evils which proceed from hatred and suspicion.

This is not to say that we need exercise no more vigilance. They have still, I suppose, many a trick in the bag. And there are regions far from the conflict where the disease has not yet run its course and established immunity.

In the German sense the Allies have done relatively little propaganda, and the United States virtually none at all. In what has come to be called counter-propaganda, which means meeting German lies squarely with truth, they have been forced to do a great deal. We ourselves have been in this game since the beginning of 1918. The budget which the Committee on Public Information has to spend for this purpose is infinitesimally small as compared to the great German fund. However, we do not need to expend such sums as the German. In the beginning a wise rule was laid down for our guidance in foreign propaganda, a masterpiece of strategy—use no unethical methods with the press of any country, and stick to the truth, even when a clever lie would give a temporary tactical advantage. Observing the course of our propaganda, I have seen it beat the German at points where they were spending in bribes, in purchase of newspapers and in secret agents twenty times as much as we were spending in intelligent open agents and above-board publicity. We are bound to win if we stick to this game; he who has the truth on his side holds the joker and all the trumps. If we are tempted to depart from this policy we shall only be fighting the Germans on their own chosen ground; and with twenty years of practice we could not equal them as liars.



Where Traffic is Thickest

On America's most important thoroughfares—where folks are busiest—where cars and trucks are working hardest—there you will find an amazingly large proportion of good tires.

It is at hard, gruelling work, the kind of work so necessary today, that the super-efficiency of good tires is most obvious.

Any tire can stand up under mild treatment—for a while. But for a real job—*for war work*—for any task, where speed is essential and dependability vital,

—you need good tires.

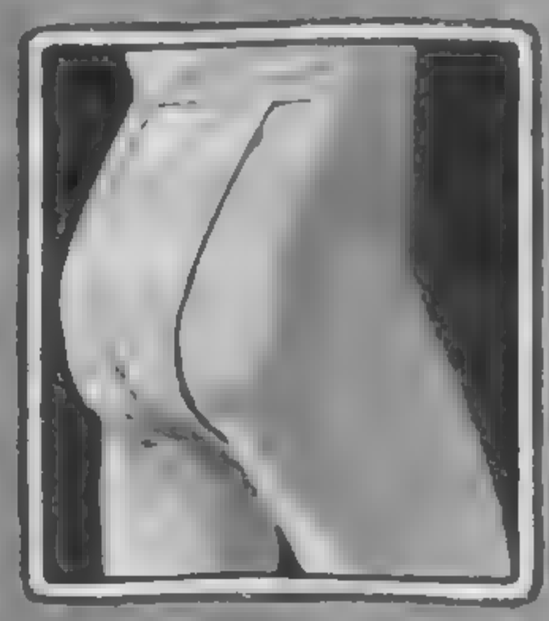
For passenger cars: 'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'. Also tires for Motor Trucks, Bicycles, Motorcycles and Airplanes.

Men! Superior is built for action!

SUPERIOR! Just try it. Walk, jump or run in it, and you will feel every inch the real, healthy, free and easy kind that Adam Mills Underwear is. There's no clumsy, binding wrinkling or bunching. And truly, men, Superior is the best buy in these war times. It's the Perfect Union Suit, snug and trim proof, built for work, built to stand the strain. It's just as easy on your pocketbook as it is on your person.

Go today to a Superior Service Store and be fitted the Superior Comfort Way. By tape measure, not by guess measure. Whether you're stout, slim, tall or short, whether you're working indoors or out from dark days to winter freeze, you'll find at the Superior store just the right warm, trim, comfortable Superior for every man, woman and child.

Your Superior dealer's name and Superior Underwear Guide for these and many other styles and weights of light, medium and heavy weight cotton, wool and worsted fabrics sent free on request. The Superior Underwear Company, Piqua, Ohio.



Superior

THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

W.S.S.

THE GOBS

(Continued from Page 7)

about the seas on the destroyers, go down under them in the submarines, float above them in the navy planes or in the observation balloons, serve in the manifold machine shops, peel potatoes or fire torpedoes with equal facility, and sing at it, and eat it up. I watched a number of them towing a big clumsy target along the side of a ship one day—a great, rectangular affair of heavy timbers that dragged through the water leadenly. A dozen of these young sailors were on the lines, tugging their hearts out to bring the thing along to the directed place. It moved slowly. It was very heavy and unwieldy.

"Now, you weak-chested gobs," shouted the sailor at the end of the biggest towline, "put some pep into it! Let's play we are mad at the rope and break it."

So they all played they were mad at the rope, and tried to break it, and in five minutes the target was where it was wanted, and two or three of them had swarmed, hand over hand, down ropes on the steep sides of the ship, to make it fast. That's the spirit of it. Whether they are running a launch or retubing a boiler, whether they are in the swaying lookout with the icy spray freezing about them, wallowing far out to sea or cramped in a little submarine chaser and being tossed about like corks; whether they are stuck on the bottom in a submarine or their engines go dead on them aloft; whether they fashion great steel plates into appliances for war or make ice cream—they play at it with the high spirit of youth; and whatever they start out to do they get away with it.

And loyal—that doesn't express it! They will bet you or fight you at any time or any place that their particular section of the outfit is the strongest, cleverest, bravest, best in the flotilla. You may hear the crew of a destroyer grousing among themselves over this and that aboard ship, from the C. O. to the quality of the grub—a sailor will kick at anything—but let some other outfit cast any aspersions on any feature of that ship, duty or undertaking and that outfit will retract or fight.

This goes from top to bottom. Every gob's ship is the best ship. Every gob's boat crew is the best boat crew. Every gob's mess is the best mess. Every gob's everything is the best.

New Blood in the Navy

Outside, I mean, and when any other gobs are about to try to put something over about their own particular angle of the great game. Take twenty representatives from the crews of twenty destroyers, and you will find twenty ardent, two-fisted, acrimonious disputants, prepared to bet all their pay or fight at the drop of the hat over the assertion that the particular destroyer represented by each one of those twenty is not far and away the best in ship's company, in quality of officers, in ability as a fighting ship, in seaworthiness, in every single item that goes to make up the ideal destroyer from garboard strake to lookout.

The crew of the captain's launch of one ship will stake their lives that that launch can go faster, is a better boat and better manned than any other launch whatsoever; and so it goes all down the line. No matter what a gob may think and say to his own associates concerning the chief boatswain's mate, for example, that chief boatswain's mate, once the gob gets among others than his own company, is the paragon of all chief boatswain's mates in the service; and you'll have to fight if you dispute the statement. They discuss these matters with freedom and abandon. There are two supply ships at this particular base. One of them is an old ship, refitted for the work, and one is a new ship, constructed recently for this particular service, with every new wrinkle.

Will the crew of the older, made-over ship admit that the new ship has any single advantage over the older one, that has seen twenty years or more of service? Not for a minute! Start something about the excellences of the new ship, and the crew of the older one, happening to be about, will wade in with the flat statement that all persons who say that their ship, though twenty years old, is inferior either in equipment, officers, crew or in any other particular to the new one are crazy with the heat, and proceed to put the boasting gobs of the new ship in their places if they can—which is a matter that depends entirely on force of lungs, arms and numbers.

I have heard sailors grousing interminably about their petty officers, their general treatment, about everything connected with the service when none but their own shipmates or their particular cronies were about, and I have heard in other places those grousing young gentlemen in frenzied upholding of the sublime excellences of those very features and persons, and in wild deprecation of the other misinformed and malignant gobs who sought to convey the impression that their own close connections were of superior quality and caliber.

They come from all parts of the country, and are fresh, in most instances, from civil life; or were when they enlisted. Of course there are many men at this base who were in the Navy, who have served various enlistments, but the bulk of them are chaps who put on the blue jacket at the beginning of the war. You can find about any sort of former civilian you like in this great aggregation of sailors. They range all the way from men who were farmers, laborers, mechanics, clerks to professional men of the highest attainments. There are men who shoot craps for diversion, and men who play chess and read psychology and philosophy for the same purpose. There are college men and public-school men; post-graduate men and men who graduated from the workbench—and they are all bound together with that great common loyalty to country and flag that makes them so wonderful in the aggregate of their service.

Nothing on Minneapolis!

Every craft has its representative, and every profession has scores of them, either with high ratings or with low ratings; and the democracy of it all is perfect. A young reserve officer on duty one night with a bluejacket orderly outside the door wanted some coal to fix up his fire. He summoned the orderly and got the coal. He was lonesome, and he hadn't been in the Navy long, and he suggested to the bluejacket that the hours would pass much more quickly if they talked a bit.

"I don't suppose," said the officer, "that it is the navy way, but then I haven't been in the Navy long, and I guess it won't hurt any. I was in business in Detroit when I went in a few weeks ago. I suppose you are an old hand at it and have been a long time in the Navy?"

"Oh, no," said the bluejacket, "not at all, sir. I came in about a month ago. Before that I was an assistant instructor in mathematics at Yale."

We gathered them from the workshop and from the university, from the ranks of business and from the farm, from California to Maine, from the Dakotas to Texas, and there are thousands of them at this base and at others welded into a compact, bluejacketed, fighting mass of young Americanism, immediately officered by keen, alert young fellows in the various petty and warrant ratings, and all doing their jobs with zest and precision. Some of them make slips, naturally, and are punished. Some of them are unruly under discipline, and need curbing. Some of them are incapable of anything but the most minor employments; but the bulk of them are efficient, businesslike, high-spirited young Americans who work hard and play hard and ask for nothing better than a chance for a go at the boche.

A large proportion of them never were in a foreign country before, and they look with grave eyes on the new scenes, and comment critically on the old customs that are new to them. Naturally they use American standards of comparison. For example, I asked several of them who had been to London on leave what they thought of London.

The Minneapolis gob said: "Looks pretty old and pretty ragged to me. Ought to have a few skyscrapers, and a good fire or two. I'd heard a lot about London, and I looked her over for four days, but believe me, bo, whatever they may say about that town it's got nothing on Minneapolis, and there are plenty of things we can show 'em."

The Chicago gob said: "It makes me sore to put that place up against little old

(Continued on Page 37)

NEW and better things, new and better ways of preparing the familiar things, progress—are the result of constant effort. The Heinz Experimental Kitchen, with its adjoining room for the "tasting committee," is a visible indication of the Heinz policy to produce the best always.

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED
BEANS

Save Meat, Wheat and Money

Baked Beans, better than any other food, will help you solve the problem of maintaining a good table at the lowest cost. Heinz Baked Beans are a complete food in themselves—they furnish all the nourishment of meat and bread and they do it at no sacrifice of appetite. For Heinz Baked Beans have a flavor that made them a familiar and welcome dish in thousands and thousands of households in days when high food prices were an undreamed-of factor in America.

Heinz Baked Beans are actually baked in real dry-heated ovens. For variety and to please all tastes they are prepared in four ways:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

How Close to Your Heart IS This Fight?

SUPPOSING, just to put this thing on a personal basis, that all we are fighting for could be brought about NOW, provided one single American were willing to give up his life at sunrise tomorrow morning; and then supposing we should draw straws to determine which of us should die

—and suppose YOU got the SHORT STRAW.

Would you shrink?

Not in a thousand years! You would cry for joy. The whole one hundred millions of us would FIGHT for that short straw.

Germany KNOWS we would fight for it—and that's why the face of Germany is ashen white.

Germany knows she is LICKED.

* * *

It's a tremendous thing—this America we are fighting for. Like water, and air, and light—we don't appreciate it till we are face to face with the *absence* of it. They are threatening to take America from us. We cannot and WILL not do without her. Whatever it costs to keep America—*we will pay*.

* * *

This Fourth Liberty Loan is but a mere incident along the road to Berlin. We must dispatch it—with a stroke. Too much is at stake now to waste time on parades, and speeches, and noise. Don't make it necessary for anybody to question your patriotism by *soliciting* you. Take the initiative YOURSELF. The privilege of ransoming America is too personal to be delegated to *anybody*. Go to your bank today and contract for every dollar's worth of this issue that you can possibly carry. Buy till you are numb.

Don't be afraid to invest your *last dollar*. When your money is all gone—America will feed you. SHE ALWAYS HAS.

Dedicated to the furtherance of this FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN by the Kahn Tailoring Company of Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 35)

Chi. Why, say, them Londoners died two hundred years ago, and don't know it yet."

The San Francisco gob said: "I got a lot of thrills out of seeing places I had been reading about all my life, but there's one thing I can't understand. These English live on an island, surrounded by salt water, and know all about salt. Why the devil can't they put a little of it into their food?"

The New York gob looked at me pityingly when I asked him how he thought London and New York compared as cities. "Boy," he said, "don't make me laugh right out in your face."

They go about London a good deal, and visit many of the historical places. They are keen about the Tower. I heard a heated argument one day between two youths who had been in London as to whether the Tower was as good a prison as Joliet. Casualties were averted fortunately by the interjection into the discussion of the burning question whether John McCormack was born in Ireland or South Boston. The South Boston man held stoutly that McCormack came from that community, and when I left was offering to bet, fight or run a foot race to decide it.

They canvass all subjects with freedom and impartiality. I heard two of them deep in the dissection of the Havelock Ellis interpretation of the Freudian theory of dreams and psychoanalysis, and three others, not far away, in lively encounter over the name of the man who shot Jesse James. I have heard a learned disquisition on the philosophy of Mencius within sound of an earnest pro-and-con over the theory that heavy firing on the Western Front causes the rain. I have heard theosophy, osteopathy, pantheism, reincarnation, dogfighting, how expeditiously to gouge out the eye of an opponent in a fight, the pluralistic universe, the correct manner of tattooing, the origin of the bugle, the binomial theorem, the six great chess problems, the poems of Horace, the way to remove warts, the works of Laura Jean Libbey, the superiority of the British Museum in Egyptology, the relative merits of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth, the proper method of using the sextant, the right way to shave a neck, and whether spaghetti is eaten with a fork or a spoon or both—debated in the course of one watch, with the certainty of assertion and the readiness to fight for opinion that mark that exuberant youth that comes from physical fitness to the last ounce.

A Bored British Hero

They are keen and discerning critics of the war, and interested in every phase of it; which reminds me of something I heard on the platform of a British railway station a time ago. A train was about to leave for the Channel to take back soldiers who had been home on sick or other leave. A British soldier sat on his roll loaded down with the varied implements of warfare and defense that clutter such a warrior, gloomy and apart. An Englishman, self-appointed to cheer up the departing soldiers, gladhanded his way down the platform.

"Well, my man," he chortled to this gloomy soldier, who had three wound stripes on his sleeve and who wore the Marne ribbon, showing that he had been over there and in the thick of it for a long time, "I see that you are going back like the brave lad you are."

"Yes," said the soldier without enthusiasm, "I'm goin' back to the old lot at Cambrai. Can't get no peace 'ere. They almost got me on the way hover with a torpedo, and the first bloomin' night I was at 'ome a bloody 'Un tore the roof off me 'ouse with a bomb. So I'm goin' back to Cambrai."

"Going back to Cambrai!" repeated the amazed cheerer-up. "Why, you can't go back to Cambrai. Don't you know the Germans hold Cambrai now?"

"'Adn't 'eard."

"Do you mean to tell me that a man who has been wounded three times and wears the Marne ribbon knows no more about the course of the war than that? Don't you read the papers?"

"No," replied the soldier, shifting his pack in a bored way, "I don't read no papers. The fact is I don't take much interest in this blinkin' war."

I have seen these lads at sea and in harbor, on watch and off watch, at work and at play, and am not trying to set them in any superstation. Because a lad joins the Navy he does not become a paragon, nor does that fact eliminate any strain of mischief, spirit or cussedness that may be in him; but his naval career tends to equalize these things, and what he does become is a physically fit, efficient, well-disciplined lad, and imbued with the spirit of the service; and if he has capabilities and ambitions there is no limit to his advancement. The bars are down. Ahead of him are petty officerships, warrant officerships and the gold stripes of an ensign. Work and study will bring him reward if he has in him the quality of direction—that is, if he shows he can handle men, beginning in a small way and progressing. It makes small matter what his talent may be. There is outlet for every conceivable talent in the Navy. If there is anything a lad is especially fitted for he will get a chance to show what he can do at that effort. After that it is up to him.

Most of these chaps are between eighteen and thirty, more of them between eighteen and twenty-five than between twenty-five and thirty. Most of them, too, had not the slightest idea of regulated discipline when they joined the Navy, and infractions are frequent enough. Also, the blood of youth is hot and the judgment of youth is not stabilized, but their petty officers watch them and direct them, and their upper officers guard them and counsel them and advise them, and all in all they are a well-behaved and well-intentioned lot. If they show signs of having initiative they are given a chance to develop that quality. Promotion is waiting just round the corner for those who will seek promotion.

The Honor of the Service

All the regulations in the world cannot change human nature or eradicate temperament, and there are mistakes—errors of judgment, pranks, wrong ideas of what fun is, and sometimes a tendency to go too far in seeking relaxation; but there is little viciousness, and less actual defiance of regulations. They are not saints, mark you, nor namby-pamby, mealy-mouthed youths, going with downcast eyes along the straight and narrow. They are red-blooded, impetuous, live lads, and two-fisted. They work incredibly when they are at work, and they play boisterously when they are at play, but on the whole they are clean-living, self-respecting Americans, and they need no particular shepherding.

They can take care of themselves, and do, with the aid of the adroit suggestions that come to them from the experienced men over them.

Our Navy has a good many of the elements of an ideal democracy about it. Of course, the status of officers toward men is rigidly maintained, and the observance of regulations is insisted upon. Discipline is maintained at whatever cost, and necessarily so; but there is no man, however humble his capacity, who has not the right of appeal to his commanding officer, and no man who may not aspire to the gold stripes of a line officer, provided he can prove his capacity. The relations between officers and men on a ship are somewhat those of a large family. The men in command have absolute power, and use it; expect absolute respect and obedience, and exact it; but the men feel and know that the men in charge have a real interest in them and a real concern in their welfare, instead of the old-time disregard of them except as seamen who must obey or be clubbed into obedience; and the morale and the spirit of the ships are remarkable. If a man or a group of men on a ship are flagrant in disobedience of regulations or do some untoward thing, the first to condemn them are their own shipmates, who feel that the honor of their ship has thus been impugned. They are all boys when it comes to shore or ship pranks and fun, but they will not stand for the rough stuff.

On shore they mingle, but in reality they are clannish as the Scots. Let the men from any ship get into difficulties, and the rallying cry is the name of that ship. Then plunging in from all quarters come first the men of that ship, and after them the men of the other ships to see what quarter the wind is blowing from. If it is a domestic riffle the latter are not concerned; but if by chance it should be international all go to it. You see, the code of the gob runs in this wise: Each ship must defend itself against any other ship, either in sport, in argument or in fisticuffs; and each ship does, for each ship is an entity, and the honor of it is dearer to its men than any other thing save one. That one thing is the honor of the service, of the Navy, and woe betide any

A New Debt to Europe

The latest European custom to win favor in America is the use of art linoleum floors throughout the house—from reception hall to kitchen. The Blabon Art Linoleums are made in beautiful colors and patterns, and are much more artistic and more economical floors than hardwood. Made also in rugs of popular sizes. Send for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice: Floor coverings made upon a felt paper base are *not* linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

The George W Blabon Company
Established 67 years Philadelphia

Blabon floors make housework easier.

BLABON
ART Linoleums

IVORY Garters Do This:

Gird your legs so gently you wouldn't know you had garters on only that your socks are perfectly held up. That means *Ivorys do not bind!* Free you absolutely from those dull leg pains and "nerves" you unconsciously collect from a binding garter. That means more all-day-business-speed; less weariness when the day's done!

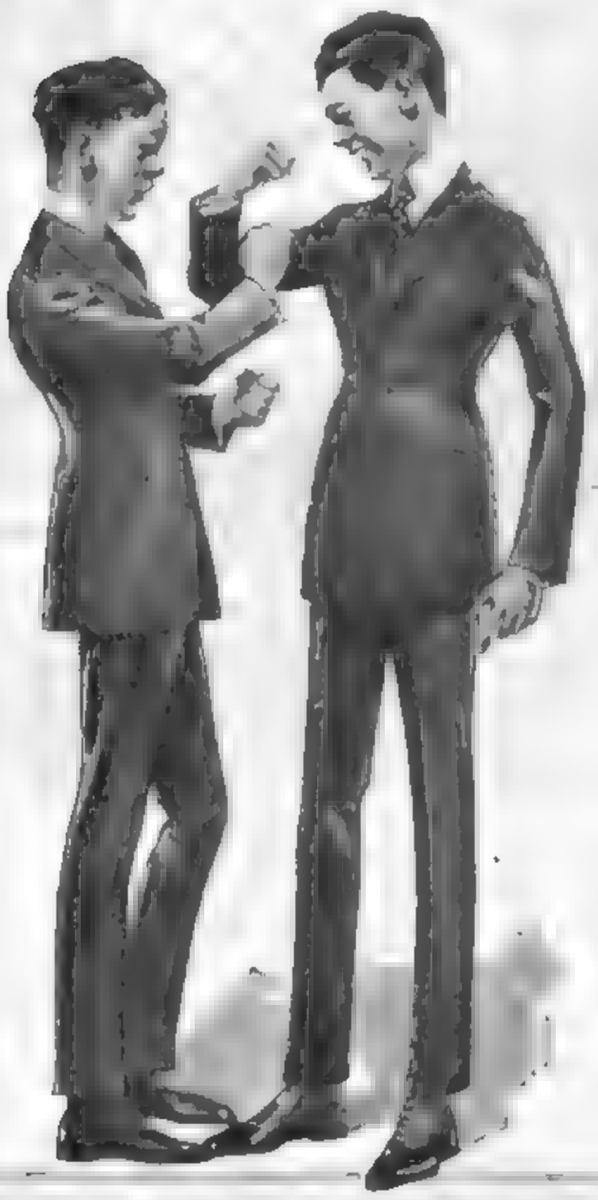
IVORYS Have No Metal

about them to rust and start irritations; no pads! They're light as a silk sock, and durable to the last degree. It's a fact you can prove out mighty quick that you'll never know just what garter comfort means until you get into a pair of Ivory Garters! *They'll delight you—sure!*

Wherever men's goods are sold you can buy Ivory Garters. Popular shades in both mercerized and silk—40c per pair, and up.

IVORY GARTER CO., New Orleans, U. S. A.

LANGHAM-HIGH CLOTHES FOR YOUNGER YOUNG MEN

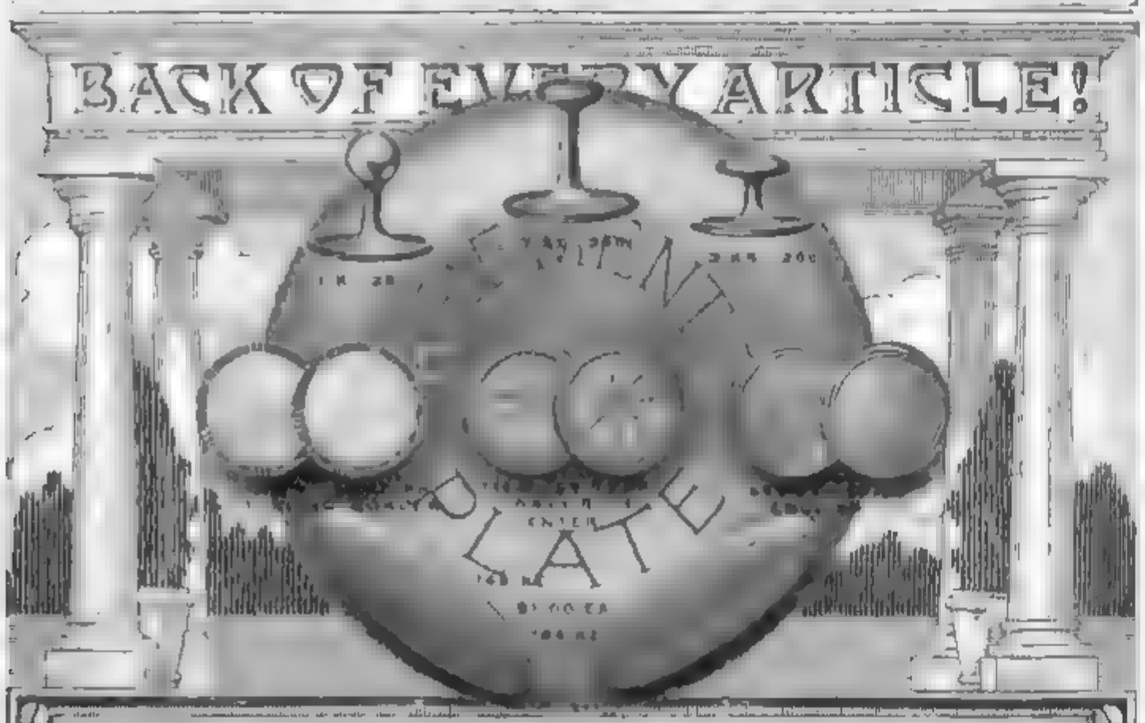


BEFORE the coming of these clothes, younger young men had little freedom in clothes selection. Then the voice of thousands called for clothes expressing the High School spirit. Now you can secure Langham-High Clothes—suits and overcoats originated in response to your ideas; made expressly for younger young men like you.

LEOPOLD, Chicago
227 West Van Buren Street

Now Producing the New Line of Langham Clothes for Young Men

Ask Your Dealer.



TWO little words—"Krementz Plate!" But in them are a world of meaning, an invaluable reputation and a success that is based on their interpretation, which is:—

"If this article prove unsatisfactory from any cause whatever, at any time, any dealer, or we, will replace it free."

That is the absolute, perpetual guarantee that backs up

Krementz
14 KT. ROLLED GOLD PLATE

Collar buttons, tie clasps, cuff links, waistcoat sets—all are correct, stylish, of beautiful design and finish.

Ask your dealer to show you Krementz Plate and send for our new catalog.

Krementz & Co. - - - Newark, N. J.

persons who cast reflections on that. Then all go to it and, believe me, that is an excellent time for all not directly concerned to stand aside.

Our Navy is brigaded or merged—I do not know the proper naval term for it—with the British Navy in these particular waters of which I am writing. Since our ships operate with British ships and from a British base, which in turn is controlled from the British Admiralty in London, their goings and comings are naturally directed by the British commander-in-chief of that base. Everything else at the base—personnel, administration, discipline, and so on—is handled entirely by the senior United States officer present. Admiral Sims keeps close watch over his flock, both from London and locally. Everything our vessels do at sea or in port is reported to him, and his consent is obtained to all employment of our naval forces.

Thus the British and the American sailors are in a sense one body of men. Now, British and American sailors are not particularly brothers in arms, and never have been. Nor are American sailors and the men of any other navy. Usually our men go on their own. In port in pre-war days our men would fraternize with the jolly tars from other navies up to a certain point. Then storm signals would go up. I have seen some luscious encounters between our men and the men of other navies. I remember one, at Key West, where our men, pressed back by the limeys, which is the generic term for British sailors, took refuge in a pool hall and won the battle gloriously and with great execution, with several volleys of pool balls, thrown at short range and with exceeding skill.

Thus, when several thousand American sailors and several thousand British sailors are romancing round the same port, there are potentialities of trouble; but word was passed, early in the merger, that that sort of stuff would not go; and the Americans and the British get along amicably. They fraternize to some extent and treat one another with respect and deference. Ordinarily there would be encounters between the British and the American tar on any liberty night, but both our men and the British men sense the spirit of the coöperation and loyally avoid trouble, when in the old days they would go looking for it. It works out exactly with the men as it does with the officers. No friction is the order, and the men themselves enforce the order. No friction it is.

One of the most interesting sights at a base port is the shore-coming of the liberty men. In usual course the men on the ships get liberty every other night—that is, one half of them get ashore one night and the other half the next night. They come in big launches, a hundred or so to the launch, standing close together on the journey from ship to shore. Their little round white hats and the blue of their uniforms show in sharp colorful relief against the dark water as the boats scoot in toward the pier. Usually they are singing as they come.

Shore Patrols

When they reach the pier they scramble up and set about to rummage the town for amusement. The patrols have been set before they arrive, sedate young sailormen, who wear leggings in addition to their sailor blue and carry, swinging ostentatiously in their hands, policemen's billies, for use in case argument will not convince the obstreperous of the error of his ways. These patrols walk in the street alongside the curb and go three together, two ahead and one behind. They stroll gravely along, officers of the law, and woe betide any American gob who tries to cut up rusty. They nab him in a minute and give him good advice. If he persists, they take him away in custody. They are upholding the honor of the Navy, these grave, patrolling young men, and they uphold it. You need have no fears about that. No rough stuff gets past them, and they are on patrol in all parts of the place.

The gobs respect them, for their first lesson is that the word of an officer is law, and these men are officers. Sometimes an ambitious gob or a couple of them try conclusions with the patrol, but not often. The result is always the same, for the patrols have whistles and other patrols come. Then it may mean anything for the offenders, from loss of liberty for a time to general court-martial. Moreover, there always is a chance to even up if the patrol is too officious; and the patrols know that, too, and temper justice with mercy. You see, patrol duty is not fixed duty—that is, the patrols are constantly changing as to personnel. Thus, a gob who has it in for a patrol for some fancied or real grievance may soon be a patrol himself; and think of the chance that gives him to get even with the patrol officer who put it over him, who himself may be on liberty and soaring a bit on a night when the aggrieved one upholds the majesty of the law and the regulations made and provided.

That tends to equalize and equilibrize matters somewhat. If Seaman Jones, on patrol duty, is inclined to let anything but strict official considerations obtrude in his dealings with Seaman Smith, he thinks it over first, because on the very next night or on some other night Seaman Smith may be on patrol duty, vested with the authority of the law! And Seaman Jones on liberty and doing something that may lead Seaman Smith to divest him of future liberty for some time.

It is a canny arrangement, and it leads to strict and impartial justice from the patrols and to cautious observance of the regulations from the liberty men.

The outstanding feature of this base port is the Men's Club, which is a naval institution, operated by the Navy for the men. It sits down by the water front and is a most versatile institution. It has a dining room; a big kitchen; a reading room, with a most intelligent assortment of magazines, periodicals, newspapers and picture papers, mostly from home; a well-selected library; a pool and billiard room, with American tables in it—not the big half-acre British tables, but the home kind the men are used to shooting Kelly pool on; a soda-water fountain; a canteen for the sale of cigarettes and tobacco; and, largest and most popular of all, a theater where moving pictures are shown every night and vaudeville performances given.

Slim, the Pie Expert

The gob is the youth identical as well as perennial. He likes sweets, he likes cigarettes, he likes grub, he likes to play pool, he likes to look at pictures, and he likes to sing; and at the Men's Club he may go as far as he likes with any one or all of these diversions. Almost every night there is ice cream at cost price, and always there is cake, real American cake, with plenty of sugar and eggs in it, and often what the gob calls goo between the layers—goo being a generic term for any soft, sweet, sticky ingredient such as jam or jelly or those nectareous concoctions they put in cakes and on them. Sometimes there is pie—apple, custard, lemon, pumpkin—and real pie also, baked by an expert known as Slim who was by way of being something in electricity at home but who shines as a pie baker in a company where there are electricians enough to wire the universe. The soda fountain stands in the corner of the pool and billiard room, and from the time the first liberty men arrive until the last boat leaves there is a clamoring crowd before it, howling for favorite sweet drinks. They have them all, from torpedo flip to submarine sundae.

Before the liberty gang gets in the men in charge of the club open many cartons of cigarettes—there is a favorite that sells for eight cents a pack—and pile the packs in heaps on a shelf. After the boys begin to gather in, it takes all the time of one man to supply the demand. Ever see a gob without a pack of cigarettes sticking out of the little pocket on the breast of his blouse? You never will.

They feed them on the ships until their eyes pop out, but liberty men may or may not, as the case may be, come away before the third meal of the day. Anyhow, there never was a sailorman who wasn't ready to eat at any time or place, and full facilities are furnished him at the Men's Club in case he wants anything, from a full meal to a snack. As I have said, the gob is peculiar in many ways. In feeding he runs to ham and eggs and cake. He gets three fine fresh eggs and a slice of American ham for a portion, and at cost. That Men's Club is one of the best places to eat at in the United Kingdom. I say this without reserve, for I know.

Fancy the chance, after being rationed all over England and Ireland and Scotland, of sitting down at a clean table and getting a T-bone American sirloin steak, a real one, lashings of fried potatoes, corn, white bread—white bread!—a salad, and ice cream and cake or pie and good coffee; and all for

(Concluded on Page 41)

BOYS and mechanics aren't the only ones who have to get rid of obstinate dirt and stains.

If your hands are stained with ink or dye or grease, treat them to a bath in Goblin Soap suds,—you'll be delighted.

Goblin Soap is a splendid all around soap for toilet, bath, kitchen, garage, shop,—anywhere where there is dirt to be removed without injuring the skin. Try it.

It lathers quickly and easily in any water, hard or soft, warm or cold; it's gentle and thorough.

For Toilet or Bath
Large Cake
5c
Price in Canada 7c

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO
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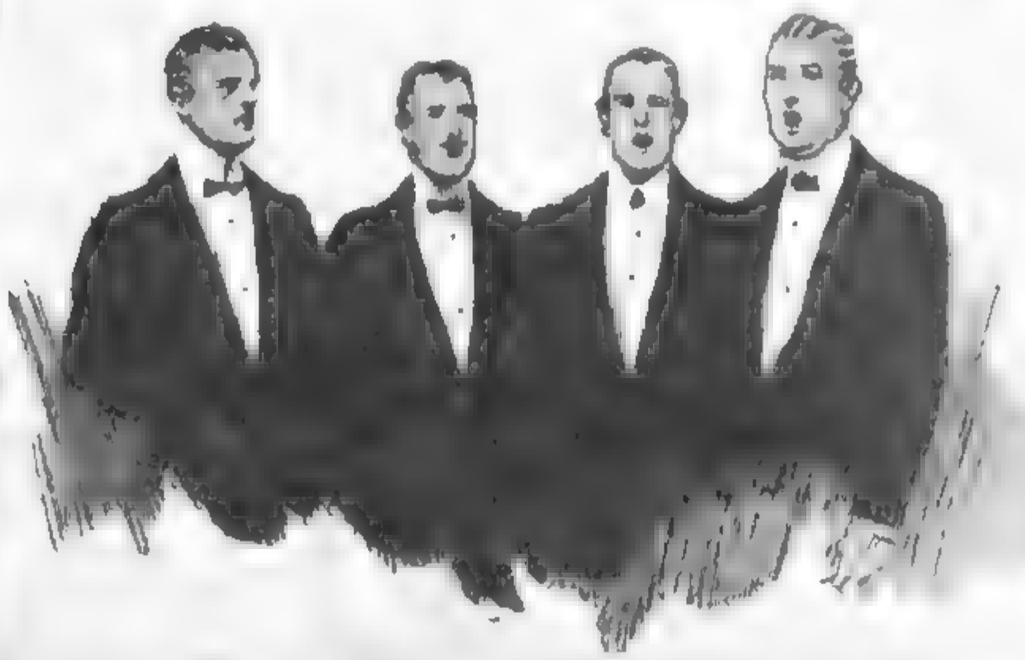
Columbia Grafonola

Where do the Soldiers get their Songs?

Three thousand miles from home, along the quiet back roads out of rifle-range, they're singing Broadway's latest song-hit; Al Jolson's newest jazz-melody; quartettes from musical comedies whose scenery has scarce had time to dry.

Where do they get them—these snappy, catchy, up-to-the-minute songs they sing with the wild weird minors and rich close harmony that only doughboys know?

Step into the nearest Y. M. C. A. or Knights of Columbus hut, or anywhere the boys get together—you'll find a jolly Grafonola and Columbia Records of all the joyous sparkling music that's new at home today.



Columbia Grafonolas
Standard models up to $300
Period designs up to $2100

What *would* they do without music, those cheerful, care-free lads whose very creed is expressed in a song—"Oh, Joy! Oh, Boy! Where do we go from Here?"

And to those who wait and serve at home, what steadfast cheer and inspiration the Grafonola brings. Always ready to drive away the blues with lively, laughing music, his clear, jovial voice should be in *your* home tonight.

Buy War Savings Stamps

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

(Concluded from Page 36)

half a crown, or sixty-two cents. Boy howdy! as George Pattullo would say. They put me up at that Men's Club, and of all the clubs I have been put up at, or belong to in this wide world, which are and have been many and various, that Men's Club at that naval base made the greatest hit with me.

There is a gallery along both sides of the theater for the officers and guests, and the main floor will seat fifteen hundred or so. They give a movie show every night, changing the pictures three times a week and having usually a couple of comics, a travel picture and a five-reel feature. Nights when there is a Chaplin or a Mary Pickford or a Douglas Fairbanks are the star nights. Sometimes they run in English pictures on them. The gobs are not keen for those—not enough action.

Saturday night is the big night. Then the commanding officer and his staff come over, and then usually the men in the fleet do their stunts.

There is a very good orchestra, led by an ensign, and the piano player for the movies, who is a wonder at it, is an artist who enlisted as a machinist's mate. It was discovered that he had been playing the piano for three years in the biggest movie theater in Philadelphia, and they figured they could spare him from the machine shop. So he sits here debonairly in his uniform and just naturally makes that piano talk while the pictures are on.

Saturday Nights at the Club

The real nights are Saturday nights. If there is any vaudevillian in any ship's company who has done his stunts on his ship and is reported as good, he is summoned and told to put on a show.

Naturally in a crowd of a good many thousand young men from all parts of the United States there are singers, dancers, story-tellers, reciters and actors galore; and they give very good shows to very appreciative audiences.

Along in every Saturday-night program there is a line—"Songs by All Hands"; and that is where the gob shines. He likes to sing, and they give him ample opportunity, and help him along by throwing the words of the songs on the screen and leading with the orchestra.

Most of their songs are so intensely naval that the words of them will not get by the censor. In one great favorite there are just two lines of the chorus that will pass, to wit:

Roll 'em, bowl 'em, roll 'em over,
We'll get the blinkin' German rover.

That, as you may discern, has to do with hunting submarines, and it contains much reference to the identity of the hunters

Another favorite is a parody on There's a Long, Long Trail, which runs:

There's a long, long trail a-winding into that old Kiel Canal
Where the German fleet is hiding and where we must go;
There'll be lots of weary watches before our work all is through,
But some day we'll show the Kaiser what the Old Flotilla can do.

Think of two thousand fresh young voices, led by a big orchestra, singing that song, with its swing and lilt, and you'll get an idea of the spirit of those boys.

And there is another one they love, a stunt that never grows stale. At a certain time in the show the stage is darkened and a back drop lowered. Then the lights come on gradually, and as the back drop lights up, the sky line of New York develops. The Battery, the Singer Building, the Woolworth Building—all that great jagged mass of masonry of lower New York rises out of the gloom, until presently the whole picture, excellently done, is there. Then they sing a song that begins:

Take me back to New York town,
There's where I want to be.

You'd think that every one of those chaps, from the pathos and yearning in his voice, lived in New York and was pining for that city; whereas they come from all parts of the country. But it types home to them, and they sing of it wistfully, and next day howl like wolves if they miss a chance to go to sea on a destroyer or go down on a submarine—no home for them until their job is done.

The reading room is popular, but calmly so. The boys like the picture papers, the American weeklies and the daily papers. Many of them read books, but in a general way the book is not so popular with them as the periodical. They are keen and contemptuous critics of all naval writing, quasi-naval writing and pictures showing naval ships at sea. If the writer misses one naval fact or messes naval terminology he is rated a boob immediately. An American magazine came along one day with a picture on the cover of it, by a very well-known artist, of an American sailor about to take a pretty girl in his arms.

The posture was all right and was applauded, but unfortunately for the artist and the magazine the artist put the wrong rating marks on the sailor's arm, or put them on the wrong arm, or something equally heinous.

The first gob who saw that picture threw the magazine away from him in mighty disgust. "Look what this boob's gone and done!" he shouted to all and sundry. They looked, and saw, let us say, that the rating mark was on a blouse instead of on a petty officer's coat—and there was enough contempt expressed to sink the empire, and they refuse to have any further congress with that artist, albeit he was a great favorite before he committed this horrible blunder.

There is a big recreation ground down the harbor a bit, where the British had a cricket field and where our men have laid out four baseball diamonds, where nines from destroyers and the various stations and other ships contest with one another for the naval-base championship. The British sailors have not done much at baseball yet, and the Americans look with supreme contempt on cricket.

"Say," said one of them, "will you please tell me why those limeys play cricket when they might just as well be playing baseball?"

I explained as well as I could that cricket was an ancient and favorite English game, and so on; but I made no impression.

"I can't get it," said the sailor. "Looks like waste of time to me."

The Best There Is

A large hospital is almost finished, and over on one side of the harbor a few miles away there is a naval flying station, where a large number of men are stationed and where there is an entertainment house also, similar to the Men's Club I have described, but smaller. There is a training barracks, where the recruits fresh from the States are put through their preliminary paces, and an enormous English dockyard, with dry dock and shops.

A big manor house on shore has been taken over and refitted for the accommodation of some of the sailors who work in the shops on the ships, to relieve congestion and give the men a chance to sleep ashore.

Here the men have gardens, and one of the commanding officers raises rabbits, which is mentioned merely to show the variety of occupations pursued.

The gobs have a good time. They have been at this base for fourteen months, as I write, and they know every nook and cranny of the town. They have their favorite haunts and their own personal resources for amusement, aside from that officially furnished. The men in charge strive to keep them healthy and happy, and though holding a general supervision over their shore activities try to give them as much leeway as possible and make them feel that they are partners in this great enterprise, not slaves of it.

The interest is genuine. A boy at the submarine base came down with appendicitis while I was there. The ship's doctor, a skilled surgeon, took no chances, but sent for another American surgeon and an English surgeon; and that lad had as careful treatment as if he was an admiral.

I stood one night by the bedside of a lad from Connecticut, at the flying station. He had pneumonia. Two doctors stayed with that lad all night long, administering oxygen, unceasing in their efforts, and pulled him through when the slightest inattention would have sent him West. He was only a sailorboy, one out of many thousands, but he got the best there was. And so do they all, in every way.

In return they give the best there is—the best there is—for that is my definition of the American sailor after seeing him in England, in Ireland, in Scotland, in France and in other and further places, on shore and at sea—he is the best there is!

ATTENTION! SINGING AMERICA!!
Our Own
George M. Cohan
who gave us "OVER THERE" to send the boys across to Victory, now gives us his best patriotic SONG to anticipate their triumphant return
WHEN YOU COME BACK
AND YOU WILL COME BACK
THERE'S THE WHOLE WORLD WAITING FOR YOU
Here is the REFRAIN that will make song history:
When you come back, yes, when you come back,
You'll hear the Yankee cry, "Ahoy, Jack!"
This song conveys a message that is electrifying and has the stirring tune that soon will sing its way to every corner of the world. Secure it at once and help spread the optimistic propaganda with which it is bubbling over.
Send it to your boys. Send it to every musical friend you have—the more sold, the better, as George Cohan is giving his entire royalties from this inspiring song to the Soldier Boys, Over There.
For sale at all music and department stores; also at all Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, Grant and Metropolitan stores.
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Long tours may over-charge your battery
The storage battery in your car can be injured by over-charging due to day-light touring. This evil is as bad for your battery as starving it.
The U S L Service Station nearest you will gladly help you keep your battery just right—inspection is free.
If you need a new battery, ask the local U S L expert to tell you about U S L—the battery with the machine-pasted plates.
50-cent Battery Book Free
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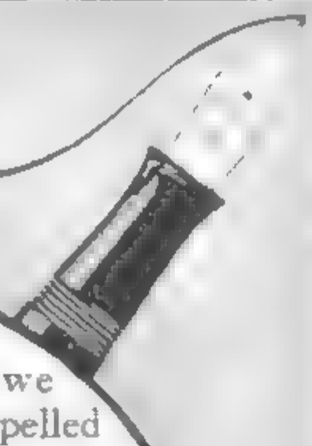

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

TODAY we are compelled to write in long-hand many of the communications that in the past have been delegated to secretaries and the typewriting machine.

It is just at this time that the matchless convenience and unfailing reliability of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen assert themselves.

The pen of today is Waterman's Ideal—it combines every advance that has been accomplished in fountain pen making during the last thirty-five years and at the same time puts real personality into personal correspondence.

$2.50 4.00 5.00 and up

Three types: Safety, Self-Filling and Regular

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Waken at your best from deep tranquil sleep

THERE is one mattress which is designed and made solely for the purpose of helping you to enjoy a sweet, deep sleep. It is the popular

WILSON'S "RESTGOOD"
SANITARY CURLED HAIR MATTRESS

Filled with resilient curled hair, treated by our exclusive process, the "Restgood" Mattress actually rests your weary muscles and nerves and mind—assisting nature to restore your fitness. Ask your dealer to show you the "Restgood." If he does not handle it, please write us for information and interesting booklet. Address Dept. S 12.

"The mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"

CHICAGO

Makers of "Restgood" Army and Camp Equipment. Write for booklet

JEM OF THE OLD ROCK

(Continued from Page 11)

was absurdly simple. She waited till the major had gone to the office for the afternoon, and then after she had sent Judy and Jerry out on an errand she told the rest of the family the discovery she had made the day before.

Blank looks and uneasy silence followed.

"A nice thing if we are sold up," said Percy at last, "and have to move to some filthy little place—Lord only knows where."

"I'd die first," mourned Gwendolyn, and already saw herself the center of universal mourning—so young—so beautiful to die.

"Yes, you would!" scoffed Jack.

Mrs. Milligan said nothing. It was one of her deaf days, and she smilingly continued to make a layer cake for supper.

"Well, you won't have to die, Gwenny, dear," said Jem; "and we won't have to move, Perce, either—not if you'll all do as I'm going to do."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to work."

"Work? Where?"

"In a factory," she stoutly replied.

They stared at her with eyes like butter plates.

"You'll spoil your chance with Stanley Templeton—forever and ever—if you do," Jack cautioned her in a low voice.

"And what if we were sold up and had to move to three or four rooms over in Greenville?" she asked. "No, listen, children: I've thought it over, and we're wrong—all wrong—the way we're doing. We Americans, we build factories and we give everybody in the world a chance to come here and work and save money and get along; and we're about the only ones who won't work in those factories—we're about the only ones who won't take advantage of the chances we make for others. The immigrants come over here, and oh, the money they make! But we Americans, we're too proud! Too proud!"

She spoke it scornfully, letting the word die through her nose.

"Take the Camisas, across the street," she continued. "There's four in that family working, and I was adding up last night that they must be taking in eighty dollars a week. That's four thousand dollars a year. Think of it! And then I looked it up and I found that the governor of this state only gets five thousand a year—and some governors of some states only get twenty-five hundred!

"Who wouldn't be an immigrant? Who wouldn't come over here and make money like that? Why, in a few years those people will have a lot of money. You might almost say they'll be rich! And if our house is sold, just because we're too high and mighty to go out and work and save it, somebody like that will buy it in. And how they will laugh at us then!"

Jack and Percy frowned at each other with a frown that said "I'd like to catch anybody laughing at us!"

"Why, I don't believe there was ever such a chance in the world for poor people like us to make money and save it—as there is right now," continued Jem earnestly. "Look at the advertisements in the papers every day. Girls and boys go right out and make fifteen and eighteen and twenty dollars a week if they're smart. And I want to tell you that when it comes to smartness the Milligans take no back seat for anybody—nor the Merrills either, so far as I know them!"

Mrs. Milligan smilingly proceeded to spread the chocolate between the layers.

"And here's something else," said Jem, lowering her voice a little: "You can say what you like, but we've been slackers ever since the war started—sitting back and letting poor old dad do it all. But if we could get started in a factory that was doing government work—I've got an ad I'll show you in a minute—we'd not only be helping our country but we'd be releasing men who could go and fight for us. . . . Oh, I do wish we had a flag hanging up in this kitchen, and I'd jump right up, and salute it, and kiss it, and hold it to me tight."

"Where's the ad?" asked Jack.

They passed it round.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN WANTED
Fifteen dollars a week to start. Government work. Norwich Textile Company.

"I thought we'd go over this afternoon," said Jem; "those who are willing. I'm going, for one," said she.

"I'm going, for two," said Jack.

"I'll make it three," said Percy—the Merrills being just as smart as the Milligans.

"Listen," said Gwendolyn: "Wasn't there a picture in the paper the other day of young society women in New York working on farms? I thought I saw it." And as fancy showed her a companion picture, Beautiful Belle of Norwich Working for Uncle Sam, she added, "I'll be the fourth."

"And I'll be the fifth," said Vivian, who had been listening throughout but keeping one eye on the cake.

Dancing with delight Jem hugged them all the way round, and half an hour later they started for the office of the Norwich Textile Company—innocent babes, the five of them, but on their way out of the woods; while up in Judge Kronenburg's office, where he had desk room, the major was perfecting his last grand scheme for acquiring riches quickly—utterly unconscious of the approaching step of doom.

II

WHEN Major Milligan came downstairs the following Monday morning it didn't take him long to see that something was wrong.

"Where are the other children?" he asked, sitting down to his coffee and rolls.

"Yes; it is a little chilly," agreed his smiling faced wife.

"I say—where are the other children?" he shouted.

"Oh, the children? They've gone to work."

"They've what?"

"Hot? I'll get you some more milk."

The major nearly strangled. "No, no, no!" And pausing dreadfully between each word he said: "Where—did—you—say—the—children—had—gone?"

"Why, didn't I tell you? They've gone to work."

The major nearly had an apoplexy. "Work?" he shouted. "Where?"

"I don't know. Some factory somewhere. They didn't tell me anything about it till last night; and I don't suppose they'd have told me then, only I had to get up to get their breakfasts."

The major's wrath was terrible. He stamped; he stormed; he smote the table and made the silver tinkle; he shook his fist; he raved; he roared.

"The whole world—the whole world against me! This is a sample. Hounding me—deviling me! And then my own children—Milligans—signers of the Constitution—Colonial Wars—working in a mill by the side of a lot of dirty foreigners—black-haired, greasy devils—playing their filthy mandolins—gypsies—Chinamen! And a fool of a wife who hadn't sense enough to stop them—or tell me what was going on. You wait till they come home, that's all! You just wait—you just wait ——"

Poor major. In his fury he had more ambition than strength, and when the fit had passed him he looked old and shaken, as a weary old man will sometimes look when he begins to think that he has lived too long. He didn't go out that day, feeling ashamed to face the world; but in the afternoon he bathed, shaved and changed, putting on the formal black suit and high collar that he generally reserved for funerals.

At a quarter to six, standing at the library window, he caught sight of his progeny, looking tired but proud and happy, and a minute later the side door opened and the troop trooped in. The major stiffened in his chair and silently rehearsed his opening thunderbolt.

"Where's dad? Is he home yet?" he heard Jem asking almost as soon as she was through the door; and before his wife had finished her answer he heard quick footsteps coming across the hall.

The major turned in his chair, and Jem stood in the doorway. The major rose, and Jemmy crossed the room. They looked at each other in silence, the lips of each quivering a little—and then of a sudden Jem found herself in her father's arms.

"Oh, Jemmy, my dear," he said in a broken voice, "you shouldn't have done it. You shouldn't—you shouldn't ——"

"But listen, dad," she said, kissing his eyes and cheeks: "It's not only ourselves we're helping; we're helping the Government too. And on Saturday we'll be drawing seventy-five dollars—the lot of us. Seventy-five dollars a week—just think!

(Continued on Page 45)

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests No. 10

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what service he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post."

Experience

In previous talks we have shown you that the durability of a tire depends on the quantity and quality of the materials used; and we have already shown you how to determine the *quantity*.

But you cannot gauge the *quality* of rubber and fabric in a tire simply by looking at it. You must be guided by the experience and reputation of the tire maker.

The world's first pneumatic automobile tire and tube were made by Michelin back in 1895. Since that time the House of Michelin (founded 1832) has concentrated on the production of pneumatic tires only, and today has factories in the United States, France, England and Italy, with selling branches in every corner of the world. Thus the scientific brains of the entire globe have been and are at Michelin's disposal.

Hence, it is safe to say that Michelin's experience and knowledge of tire making are unsurpassed.

This superior knowledge, coupled with Michelin's unquestioned reputation for making the best and only the best, is your assurance that the quality of the materials used is unexcelled.

"More and Better Materials", is the Michelin watchword. Yet Michelin Tires are not high priced.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY
Milltown, New Jersey

Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd.
782 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Canada

The latest achievement in tire making—the Michelin Universal—*Introduced* 1915

Demonstrating the world's first pneumatic automobile tire—Michelin 1895—

OUT *of the* SPIRIT *of* '49

It was gold in the hills that first drew the settlers to California, but they soon discovered the more lasting wealth of its rich soil and wonderful climate.

Long before the transcontinental railway was built—when settlers were still making their way slowly across the country in prairie schooners or sailing 'round the Horn—the founders of the DEL MONTE business were already in California, canning and preserving the golden harvests of its most fertile valleys. *They were the first in the field.*

They began as pioneers—in a new land and in a comparatively new industry—with very little capital but with a big ideal—an ideal which, backed by the determined spirit of '49, has revolutionized the canning business and given the whole world better things to eat.

That ideal was to can the finest fruits and vegetables grown, and so to perfect the processes of canning that the finished product should retain its full natural flavor and freshness.

They believed that the way to secure the finest fruits and vegetables was to locate their canneries in those sections where soil and climate combine to produce Nature's best. And they believed further, that to preserve that natural goodness at its best, the ripe fruits should be "packed where they ripen the day they are picked."

That was the principle upon which the DEL MONTE business was started nearly 60 years ago. And that is the principle upon which it has grown and developed until today the California Packing Corporation is the largest canner of fruits and vegetables in existence and DEL MONTE quality is recognized the world over as the standard of excellence in foods.

DEL MONTE represents the finest achievement of specialists in the art of canning fruits and vegetables. That is why the red DEL MONTE shield is regarded as the unfailing guide to quality and flavor by America's millions of discriminating women.

In addition to their supreme goodness, DEL MONTE Fruits and Vegetables offer the patriotic housewife innumerable ways of adding delicious variety to her war-time menu and at the same time saving wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel. Send for the new DEL MONTE book of conservation recipes.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"

(Continued from Page 42)

Why, we'll have that mortgage fixed up in no time; and all the other bills paid—and nobody to come round then and call names and shake their fingers at poor old daddy's nose." At that she kissed the feature in question. "I'm so glad you're dressed tonight," she continued, standing back and regarding him at arm's length, "because I'm going to run up and change, too, and after supper we'll have some music—shall we?—and I'll show you whether government work has made me forget Narcissus or the Cinquième Nocturne."

At that she danced upstairs, and after she had gone the major blew his nose as though he were Joshua blowing the horn on a certain other historic occasion.

"And me, who was going to say so much!" he thought with a sheepish smile. "Now, wasn't that Fanny all over again? But never mind; I'll be on my feet now in a month or two, and then I'll stop all this."

And now without making a mystery of it any longer I must tell you the sort of government work that was being done by the Norwich Textile Company. They were making aëroplane cloth.

If I were a Victor Hugo and were calling my story Les Joyeaux instead of Les Miserables I would hereupon describe in the fullest detail how aëroplane cloth is made, tracing it all the way from the field to the flyer; but in lieu of that I will tell you of Jemmy's duties and the dreams she dreamed while doing them.

Jemmy with twenty-three other girls was in the cloth room. As the material left the weavers it came to her department to be inspected. She sat in front of a frame, and over the face of this frame the bolt of cloth was slowly unrolled.

If imperfections were few—the end of a thread sticking up here and there or spots of oil at infrequent intervals—Jemmy cut the loose threads and combed the fabric with a small steel comb and washed out the oil with soap and gasoline. But if the work was full of faults she sent it back to the weaver who had woven it; and the weaver rectified his own mistakes—with as much eloquence as his knowledge of languages allowed him.

And when you remember that Stanley Templeton was flying somewhere in France, and that his life in the air depended every moment upon the workmanship that had gone into his flying machine, I leave you to guess whether Jem allowed any faulty cloth to pass her eyes unnoticed.

Sometimes while waiting for another bolt of goods she looked out of the window and dreamed. She saw those countless yards of cloth transformed into planes, darkening the sky, redeeming the world from barbarities unspeakable. And then she would take Stanley's last letter from the V of her waist and read it over and over—as only lovers can read a letter—finding deep thrills in apparently innocent phrases, and melting with tenderness at such conclusions as "With all my love—with all my kisses ——"

To make the sweet ache at her heart more poignant, Jem knew that these were stolen joys; for though she had written him that she was working in the mill he had not yet received her letter, his address changing faster than mail could reach him.

"But he'll know soon enough," she sometimes sighed; "and when he does ——"

Meanwhile she wrote him every time she had a letter from him; rather sad, sweet notes she wrote him, and rather restrained, as well, Jem being careful not to wear her heart too openly on her sleeve where daws could peck it, and always half-expecting that every letter she sent him would be the last. Yes, and every time she had a letter from him, which happened nearly every week, she always half expected to see it start with a formal "Dear Miss Milligan" and end "Yours cordially"—which is of course equivalent to "Good-by, Love" and "What's Your Hurry?"

At the same time you mustn't think she spent her days doing nothing but working and mooning. If there was a bit of fun going on she watched it with a bright, quick eye. And sometimes at noon she stayed behind her frame when all the others had gone out, and sewed or read or even wrote Stanley a letter—as a soldier might write to the folks at home while still on the field of battle. Indeed, she was writing to Stanley on the noon of her great adventure.

"Dear Stanley," she had written: "You don't know how proud I was to get your letter and hear the news of your promotion ——"

And just as she was nibbling the end of her pen and considering her next sentence—wishing to say something nice but not too obvious—one of those delicious ambiguities that are given only to daughters of Eve—the door of the cloth room stealthily opened and the great adventure began.

At first Jem thought it was one of the girls, but without looking over her frame it didn't take her long to realize that none of the girls would tiptoe round like that. So peeping round the side of her machine she saw a stranger, evidently from the weave shed, making his way to where the finished cloth was placed.

"What does he want?" thought Jemmy; and she thought it was an eloquent weaver come to see whether his cuts had passed or not.

But when he reached the rolls of cloth this supposed-weaver did the strangest thing: He unwrapped a few folds of one of the rolls, sprinkled something out of a bottle on the remaining goods and quickly rewrapped the cloth.

"Oh, oh!" gasped Jemmy as he started on another roll. "He's spoiling it! He's sprinkling acid on it, or something like that; and then when Stanley is away up in the air all at once the cloth will rip and down he'll come!"

She hardly thought it out as consecutively as I have written it, but the pictures that flashed through her mind would have illustrated the words to perfection; and such a wave of indignation and horror swept over her that it was all she could do to keep her teeth from chattering and her strength from feeling that it was under the spell of a nightmare.

But how could she stop him? For he was a burly stranger and much nearer the door than Jem was. But it wasn't for nothing that she had played circus with Jack and Percy as long as she could remember, and as another series of pictures flashed through her mind she snatched off her shoes, and light as a feather and with never a thought of danger she hurried down between the rows of deserted frames until she wasn't more than ten feet away from the unsuspecting spoiler, who was still engrossed in his work, his back turned squarely toward her.

On the nearest frame was a short roll of cloth. Working as noiselessly as the stranger, Jem made a draw noose in the end of the cloth just big enough to slip over her prospective prisoner's head and shoulders. Then lifting the roll and trying to tell herself that she was only playing with Jack she tiptoed behind the stranger, drew a deep breath, made a short prayer, and the next moment the gentleman with the bottle saw something dark pass over his head and simultaneously his arms were pinioned tight to his body, and Jem was spinning the cloth round his head as a spunky little spider will sometimes bind up a hornet that has dared to come into her web.

As long as she lives Jem will probably regard this as the outstanding fact of her life, which is why I have called it her great adventure. But I have always held that the greatest acts of our lives are seldom suspected by the outside world, and to my mind Jem's great adventure doesn't begin to compare with the manner in which she taught the lesson of work-and-save to her drifting family; nor indeed with the characteristic way in which she saved her brother Jack from the fate that was surely overtaking him. I must tell you of that next.

Jack was on piecework, and though regularly contributing his fifteen dollars a week to the family purse he still had *more* money left than was good for him; and as time went on it became increasingly clear that Jack was falling into bad company.

He came home at all hours in the night, and in the morning the whites of his eyes were more often red than white, and his tongue seemed thick in his mouth. Jem talked with him, and the major talked with him, and Jem and her father held many an anxious conference with each other. But though Jack sometimes pulled up short it was never long before he was at it again.

Then one evening, after thinking it over all day, Jem went into action. When Jack went out that evening she followed him and watched him enter the Bohemian Café. She hurried to the drug store, where she made a purchase, and then she went back to the café. It took every grain of grit she possessed to push those swinging doors open, but presently the Bohemians opened their eyes in wonder at seeing Jack's sister walk down the bar and push herself in against her brother's side.

"Hello, Jack!" She smiled—though it was a tight-lipped smile—and pointing to his glass she said to the bartender, "I'll have one of these, please."

The bartender was one of those stout, stolid-faced beings whose motto seems to be "You can't faze me," and before you could say Jack Robinson he had filled a glass with dark beer, and Jem had her hand round it.

"Don't!" whispered Jack, his face as pale as hers. And he took her hand away. "Come on!"

In silence they went home, still hand in hand as they had left the Bohemians, and when they reached the old Milligan mansion Jem led her brother into the library. She left him for a moment to fetch two glasses, and then shutting the door behind her she opened the package which she had brought from the drug store. It was a pint of whisky.

"Jack," she said, her voice shaking a little. "I love all the others, but you're my own brother, and I love you best of all. We haven't been parted since you were born, and we're not going to be parted now. I always hoped that when we died we might go to heaven together, dear—but if you'd rather have it the other way, why, then we'll go to the other place together. I know I'd be lonesome anywhere without my brother."

All of which was quietly, tremulously spoken, without the least touch of drama. In the same quiet manner Jem filled the two glasses.

"Isn't there a toast?" she asked. "'A short life and a merry one'? Well, here goes!" And before he could stop her she was gulping down as much as she could without choking, and immediately had a banner attack of hiccoughs.

As you can imagine it was a horrible time for Jack, especially when Jem began laughing at nothing in particular, while a red flush stained her cheeks as though they were painted crimson. Yes, she was very, very merry; and then she was very, very tearful; and then, oh, wasn't she sick!

But the next morning, when they both signed a solemn pledge together in that grand old-fashioned volume where their births had been recorded, Jem felt herself taking another upward step on that great stairway which is sometimes called life.

III

NOW, when a man's children keep bringing home and putting in the bank seventy-five dollars a week—which is more money in seven days than father has been making in many a month—it is apt to rouse disquieting questions in the aforesaid parent's mind, and finally to lead him to the noble art of self-examination. At least it had that effect upon the major.

The major had been working like a beaver on his last great scheme—the development of a neglected piece of real estate that was to make them all rich—but a faulty title punctured the scheme—as something had always punctured the others—and the major's hopes betook themselves to where the woodbine twineth.

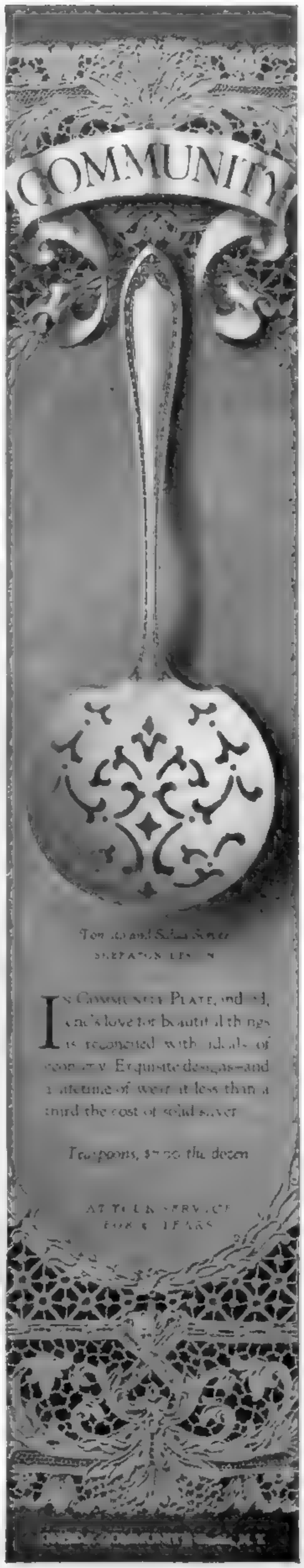
Perhaps if he hadn't loved Jem so much he would never have seen the light—for some men never do—but self-examination hadn't proceeded far when, figuratively speaking, the major began to kick himself and to utter that *mea culpa* of the modern psalmist, "Oh, Lord, what a fool I've been!"

"Too proud to work—that's been my big trouble; and when I did make any sort of money I've been too proud to save it. Tried to get through by scheming and sitting down—instead of getting up and working hard. And then when things went wrong instead of blaming myself I blamed everybody else and began to grow sour and bitter and crabbed—yes, even against my own country—God help me!—even against my own country."

Once the major wouldn't have had the nerve to do what he did that afternoon, but he had suddenly found within himself that strength which overcometh armies, that spirit which quelleth the powers of darkness; and when Jem came downstairs the next morning at the head of her valiant little band of debt dispersers she found her father up and dressed and standing by the stove with the air of a conquering hero waiting to review his troops.

"Why, dad!" she cried, "you are up early!"

"Have to be, my dear." And clearing his throat he grandly explained. "Yesterday afternoon while passing the textile company's office I happened to drop in to see if



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EVERYWHERE

The Macey line consists of filing cabinets in both wood and steel, steel safes, filing supplies, office desks, and sectional bookcases. Separate catalogs of all lines are issued. These are mailed on request.

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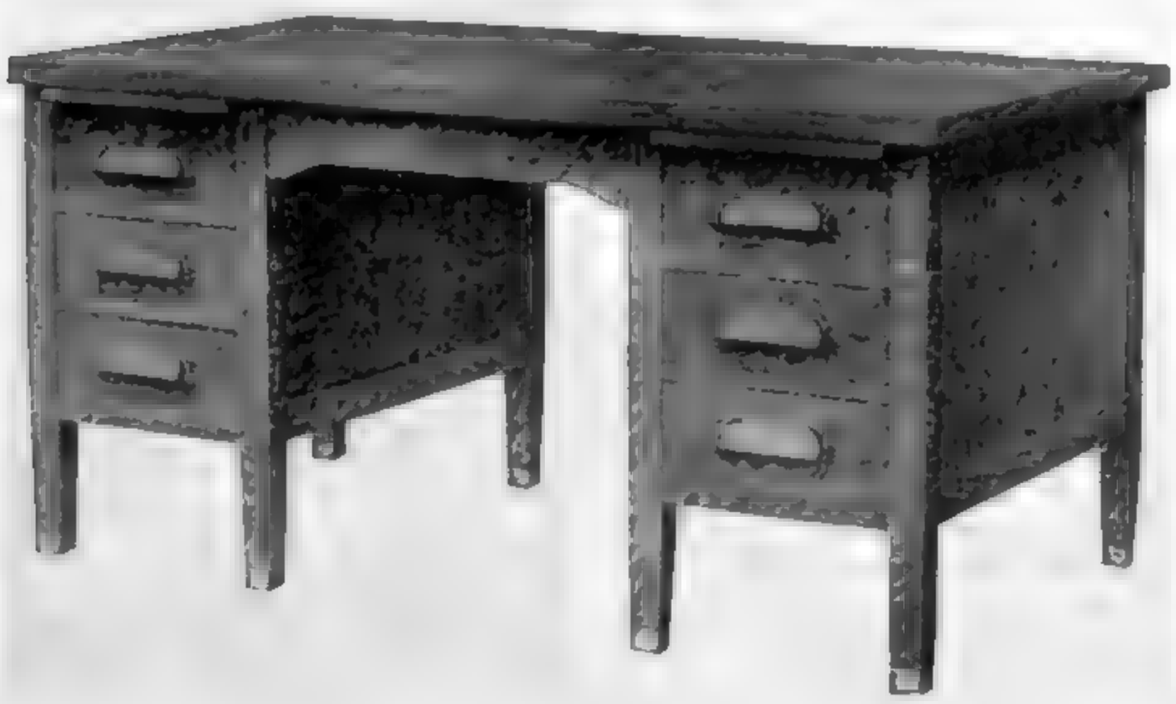


there was anything which—ah—I could do there. I found they were very short in their office force—most of the young men having been drafted—so I—ah—accepted a position as assistant paymaster—twenty-two dollars and fifty cents a week."

If you had been there I think you would have seen on every face that momentary look of concentration which generally denotes mental arithmetic—the problem being to add seventy-five dollars to twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The satisfaction given by the result was reflected by the beaming smiles that spread from face to face, and when Jem suddenly hugged him and shouted "Three cheers for dad!" they were given with a will.

"Yes, sir!" crowed Jem as they drew their chairs to the table with a fine old rattling and scraping, "we'll show 'em what the Yanks can do when we once get started!"

"'The Yanks are coming,'" hummed Jack; and this reminding the major of something else, he said to Jem, "Have you heard from young Templeton lately?"

"No," said Jem, looking straight at him; "not for nearly two months."

And oh, the hungry look in her eyes!

Yes, as Jem had always half-expected, Stanley's letters had stopped coming.

"He got my letter at last," she thought, as the weeks went by and she heard no more. "Oh, well, he had to get it sometime."

And though she tried to whistle every time she thought of Stanley it was generally a very puckery whistle indeed, pitched in a minor key and ending in a disappearing tremolo and a good hard blow of the nose.

Still, life brought its compensations.

There was the day, for instance, when the last bill was taken from under the horseshoe, and paid—the horseshoe nailed over the kitchen door; and there was that other day, never to be forgotten, when the bank's loan was repaid in full and the Milligan mansion stood free and clear again in the sight of all the world. The place might have known that a shadow had lifted from it. In the next few weeks it sported a new roof, a double coat of paint, a part of the veranda was screened in, the wrought-iron fence was repaired and painted, the lawns were graded, flower beds were laid out, and if you had been a stranger in Norwich and had passed by you would probably have caught yourself thinking, "What a lovely old place! I'll bet real people live here."

And you wouldn't have been far wrong.

Yet now that the excitement was over Jem seemed to lose much of her old interest in life. She often drew a deep sigh, apparently without knowing it, and sometimes as she worked over her frame, her head bent and no one watching her, a tear would roll down her cheek and leave a wet, round spot upon the cloth. She was making these melancholy polka dots one afternoon when the superintendent of the mill suddenly appeared by the side of her frame.

"I think I'll excuse you for the day, Miss Milligan," he said.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jem, making a quick dab at her cheeks, "but I'm quite all right, thank you."

"I think I'll excuse you just the same," he said. "Perhaps you'll feel better tomorrow."

Jem's heart sank as she put on her hat. A nice example she was setting the family—to be sent home like that—for crying like a little fool over her work. And suppose when Saturday came round she found herself discharged! Something like a panic took possession of her, and at first she didn't see the young man in aviator's costume who was waiting for her in front of the office in a new wire-wheeled coupé.

"Hello, Jem!" he cried.

She saw him then, and from under the shadow of her broad-brimmed hat her eyes came out like evening stars.

"Stanley! No!" She laughed and cried together.

He opened the door for her, conscious that from nearly every window of the mill someone was watching them—conscious of it, yes, and glorying in it—and after Jem had taken her place by his side he gave those windows a significant glance that seemed to say, "Now take a good look at this. This is good." And then bending his head round to get the proper angle he gave Jem two kisses right off the griddle.

The first was delivered upon her glowing cheek.

The second went straight where it belonged.

"But listen, Stanley," she said: "Are you sure your mother won't object?"

They were sitting, that evening, in an easy-chair in the old Milligan drawing-room—sitting as lovers have sat since time immemorial—and Stanley was talking about licenses and weddings with a speed that took Jem's breath away.

"Object?" he echoed. "Why, I think she'd take a stick and beat me if you turned round now and wouldn't marry me."

She gave him mute assurance of her future intentions.

"I'll tell you, honey," he continued. "The time we had the row—remember?—she thought you were shiftless—the whole family here. She had a dim idea, I think, that if I married you we'd soon be on our way to the poorhouse. You know dad had to work awfully hard for that bunch of money he made, and mother was born on a farm and knows the value of every dollar she's got. Honestly, I think she'd have left every cent to a hospital if I'd married you when I wanted to, last time.

"But oh, hasn't she changed!" he eloquently continued. "She was telling me this noon how you got the whole bunch working—and paid off every cent the major owed—and fixed the place up—and then got everybody pledged to buy war stamps. Oh, I tell you, honey, she's been keeping tabs on you from start to finish—and she thinks you're fine—fine!"

"And what do you think of me?" she whispered.

He told her—not in set phrases, nor in barytone, nor bass, but quite in the immemorial manner.

This story started with the major—and the major shall have the last word.

A few evenings later he was seated in the library turning over the blank leaves of that grand old-fashioned volume with which you are already familiar.

At the page Marriages he stopped and dipping his pen in the ink, he wrote:

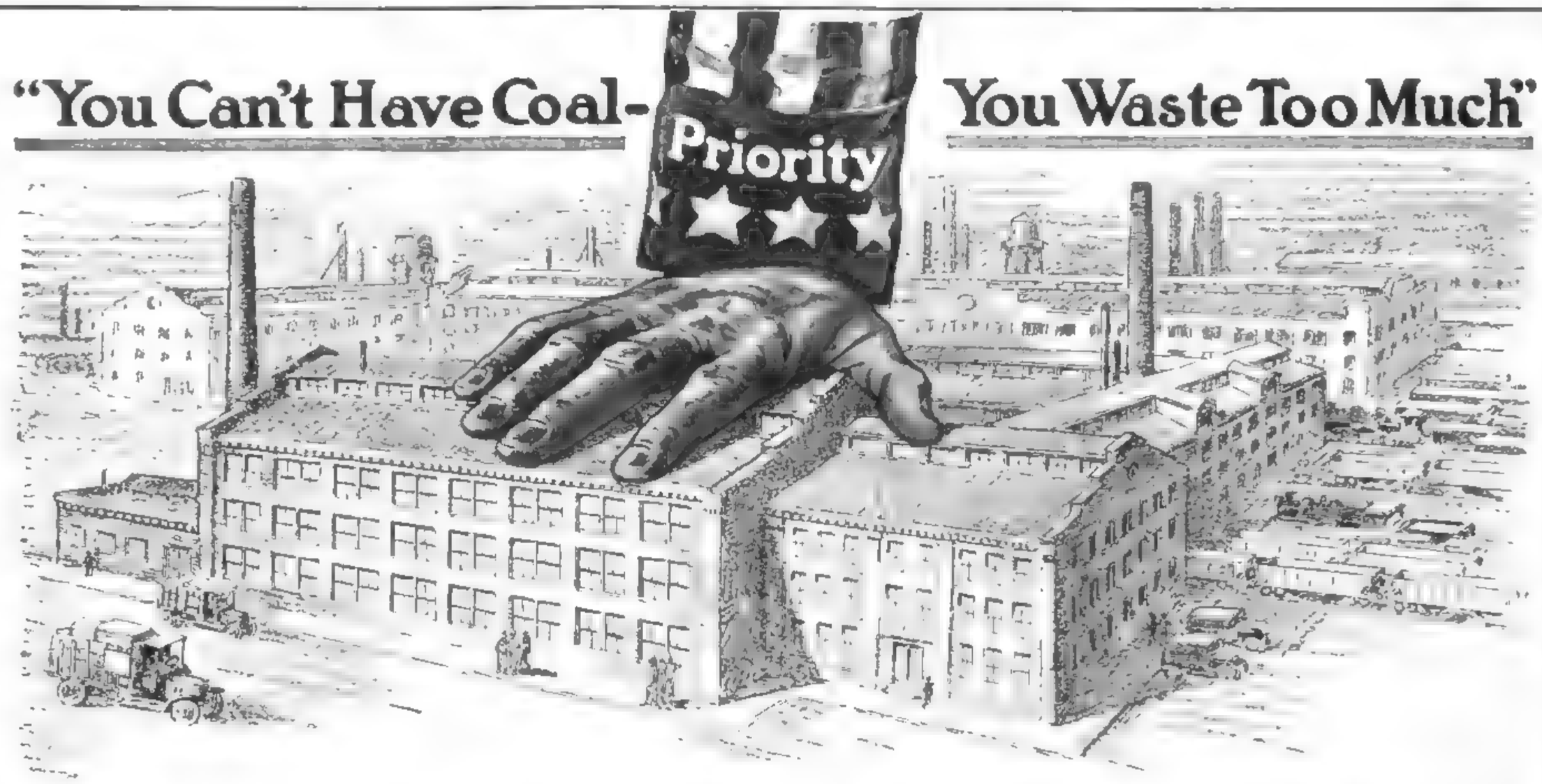
"Jamesina Milligan to Stanley Field Templeton, June 28, 1918."

Slowly turning the leaves then he read the entries under Pledge of Total Abstinence, Deaths, and finally Births.

At last he came to the line he had written on the evening when Jem was born, and remembering in what a pet he had changed James to Jamesina the major rose at last and bowed his silvery head.

"Thank God," he said, "she was a girl. Amen."

"You Can't Have Coal- You Waste Too Much"



Let "85% Magnesia" stop the waste!

The *Fuel Administration warns* of another Coal Shortage.

But it will be different from last winter's shortage. For *then*, every plant stood equal chances of getting coal,—no matter whether it was wasteful or careful in using it.

Next Winter, Uncle Sam aims to discriminate between the plants. To spot the plants that fail to do their utmost to save coal, and to serve coal to them *last*—if they are served at all

Priority

This is what the Advisory Engineer to the Fuel Administration, Mr. David M. Myers, says:

> "Obviously it would not be fair to the *efficient* plants to shorten their coal supply, while the bad plants continue to waste.
> "All plants then may be classified by the Government as either 'efficient' or 'wasteful,' and *this classification be used as a basis for coal distribution or limitation.*"

That means that, unless you can show that your plant employs *every* means of coal economy, you may be up against the relentless rule of "Priority" for your fuel supply.

You know what that may mean to you!

One thing is sure: Those who *waste* coal, while others strain to save, will get small consideration in the Federal distribution of fuel.

Are You Wasting Coal?

Certain common causes of waste, poor firing, poor flues, etc., occur to any man.

But the greatest single cause of waste is POOR INSULATION OF PIPES AND BOILERS

Competent engineers figure that the nation's *coal-wastage by poor insulation equals the entire coal-shortage*

In many plants the pipe- and boiler-coverings are so inferior as to be a crime. Put on because, in first cost they were cheaper than the best, the coal they waste might as well be dumped into the river.

In many other plants, while the coverings may be good in quality, they are not thick enough for the steam-pressure carried. They are like summer clothes in winter when you need an overcoat,—too thin.

Also, in a host of plants the valves and fittings are not covered at all, and they waste ton after ton of the precious coal.

As to the degree of the heat-insulation—Where does your Plant stand?

Let "85% Magnesia" Save Your Coal

"85% Magnesia" is the most effective heat-insulation known to engineering science.

That is why Uncle Sam himself uses it on his Battleships, swift Destroyers, and mighty Transports. That is why all the powerful Locomotives are protected by it. That is why the biggest Power-Plants cover their pipes and boilers with it.

How Much Coal Will "85% Magnesia" Save?

That varies, of course, with the steam-pressure in the pipes, and the thickness of the covering on the pipes. But here is an exact mathematical example worked out in the laboratories of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh:

> "At 150 lbs. pressure, 1,000 square feet of 4" '85% Magnesia' covered pipe will save *eight car-loads of coal* a year, the whole of which is wasted by bare pipes, and to a lesser degree by an inferior covering."

The Time for "85% Magnesia" is Now

If you haven't "85% Magnesia" coverings throughout your Plant, install them now—not only on pipes and boilers, but on valves, fittings, flanges and feed-heaters.

If you already have an insufficient thickness of Magnesia, overlay it with another thickness—according to the exact Table in the SPECIFICATION offered below.

"85% Magnesia" properly applied will bring down your coal losses due to heat-leakage to an irreducible minimum.

That is the answer to the Fuel Administration.

Write today for the Magnesia Association Specification, compiled and indorsed by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, which gives the exact rules for the application of this master heat-insulation. Also ask for the Book, "Let '85% Magnesia' Defend Your Steam,"—a practical treatise on Heat-Losses and Savings.

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THE Dual Valve Engine retains for the Pierce-Arrow Car all the advantages of the six-cylinder power plant, with so much additional power that the necessity of shifting gears is much reduced. The car will slow down to five miles an hour in traffic, mount any ordinary hill, speed up to seventy miles (if desired) without shifting from high gear.

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Pierce-Arrow

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE UNDERTAKER'S HANDICAP

(Continued from Page 15)

make a great couple—spirited, daring, full of the same human fire that had kept J. D. himself young as a boy through nearly five decades of fighting. Only six days to their wedding now. Out of his pocket he hauled one of the newly engraved invitations, and gazed half incredulously at the names. His daughter, Dorothy—Mr. Walter Thomas Walden. "I'd forgotten Toodles' name was Walter," mused J. D.

And as he studied the engraver's fancy script the corner of his mouth began to twitch and the lines in his forehead to deepen. Then he stared at nothing a solid half minute, with a fine whimsical humor blazing up in his eyes. After which he winked at the invitation, thrust it into his pocket and did three steps of a typically clumsy bear dance.

"Two nights left," rumbled J. D. dangerously. "Two nights. By thunder, I'll do it!"

He stamped his way downstairs.

"Where's Walden?" he roared at the switchboard operator.

"Mr. Walden is attending court at Santa Ana," the girl informed him.

"Attending court?" the Bear growled. "What's the trouble?"

"He was arrested for speeding."

"What? Hasn't he got over that speed craze? Then tell Jackson I want to see him. He'll do."

"Mr. Jackson is at Ventura," the girl smiled. "His speed case was set for trial to-day."

"By thunder," J. D. grumbled, "can't those fellows be satisfied with thirty miles an hour? See if you can find Arnold."

"I'm afraid not, sir," the operator giggled. "He was arrested in Pasadena yesterday. I think he went over to see the judge this morning."

"Holy mackerel!" J. D. exploded. "Is there anyone round this place that isn't at court?"

"Mr. Whipple's in the garage. I'll call him."

"Whipple," the Bear praised him, "you seem to be the only salesman in the works that understands the speed laws."

Whipple grinned. "Afraid I don't understand them very well, Mr. Ward. Motor cop got me doing fifty out on Wilshire last night. I ——"

"Good night!" J. D. roared. "This place's a regular convicts' sanitarium. It's got to stop." He turned to the girl. "When Convict Number Ninety-seven, otherwise the manager-in-chief of this speednuts' boarding house, comes in, tell him he's wanted in my office."

Three hours later Toodles Walden, his speed fever considerably cooled by the burning lecture of the Santa Ana judge, walked meekly into the Bear Den.

"Young man," the Bear bellowed with unnecessary loudness, "what did I tell you once before about this speed business? Haven't you any respect for the laws of this progressive state? Fine example you're setting to your subordinates! You ought to be in jail."

"Precisely what the judge told me," Toodles grinned. "And His Honor promised to see I got there—next time."

"You're going to get worse than that," J. D. flared. "This speed craze ends right here and now! Look at the trouble it's caused us already. What can you expect of a man that buys a car, if the salesman who takes him out breaks every traffic law in the book? Can't you fellows sell cars in a sane, law-abiding way?"

"Be reasonable, J. D.," Toodles protested. "You know our customers are the kind that want speed and power. What can we do? Go out on a demonstration and let every flivver on the road throw dust into our faces? Oh, we'd sell lots of cars that way—I don't think!"

"Explain to your customers," J. D. growled.

"What?" Toodles howled. Then assuming the manner of a salesman toward a prospective buyer: "Now, Mr. Jones, this car will do ninety miles an hour; but you must never drive faster than thirty. We warn you never to 'step on it.' It's against the law. The power of that motor is just to look at."

"If the customer had any sense he'd understand," J. D. cut in.

"Yes, he would—not!" Toodles flared back. "Say, look here, you told me to sell cars. I'm going to—my way."

"Now, young man," J. D. roared, "you listen to me. You're going to obey the law. I'm going to have order and less speed out of you. Your speed tendencies got us into this road-record mess. You've shown yourself unfit to run a business, much less a wife. You've told me what you were going to do. Now I'll inform you, sonny, what I'm going to do! Dorothy and you are going to postpone your wedding just one year—that's what. I won't have a prospective jailbird for a son-in-law. Nor yet a greenhorn. One year! If you're arrested during that year I'll make you wait another."

"But, say, J. D. ——" Toodles stammered, aghast at the unexpected disaster, and impressed with the deep, angry ring of the Bear's tone.

"Say—nothing," his employer growled. "Your speed bug and swell-headedness have caused trouble enough. You're going to take your medicine. You need a chance to grow up. I'm still boss of this shop—and of my daughter."

"You're not boss of me!" Toodles yelled, fired by his first bitter taste of J. D.'s prescription. "I'll quit—now!"

"No, you won't!" bellowed J. D. "I've doctored kids before. Go read that contract you signed. You can't quit "

Toodles grabbed his hat. Only too well he remembered the document to which he had so joyfully appended his name. He jerked open the door.

"Dorothy won't agree to any such deal," he shot back.

"Yes, she will!" J. D. roared. "She'll do just as I ask her to. Dorothy's got some sense."

The door slammed hard. Old J. D. sat for a moment scowling at the floor. Then his glance traveled to the calendar on the wall. That telltale corner of his mouth began to twitch. After a moment he was grinning broadly.

That evening when the Bear faced his bewitching, brown-haired, hazel-eyed Cub, who was so lovingly planning the supreme event, he had some slight doubts about the latter part of his statement.

"Oh, but, daddy," Dorothy cried desperately, "you don't really mean a year? You're not serious—really?"

"Absolutely!" J. D. growled in a tone that was new to Dorothy. "I mean every word of it. You and Toodles are going to wait one year. Understand? One year!"

The hazel eyes overflowed. She looked up pleadingly at J. D. The Bear's face was stern, forbidding; he fairly glared.

"But I don't understand, daddy," she protested. "You ——"

"Can't help it," J. D. thundered. "Just do as I tell you!"

Dorothy was dumfounded. She knew her father growled at other people; but never before had he used that tone with her.

"But you didn't object when we planned the wedding for this spring?" she questioned.

"Certainly not!" The growl was deeper. "Walden was a law-abiding citizen then. I thought he had some character and ability. He's got to be tried out."

This was more of an argument than J. D. had expected.

"But, daddy, a year's so long! You won't—please?"

"Be patient. Do as I tell you."

"I won't!"

J. D. turned in startled surprise. The tears had vanished; the kissable lips, a moment before quivering, were set in a stubborn line. She faced him, tense, a picture of determination.

Slowly one thing dawned on the Bear: Among his enchanting daughter's many virtues he had overlooked one—she had a will like unto his own.

"I won't!" she repeated defiantly. "Toodles won't either!"

"You'll both do just exactly as I tell you to," J. D. roared. "I'll make sure you don't do anything foolish. We are going to leave for Detroit to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes, to-morrow night!" J. D. bellowed. "We're going to run up to San Francisco and see a man, and then East. I ——"

The door slammed—just as his office door had that morning.

"Some spirit to that young couple!" mused J. D. "Dorothy's just like her mother," he murmured. The vision of his

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"pal," whose picture was reflected in Dorothy's loveliness, rose fresh and vivid. "Just like my poor girl, that time when——"

He let his cigar go out and sat staring at the carpet. The San Francisco record was forgotten. J. D. was piloting the car of his memory along the shadow-spotted highways of the past.

The next morning the Bear's mood was even more outrageously gruff than on the previous night. He gave Dorothy some curt directions regarding packing, made himself sure that no immediate rebellion was contemplated and then departed for the office.

That same morning, an hour later, a conference extraordinary was held in Toodles Walden's private office—a long, serious discussion behind closed doors, between Toodles himself and wily old Tom Darby, master of all mechanicians. Furthermore, the Bear was not invited.

"Afraid it won't work," Darby was objecting.

"Old Killjoy, you're a pessimist," chided Toodles. "Going to back out?"

"Nope!"

"All right. Now all you've got to do is to take a car and drive down to Santa Monica. At ten o'clock phone back here to me. Say you've got a sales prospect staked out and I'm needed. I'll ask J. D. to ride down with me and bring the roadster home—he's done that before—wants to talk to me, anyhow."

"That's easy," Darby admitted. "It's the rest——"

"Cinch!" Toodles grinned. "I'll hit that law-abiding town of Kenwood with everything wide open."

"And that husky motor cop will grab you."

"I'll lose him in the dust," boasted Toodles. "But when J. D. comes back by himself—wow!"

"But will he drive back through Kenwood?" Darby asked.

"Yep, it's the shortest. That cop won't forget my roadster. Good night! Say, I bet we don't have any more speed lectures; discipline will tell!"

"The judge will let him go." Darby was still doubtful.

"Not a chance," Toodles explained. "That particular country jurist is sudden death on speeders. He's promised to soak them a dollar a mile. Old J. D. will make a roar, but they'll never believe he wasn't driving. He wears that old gray cap, you know? I've bought one just like it. Wow, won't that fine be good for his soul!"

"So that's the game," Darby laughed. "All right, old man, I'm with you. It's nine o'clock now. I'd better hike on down."

The righteous town of Kenwood, strung along the boulevard halfway between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, shortly experienced a thrill. At just half past ten o'clock a big, green Darco roadster roared past the small white sign marking the city limits.

Simultaneously a motorcycle darted from a side street and plunged unseen into the dust cloud behind the racing roadster.

"Slow up! What did I tell you about this speed stuff?" J. D. yelled at Toodles.

"I'm in a hurry!" Walden shouted back.

"But I'm not! Step on that brake!"

For answer Toodles pulled the spark lever way down. The motor abruptly sputtered, coughed once—and quit.

Frantically Toodles jammed in the self-starter. With a grinding clatter of gears the motor spun over, but did not start. Toodles jerked the gas and spark levers up and down. Nothing happened. The roadster obstinately rolled to a stop. The motor officer roared past and wheeled round in front of the radiator.

"I'd like to know what happened to this damn motor," Toodles gasped.

"Lots of things you don't know, sonny," J. D. snorted. "Ever hear of a short-switch?" He lifted the seat cushion.

Toodles glared. There, fastened against the upholstering, was an electric switch. He knew the meaning of those innocent-looking wires that ran down and connected with the ignition switch on the dash. One turn of a lever and the magneto was short-circuited. The Bear smiled grimly.

"I fixed that little arrangement myself just a half hour before we started," he explained. "I told you I knew how to doctor kids."

"Wait until I catch that Darby," Toodles sputtered.

"Darby nothing. Don't you know enough to close the transom over your office door? That transom will cost you a 'dollar a mile'—and another year's wait."

The policeman was alongside. "You're under arrest," he yelled. "Drive back to the station!"

"Tell me something I don't know," Toodles howled.

"I can do that too," retorted the officer: "You're going to get ten days. New rule this morning. You'll go to jail!"

"Ten days!" Toodles howled.

"Ten days!" Old J. D. bellowed. His hands tensely gripped the side of the seat. His bold, daring scheme had faded to a ghostly outline. "Ten days?" he muttered. "Good night!"

All that was lacking in that slow, mournful trip back to the station was a band and a softly intoned funeral dirge.

The judge was obdurate. Neither Toodles' pleas nor the Bear's threats produced the smallest spark of leniency regarding that ten-day jail sentence. At last J. D. surrendered and walked slowly back to the roadster—alone. He glanced at his watch. Eleven-thirty.

"Thirty-six hours and thirty minutes," he muttered. The seventy-two hours were trickling away.

The first man J. D. encountered at the Western Branch was Darby, trying to beat a strategic retreat.

"Come here, you Darby!" J. D. yelled.

"Now listen, Mr. Ward," Darby protested. "I didn't frame that up. I told Toodles not to try it. I——"

"I'm not blaming you," J. D. interrupted. "Everything was just fun until that damn old fool of a judge said ten days. Come on up to the office, Darby. I'm in trouble. . . . Now close that door. You've got to do penance, Darby; and if any of this leaks out we'll both go to jail—for more than ten days."

An hour later the door was slowly opened. Darby hesitated a moment on the threshold. "And if I'm jugged," he questioned, "I get double salary?"

"Right," J. D. grumbled. "But you won't be. I'll attend to that. Don't forget—the Lark pulls out at eight o'clock."

When the fast San Francisco train did pull out that evening at eight J. D. and Dorothy were aboard. On the gloomy events of that late afternoon let silence mercifully rest. Dorothy had been at once rebellious, obedient and deeply hurt—a combination to tear the heartstrings of man. Now J. D. sat alone on the observation platform, his cigar clamped grimly in one corner of his mouth, and gazed off across the San Fernando Valley toward the hills rising in a black line against the sky. Just over those hills lay the peaceful town of Kenwood.

And outside the barred windows of the miniature jail of that village a shadowy figure was clinging against the wall.

"Say, Toodles," Darby whispered through the bars, "the old son of a gun took Miss Dorothy and left on the Lark. They're going north, then back to Detroit. Thought you'd like to know."

Toodles seized hold of the iron window grating and threw his weight against the bars.

"I'll take this tin jail apart," he raved. "I'll follow that old cuss clear to Detroit and tell him what I think of him, if I have to take this two-by-four coop with me!"

"Shut up, you rummy," Darby hissed. "You'll have the whole town down here. Now listen! I've got an acetylene torch in the car; and say, I've got an idea!"

He pressed his lips close against the grating.

An hour later, coincident with J. D.'s tossing his cigar over the brass railing and entering the coach as the Lark puffed into Chatsworth Tunnel, a Darco touring car, with mud guards, top and wind shield strangely missing, slipped quietly out of the back door of the Western Branch. Two figures in the front seat were muffled to the eyes in greatcoats and their features were hidden under heavy goggles.

"Drive past the telegraph office," Darby suggested. "I'll send a wire to a friend of mine in San Francisco. He can meet the train and see what hotel they go to."

"I'm going to meet that train myself," Toodles growled.

"Oh, say, be reasonable, Toodles," Darby protested. "We can't do that. We'll get killed."

"Sooner killed than pinched." Toodles was worried over the vacant cell and damaged window grating of the Kenwood jail.

"No danger," Darby soothed. "You won't be missed before morning. You'll be some miles away."

(Concluded on Page 52)

The Silent Salesman of Liberty—*motion pictures!*

ABOUT one-third the population of America attends motion pictures. These people have had a *special reason* right along for subscribing to the Liberty Loans. They have seen on the screen what was and is being DONE with THEIR money!

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They have *seen* the vast tide of ammunition and implements of victory.

They have *seen* their soldiers, both here and in France, equipped.

They have the best of reasons for believing that they are on the Inside of this War. They are *watching* it.

And they are sufficiently satisfied with this visual evidence to plug their present savings where they plugged their past savings —in the Liberty Loan.

It is *Paramount* and *Artcraft* that have raised motion pictures to this influential level. *In hundreds of the leading theatres Paramount and Artcraft features are shown exclusively the year 'round, and in literally thousands of theatres Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the solid backbone of the programs.*

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TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

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Heavyweight double fleece lined stocking, with extra wide and elastic flare top. Full of warmth and full of wear. Double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes are smooth, seamless and even. Black

Price 35c pair

(Concluded from Page 50)

"Or sleeping peacefully in a ditch," Toodles added grimly. He swung the car down Seventh Street toward the telegraph office.

J. D. never slept well the first night out, but to-night he was more restless than usual. At midnight the porter brought him a telegram. The Bear read it, switched off the light and pressed his face to the window. The Lark was thundering along on the very edge of the Pacific; the waves looked like black glass. J. D. caught a glimpse of the state highway as it suddenly jutted up from a dark pit beneath the tracks. It was the same road that Oldham and the Darco had fought their way over a few weeks previously. Great chance for missing one of those bridges at the end of a downhill swoop; a slight shift of the eyes for a moment would do it—a little amateurishness. J. D.'s fighting spirit was low. The thing was out of his hands now—only the memory of that afternoon still stung and burned.

"How game she was!" he murmured. "No words—no looks—but I knew. Dorothy, girl, it wasn't worth it."

He sat half upright in the hot berth staring at the dark. Once his ear caught a sound from an adjoining berth—a single sob, instantly stifled. J. D.'s face muscles tightened sharply. He looked like an old man at that moment. He slept no more that night, save once, when he dreamed he saw the Darco lying wheels-up in a ditch. Fanciful, vivid half memories left him wide awake and staring.

At six o'clock the porter parted the curtains of the berth.

"Soledad am jest 'head, suh," the guardian of the car whispered. J. D. dressed quickly and hurried back to his post in the observation car.

Between Soledad and a point a few miles south of Salinas the state highway, for a distance of nearly twenty miles, parallels the railroad tracks, now swinging in to the very tips of the ties, again wandering off to pay respects to some farmhouse, and finally ending the hide-and-seek to disappear altogether behind a hill. As the Lark swung into this stretch Old J. D. gripped the hand rail and stared grimly back along the road to the south. Miles slipped away under the clicking wheels, dust and choking oil smoke poured down upon the platform, but the Bear never shifted his gaze from the road.

At last from round a rearward curve there plunged a gray, low-hung, mud-besmeared touring car. The Bear gripped his cigar a trifle tighter, rose and slipped quickly back into the coach.

Foot by foot the roaring machine was overhauling the train. Early-rising passengers, sensing a race, crowded to the windows. The driver of the flying car crouched tense over the wheel. Once he glanced up, and his lips, pinched together beneath the mud-spattered goggles, parted in a grim smile. The other hooded, goggled figure in the seat leaned over and yelled in the driver's ear. He nodded. His hand moved over on the wheel. The car lurched ahead. It gained the length of another coach. The passengers sensed the pick-up of the train; the whistle howled its challenge and the sirens of the roaring car answered.

Yard by yard the car gained. For a few breathless minutes it raced abreast of the flashing pistons of the great passenger engine, then crept desperately ahead. The coaches of the train swayed and rocked under the unusual speed. The exhaust of the laboring car mingled with the roar of the great compound.

Sharply the locomotive's whistle rasped its warning of the grade crossing a mile ahead. Instead of slowing down, the speed of the rocking, roaring machine increased It drew a few hundred yards ahead. With a harsh scream the steel brake shoes of the heavy train bit into the wheels. The passengers frantically grabbed each other or any other article of support. The thundering car seemed to hesitate for a second; then with a lunge it darted, as it seemed to J. D. craning from the rear platform, right into the driving wheels of the huge engine He leaped for the far side of the platform Only a slight dust cloud, its black center growing smaller and smaller, told that the crossing had been safely made. And one hundred and eighteen miles to the north of that dust cloud was San Francisco.

"Did you see that fool? Did you see him?" demanded a thrilled and disgusted passenger.

"I did," replied J. D. "That fellow ought to be in jail."

Slowly Old J. D. made his way back to his car. His face was haggard from the strain of the sleepless night, but a smile lurked in his eyes. The Cub, pathetically hollow-eyed and bewitching in a dressing gown, was waiting for him.

"Oh, daddy!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Did you see that car? It was a Darco, wasn't it?"

"Looked like it, rather," J. D. responded. "But I never saw a Darco with that much speed. Run along and dress, hon," he added. "Then we'll have breakfast."

The miles slipped away. San José was finally passed. The Bear sat facing his daughter across the small table of the dining car. He could not bear her eyes; he seemed to be waiting for something. His untouched breakfast lay before him. Whenever a porter or a trainman entered the car J. D. would turn and watch him closely. The Lark, contrary to custom, drew up at Palo Alto; shortly afterward the waiter approached. In his hand was a small yellow envelope. J. D. seized the envelope and tore it open. The haggard lines of his face vanished all at once in a broad grin.

"And there's a present for you, hon! And maybe some day you'll manage to forgive your mean old dad."

Bewildered she read:

"San Francisco nine-twenty. Running time, twelve hours twenty minutes. Sonny not wise yet. Incentive great stuff.

"DARBY."

"Daddy! Daddy!" the Cub suddenly cried as her mind grasped the message. "It's the San Francisco record! It means Mr. Oldham has won the undertaker's handicap! Doesn't it?"

"That's partly right!" the Bear beamed.

"I'm so glad you're glad!" Dorothy was trying hard to be generous. "But what does Mr. Darby mean by 'Incentive great stuff'?"

"It's a new mixture for gasoline," J. D. laughed. "It's the spark plug for the engine of the world. Mix it with petrol and you can lower any record there is—any record at all."

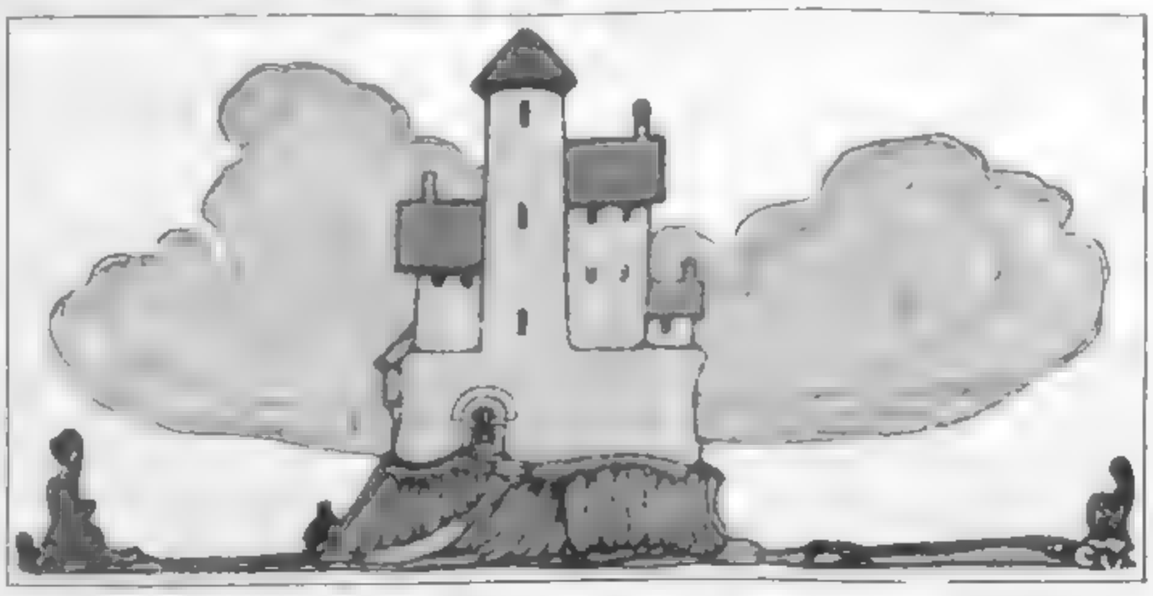
"But I don't understand yet," Dorothy coaxed.

"You don't need to, you dear girl," J. D. explained. "By the way, hon, would you and Toodles rather be married in the Tapestry Room at the St. Francis or the Oriental Room at the Palace?"

Suddenly a great inspiration dawned on the bewitching Cub.

"Daddy—you old dear!" she cried. "Was Toodles driving that car?"

"He was!" the Bear roared. "Toodles, Darby, you and—Old Man Incentive."



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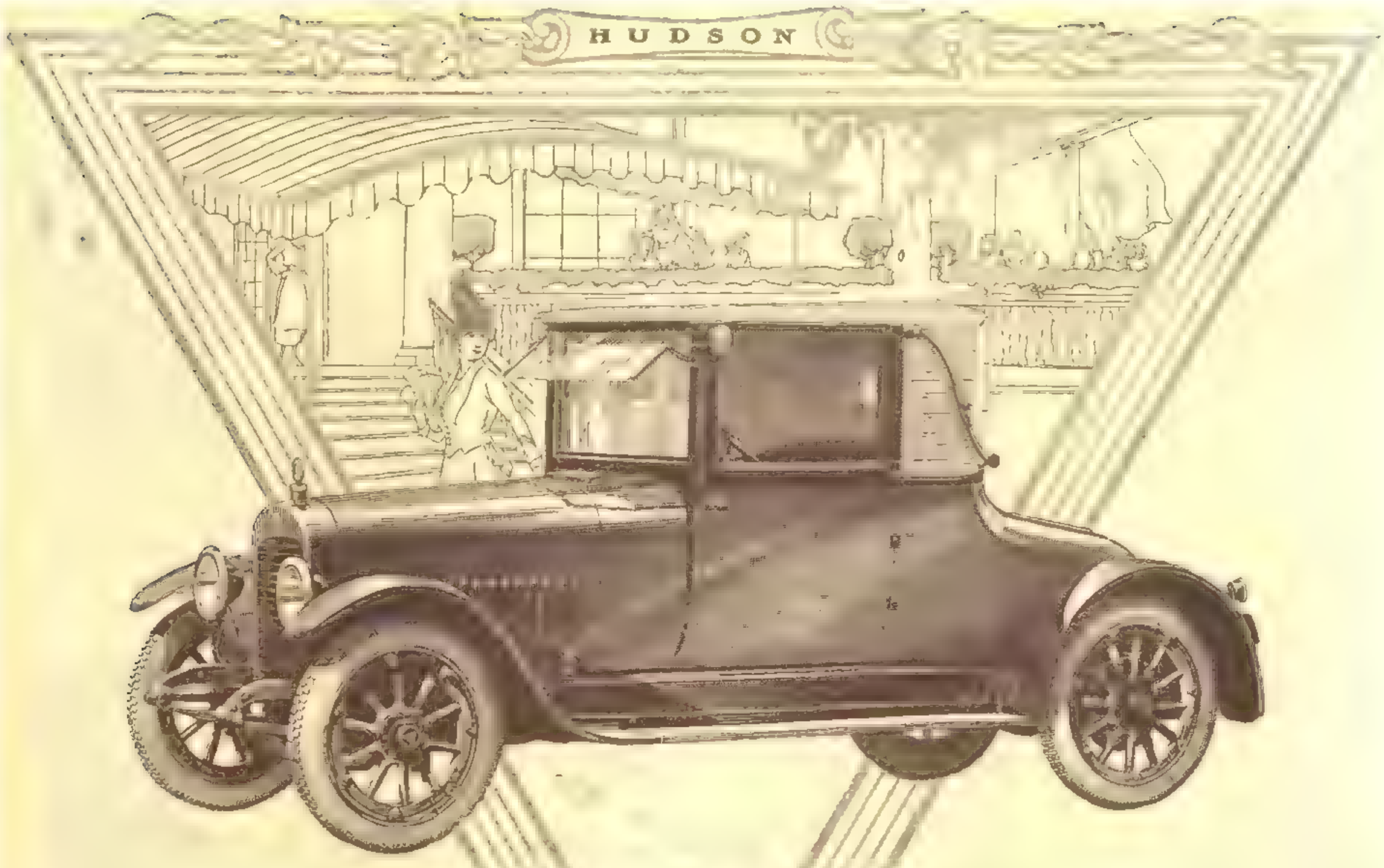

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Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 19)

"It was my home," she said, choking bitterly. "I cannot pretend always. I will not go alone into the house with him. Promise ——"

"All right!" he promised, getting out.

"I will run upstairs," she whispered. "I will put the key on the outside. I will come and ask both of you to move a heavy trunk for me. He must go first into the room. You have only to turn the key. There is no window. The skylight is high. He cannot be seen or heard."

And then the shining torch reappeared. The lieutenant handed it to Yvonne and took one of the automobile lamps.

"We shan't be long," he said to Stoneman.

The door was slammed; but Stoneman's foot had interposed. The lieutenant, not knowing this, sped after Yvonne. He called out to her. The only answer was a vanished light on the stairs.

"A fine old hall, Herr Leutnant," Stoneman said cheerfully.

The lieutenant, who had begun to ascend, swung round with a muttered execration, and the full light of the automobile lamp he carried shone on Stoneman. The latter blinked and looked about with innocent admiration.

The lieutenant put down the light and came toward Stoneman. His chafed vexation at Yvonne's attitude and the Yankee's intrusion had mounted now to an anger beyond control.

"It seems, Herr Fargo," he said in a voice of insupportable arrogance, "that you laugh at a German drumbeat which sounds round the world."

Stoneman threw back his head, grinning.

"I must laugh, Herr Leutnant," he said. "A drum that is not heard is a joke."

"*Ach!*"

The lieutenant craned his head forward, ludicrously astonished at open defiance from a despised civilian of a despised nation. He could not believe it; it could not have been meant. He did not want to have to kill this fellow, who stood grinning like a fool. He came striding over with his best soldier's gait.

"Yankee humor and Yankee munitions are best kept at home," he said.

"They both explode where Yankees choose," was the quick retort.

The lieutenant's fingers flew to the button of his overcoat. His hand was sharply knocked away. He leaped backward, tugging at his button. His hand was sharply rapped again and again. He abandoned the effort to reach his pistol, so safely buttoned up, and snatched a chair. He got a stinging slap across his cheek from an open palm. That settled the weapons, of course. He was forced to the incredible indignity of defending himself with his fists.

He knew nothing of such peasant's weapons and could only rush madly and strike out wildly.

Stoneman had not to wait a minute for his chance. The knock-out blow was precisely delivered. The lieutenant dropped quietly on a great tiger skin and lay without moving.

Yvonne came running down the stairs.

"Soldiers!" she cried.

Stoneman cocked his head sidewise. He heard a measured tramp.

"No—too late!" he cried as Yvonne ran to close the open front door. He turned the tiger skin over the prostrate figure of the lieutenant. "Hide!" he ordered. "You may get to the Convent."

"No."

"Go!" he commanded sternly. She vanished as an officer appeared at the door.

"Ah, Herr Leutnant!" Stoneman exclaimed, extending a hand.

"You, Stoneman!" Tiedermann greeted. "I heard the automobile. Your passports are all right, of course. You are here by permission"

"Yes, yes; send your men away."

The lieutenant stared; then turned and gave a command. The two privates without marched heavily down the avenue.

"I am taking Mademoiselle Duberges, the owner of this château, across by the underground to-night," Stoneman said. "I have a car and a Staff pass, and we are expected at the border. You must come."

The broken man hesitated.

"We shall never do it," he stammered.

"Nonsense, man! I can't go to the frontier without an officer in the car. Mademoiselle Duberges and I shall both be shot if you don't come. I am an American citizen. So are you. That settles it."

"That settles it," Tiedermann said; but there was no enthusiasm in his voice.

Stoneman spoke sharply.

"You polluted your sword," he said. "You have your chance to make it bright. You can save a helpless Belgian girl."

"Yes, yes!" Tiedermann straightened.

"You can leave for the night without rousing suspicion?"

"Oh, yes. But I must go and do it properly."

"Go, then; and we'll meet you where we parted Monday. Order your men to come here at nine to-morrow morning and search the house thoroughly. Be sure of this, Tiedermann. The key will be in this door. Be sure!"

"Yes; but why?"

Stoneman knew the chilling terror inspired by a Prussian Staff officer. He dared not explain.

"The house has been entered," he said. "Be sure!"

He shut the door on Tiedermann. Yvonne came again.

"I heard," she breathed. She looked at the rolled-up tiger skin. "Do you need me?"

"If he comes to, yes. I'll call. Go!"

She disappeared again.

He gagged and bound a man just fluttering back to consciousness. The leather bootlaces of the lieutenant and his scented handkerchief furnished the necessary means. Stoneman took the lamp and searched the rooms, deciding finally on the butler's pantry. It had iron-barred, iron-shuttered windows, and a strong door which he could lock on the outside. He dragged the tiger skin with its burden here, examined carefully the thongs and the gag, and then looked into the staring, upturned eyes.

"If you had let mademoiselle go on with her aunt," he said quietly, "you would have been spared this. I am Stoneman."

The lids fluttered down and two tears rolled out: tears of shame and humiliation.

"You will be released in the morning," Stoneman promised.

He hunted up a rug and covered the prone, helpless figure of this arrogant spoiled boy; then locked the door behind him. To Yvonne, in the hall, he said:

"He is not hurt. He is safely tied up. I have left the key in the door. We must wait an hour. Tiedermann will take that time."

"This house will be stripped by to-morrow night," she said. "My mother's letters —— Please don't come; I shall burn them."

She took the lamp and opened a door. He saw her pause on the threshold and fling up her hands; then she went in. He sat in the semidarkness and smoked cigarettes, watching her as she passed and repassed. He heard the pushing of drawers and the crashing of frail wood as she broke some open; and he caught the smell of burning papers.

With what cool, swift precision she moved about, wasting no moment, calmly accepting the vandal destruction of her home, undismayed by the coming desperate risks of the night! What heroines war had made of these finely bred, delicate Belgian gentlewomen! He went on planning. He had what no other fugitive had ever possessed—an automobile to waste and a German officer to help. Surely these advantages ought to be utilized; and he thought he saw the way.

He lighted a match and looked at his watch. It was time to go. He went to the brilliantly lighted room, but stopped short on the threshold, staring at a scene of ruin. Half a dozen empty wine bottles stood on a polished table, now burned by cigars and scratched and hacked. Broken glass and chunks of dried clay from heavy boots lay on the delicate carpet, burned here and there by cigars flung down. Fragments of gilded chairs and of porcelain vases were scattered about. On the wall hung the portrait of a regal woman. It had been made a target and was defiled by lumps of now dry clay.

Yvonne, feeding an open porcelain stove with yellowed letters, turned and saw him.

"Yes; they have been here," she said quietly. "They forced that window."

He took out his knife and cut the portrait from the frame, carefully cleansing it.

"Your mother?"

She bent her head and whispered:

"Yes."

"It is too large to take," he said, "but I will hide it somewhere."

"There is no hiding place left in Belgium," she answered.

"We must go," he told her.

"I will follow," she said. He knew she meant to burn the portrait. The only way to save from German defilement was to destroy. She did not keep him waiting two minutes. "I shall never see this house again," she said as they drove away.

"The war will end some day."

"This house will end to-morrow," was her quiet answer. "He will burn it." And then she bowed her head and was silent.

Tiedermann was waiting, to the American's great relief; there was good reason to fear nerves too broken to face action.

"My sergeant," he said as he got in by Stoneman's side, "will search the house in the morning. My men suspect nothing." He laughed nervously as the car went on. "It is new to slip secretly out in an automobile that you can hear for ten miles."

"It will be easy because of your uniform," Stoneman answered confidently, turning so that Yvonne might hear. "It is you who must get us past the guard stations. I——"

He stopped short, for he saw a red spot in the direction of the château. He thought of the large oiled and varnished canvas thrust on a blazing fire. How had he come to permit that? How had he failed to foresee so obvious a danger? He hoped Yvonne would not turn. She sat with bent head and face buried in her turned-up collar. He wondered, as he speeded up, what she would say and do if she knew. He set his teeth grimly and pushed madly ahead. He nudged Tiedermann and jerked a thumb backward.

"If it is the château," he whispered, "it was an accident."

Tiedermann turned and stared at the red spot.

"Château or not, accident or not," he muttered, "it will light the sky north to the frontier and south to the aërodrome. There are autos down there. They will come. Faster! Faster! I do not see it now." A little later he said: "My men are perhaps already there. Will they find clews?"

"Sure!" Stoneman said as the car skidded a quarter circle in turning a corner.

He told in whispered sentences of the cadet of a noble Prussian family, a Staff officer, bound and gagged. When he spoke the name of Von Schmiedell, Tiedermann stood up, clinging perilously, and peered toward the south. They came near running down a patrol standing lined across the road; but it broke at sight of the uniform and the men presented arms. So he stood always when they saw lights, and never once was the car stopped until it came to the barrier at the guard station beneath the railway. Tiedermann, insolently arrogant, ordered the gate opened, and soldiers ran to obey.

"The last! The last!" murmured Stoneman; it had been much easier than he had dared to hope.

"It is all dark back there," muttered Tiedermann, shaken to his seat as the automobile later whirled into the dark lonely lane.

"We are in a hollow," Stoneman answered. "What now?" he asked of Yvonne.

"The charcoal burner," she told him, "will be on the watch."

Stoneman drove slowly up what was hardly more than a cart track, and soon the lights fell on a Belgian peasant woman.

"It is Marie Koort!" Yvonne cried.

But the woman vanished in the dark belt of trees.

"It's the German uniform," Yvonne said, getting out and standing silent in the glare.

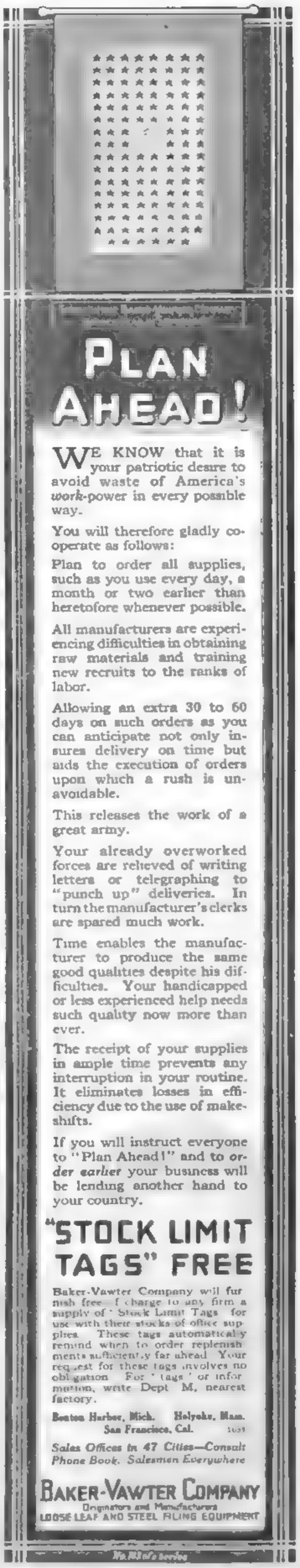
Stoneman shivered as he thought of this white, fragile girl thrusting her way through tangles of barbed wire. She always looked to the south. He turned. A faint rose color tinged the sky over the distant dark horizon. She did not see it. She was an absorbed, concentrated listener. Presently she turned and vanished amid the trees.

"Patrols may come because the noise of the automobile has stopped," Stoneman said.

He got out and pretended to be busy with the engine. Tiedermann said nothing. He stood silent, staring at the south, listening, listening always.

Ten minutes passed. No sounds came. Stoneman switched off the lights and they

(Continued on Page 57)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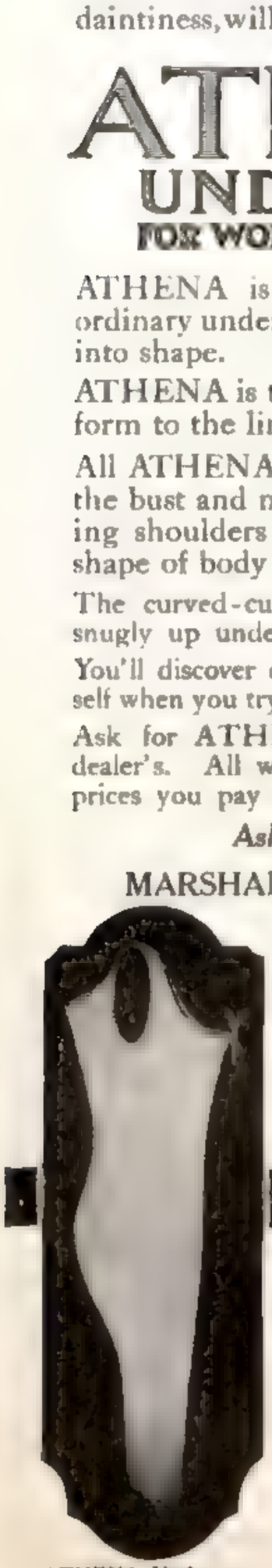
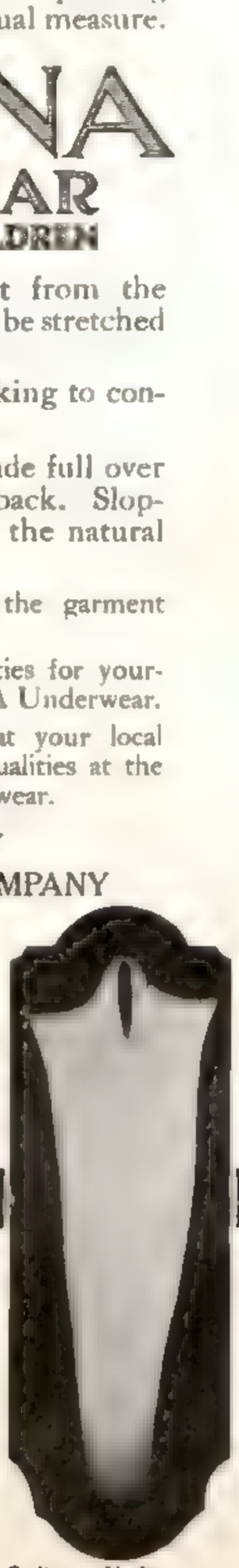


ATHENA Underwear



Ordinary Underwear

Note the Striking Contrast

between ATHENA and ordinary underwear, as shown in the illustrations. ATHENA is tailored in the MAKING to conform to the figure naturally, without being stretched into shape.

(Continued from Page 55)

pushed the car into the shadow of the trees. Kind clouds hung blackly and the darkness was impenetrable. Stoneman shaded the torch and searched the tool box. He found a pair of wire nippers.

Yvonne came so silently that her whispering voice was the first announcement of her presence.

"Five young men are going," she said. "They will creep in front of us and all will cut. They say that I may hardly be scratched. They say that my fur will save me. So you must not worry about me. The charcoal burner and Marie are going too."

"That," said Stoneman, "is because the automobile leads straight to them. I feared it."

"They were going next week, anyhow," she replied. "He will come last. Koort will hold up the live wire," she replied. "We must wait two hours. Two sentries, paid to be blind, come on then."

"We cannot wait," Stoneman said. "Where is Koort?"

"Close by. He speaks a little French." She called softly.

"We cannot wait," Stoneman repeated sharply. "We must go now. All of you will go to the edge of the trees a hundred yards west of here. The wires I saw this afternoon run fifty yards to the right of those trees. The lieutenant will go down to the wires openly. He is a German officer. No one but an officer will stop him or question him. It is a quarter of a mile up the lane here to the top of the hill. I shall stand on the step and drive the car to the top. I shall get off there. The car will rush down the hillside. With luck it may go straight. It may even break the live wire. If it swerves or strikes a tree, no matter. It will crash. Every sentry on this side of the lieutenant will run to it. Those on the other side of him will run too. He will stop these. He will turn them sharply back. There will be a clear space for some minutes. There will be time for all to go ——"

"Good! Good!" Tiedermann interrupted.

"But you?" Yvonne questioned eagerly.

"I shall run into the shadow of the trees," Stoneman answered. "I shall be there before the last one can have gone beneath the wires. I marked the place this afternoon."

"I will wait for you," Tiedermann promised. "I ——"

He stopped short. They heard it, all of them, faint, far distant—the sound of an automobile.

"Where is Marie Koort?" Stoneman asked.

A hard hand, groping, touched his cheek.

"I am here, monsieur," he heard. "Your plan is good."

He tore off his fur coat and thrust it into her hands.

"Put it on," he commanded. "Go quick—all of you! Quick! I will wait five minutes; not longer."

He felt a light pressure on his arm. A hand slipped down into his fingers. It was small and soft, but its grasp was firm.

"It's only forty yards across the wires, Yvonne," he said. "When you're through, run. You will see village lights, I hope. They mean Holland and safety. If Peggy understood, somebody will be there, waiting. Tell her ——"

The sound of a shot came from the south; an answer from the north. The sentries were warned.

"Quick! Quick!" Stoneman ordered.

He pushed the car back into the track, put on the chauffeur's leather coat, which had been folded beneath the cushion, and placed the wire cutter in the pocket. He had a fair chance if there was no guard at the top of the lane, the one place where he could leave the car.

If there was a guard, to jump off was to jump to death, probably immediate; at best, delayed only for hours. He listened always, his ear to the north. Faint sounds came; the clink of metal. A minute passed; the sounds did not diminish and he caught the echo of voices. There were men there, then, stationary.

He did not get on the step, but into the seat. He turned about. The southern sky was all a warm pink glow. Shots—warning shots—came. The automobile sounded anew. He was sure it had stopped for a moment at the guard station beneath the railway. It would arrive too late, for its driver would never think of using this cart track.

Stoneman thought of his mother in California. He breathed a farewell and murmured Peggy's name; then he pulled the starting lever. The car leaped away. He peered ahead as the car rocked over the rough road. He accelerated, bending low, clinging to the wheel.

His lights flared on men lined across his path. They had barely time to scatter as he rushed by at sixty miles an hour and plunged down the hillside.

A blinding flash; a roar; the automobile leaped high in the air, sprang forward many yards, and crashed through wire, to rest, almost without a jar, on the ground.

Stoneman, insulated by the tires, was yet numbed by the shock; but he sneezed violently under acrid fumes from burned rubber. The sneeze woke him to alert life. He threw a cushion in front, flung himself on it and cut and twisted in the darkness; then he dived under. Cutting, thrusting, wriggling, he won some yards before German soldiers gathered behind him. Their cries and the tramping of their feet drowned the snip of his cutter and the ripping of his leather coat. Their lights, the small torches of the private soldier, flashed; but the auto shielded and shadowed him.

Two shots were fired. He did not know that the cushion was the target and that it had been knocked end up and fallen as a dead man might. They began to cut away to the car. Their noise drowned his. He was halfway across.

He heard a loud shout from the west and thought they had found the tunnel beneath the wires. He plunged and bored and snipped. His gloves were ribbons, his coat in rags, his legs and hands cut deeply, his face scratched and bleeding; but he knew nothing of all this. At last his thrust-out arm hit nothing. He was through! He struggled to his feet and staggered toward a light that shone like a beacon half a mile toward the north. He covered some hundreds of yards over the rough ground of No Man's Land, and then, spent utterly, stumbled over the root of a tree and fell heavily.

He lay prone, gasping. His ear, against the earth, was jarred lightly by the footsteps of men. He knew that Germans had crossed and were searching No Man's Land. He raised his head and saw that he was almost within the circle of light thrown by what he was sure were motor lamps. He saw a figure silhouetted, conspicuous, small and slight; and he was sure he was looking at Yvonne. That was good; Yvonne was safe!

He dropped his head as somebody ran past him, checked sharply, and stood outlined black against the light. A right shoulder was suddenly broadened. A head was bent sidewise. The man was aiming. Stoneman leaped in hot anger. The rifle spit and dropped. Its surprised owner was violently thrust forward into the hands of running Dutch soldiers.

A joyous shout: "By heck, it's him!" Humbert Honest came running to Stoneman.

"Hike! Hike!" said Honest hurriedly. "I'll pick you up later. This is no five-cent affair. All Germany will howl at Holland for your internment."

Stoneman stepped into the darkness, but paused as he heard an astonished cry from Honest.

"Von Schmiedell!" Honest shouted. "He's made Von Schmiedell prisoner! Oh, Kalamazoo!"

Stoneman looked back. The young German and the girl he would have shot stood facing each other in front of the lights.

XII

AT THE Vieux Doelen, in The Hague, Peggy rose often from her sleepless bed and fed an insatiable stove in the private parlor that adjoined her bedroom. This hourly act was an excuse for moving about and helped her to maintain a pretense of hope. She told herself that the mission on which Humbert Honest had so promptly gone at her request might, after all, not prove fruitless, and that he might turn up with a chilled and starving couple. Sometimes she crossed the sitting room and listened at the open door to the breathing of the children. They were a heavy but welcome responsibility, and their presence was a great comfort. Otherwise she was alone, for broken and unhappy Madame Campion had gone direct from the station to Belgian friends—to the friends who were sheltering Geoffrey. Peggy had not seen her brother, who, it seemed, lest he be interned, was

(Continued on Page 59)

How to Make Better
Corn Muffins

The Yellow is like grains of gold
The White like marble dust.

STOP using a gritty and coarse corn meal. There is now a vastly better sort.

It is not ground from whole corn, like the old kinds. It is finely ground hominy, made from only the sweet, flinty part of the corn.

The fibrous outer coat is omitted. The oily germ is removed. We discard two-fifths of the kernel.

The result is Quaker Best Corn Meal. It comes in round packages with tops.

It makes corn bread, muffins, pancakes and porridge such as you can't make without it.

Now is the time to know this, as a million housewives do. Folks don't miss wheat when they have corn foods of this kind.

Order a package now.

Quaker Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White—15c Per Package

A Hominy Meal—The Best 60% of the Corn

Everyone Likes Hominy

But not one Northern home in ten is serving half enough. Try a superlative quality. Quaker Hominy Grits. Serve as a breakfast cereal, or fried, or in pancakes, or as a dinner side dish.

Hominy has helped make Southern tables famous. Here is an exquisite grade. See what it adds to yours.

There are recipes on the package.

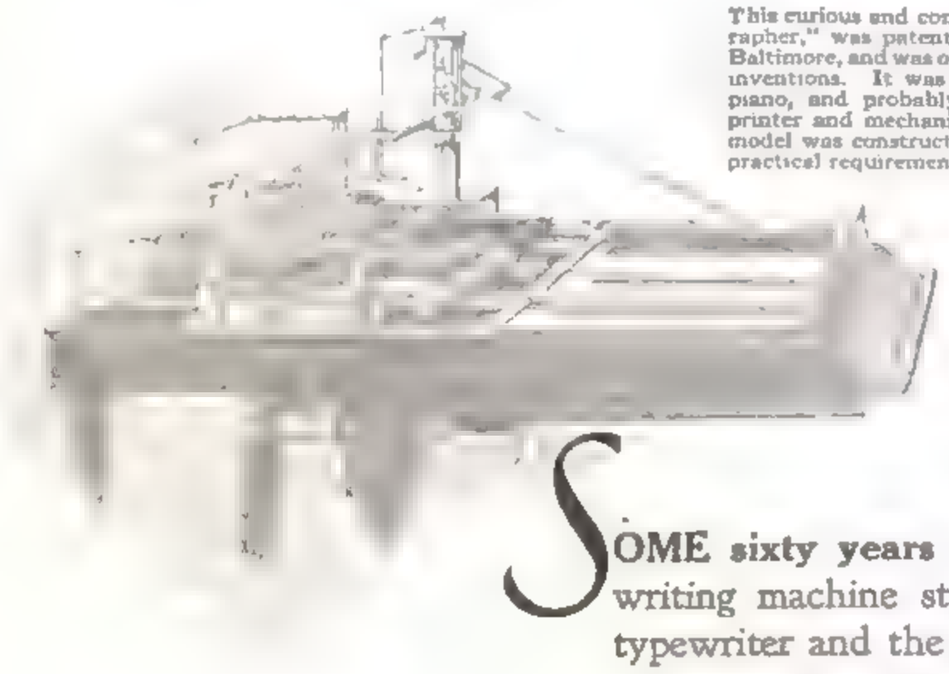
Quaker Hominy Grits

Fancy White Hominy—15c

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(2002)



This curious and complex mechanism, Eddy's "Typographer," was patented in 1850 by Oliver T Eddy of Baltimore, and was one of the earliest of writing machine inventions. It was about the size of the old square piano, and probably required the expert services of printer and mechanic to operate it. An experimental model was constructed, but the machine did not meet practical requirements.

SOME sixty years after Eddy invented his "Typographer," a little writing machine stepped into the gap between the heavy office typewriter and the pen—and made good. It was called "Corona."

Compared with a piano or even a thirty-pound commercial typewriter, Corona is a mere featherweight, for it weighs but six pounds and folds into so small a compass that it may be carried anywhere. Furthermore, Corona is so simple in design that it can be operated by anyone without instruction. Yet, with all its simplicity and lightness, Corona stands up under the severest requirements—makes good even in army field work, a particularly arduous and exacting service.

And Corona *has* made good, for it surely meets the real need of a compact, portable, *personal* machine—one that, because of its ease and simplicity of operation, tempts the owner to do much of his work in typewritten form, whether at home or away. And especially has this little pioneer made good because of the efficient organization behind it—an organization which, first of all, made Corona mechanically right.

Measure Corona success by its reputation, or by its growing sales—a hundred and fifty thousand, to men and women in all walks of life—or, if you like, by the evidence of its big, new, modern home, a factory already producing more than two hundred machines a day.

If you don't know Corona its story will interest you. Let us send you the booklet

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
GROTON, N. Y.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Agencies in all Principal Cities

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

CORONA
The duration of the war depends upon the way each individual American THINKS and SPEAKS and ACTS every day from now until the hour of final triumph!

(Continued from Page 57)

masquerading as the footman of the Van der Weydens.

She scurried through a bath in the early morning, listening always; for Humbert Honest might come at any moment with his news of failure. She had barely finished dressing when the maid came and told her that a Belgian woman waited below, with a message.

"Send her up," Peggy ordered.

This Belgian woman came, wearing a heavy cloak, much too large, of dark-stained green. The dried mud of many days blotched its folds and yellowed its frayed edges. Its cumbrous hood shrouded the face, but could not hide those wonderful eyes of Yvonne. She curtsied deeply and spoke in Flemish; and Peggy nodded as though she understood. The door closed behind the hotel servant. Peggy's arms were opened wide. It was she, not Yvonne, who broke down. Proud English reticence could not check the stream of tears before it grew into a flood. That, indeed, was an achievement when hopeless misery was so swiftly transformed into joy

"He is safe!" were Yvonne's first words. "He is hidden in Rotterdam."

She slipped from her clumsy wraps. Peggy hustled her to the stove, for she was pinched with cold. She told the story of the night in flashes—a piece here, a bit there; quietly, but with animation which proved that she had still reserves of vitality. An underglow of color came to her cheeks and her eyes grew brighter. She was one of that slender and apparently fragile kind who have inexhaustible stores of nervous force and know no fatigue while need of action lasts. She refused breakfast; it would take too long; she must go to her aunt immediately. No; not even her cloak must be brushed. She must go out of that hotel as she had come in. This astounding Monsieur Stoneman had done such amazing things that Berlin would stop at nothing. There were ways of using Dutch Holland; there were ways of using Dutch courts—a charge of theft, for instance, against Madame Campion, brought by a German secret agent and supported by perjured German spies; such things had been successfully done.

What chance had a deserting German officer of escaping internment, or a French airman, or an English member of the Naval Division unless they all slipped away swiftly? There was a boat on the morrow, Christmas Eve. Mr. Honest was determined that all should catch it. He? Where was he? In Rotterdam, Yvonne thought. She had been dropped at the Refugee Camp at Rozendaal, with Marie Koort and the charcoal burner. She had learned of a freight train coming north, had taken Marie Koort's wraps, and had stolen on board.

"I am here," she said; "and now I go."

"You must not!" Peggy protested. "Let me send a message; and you shall have a bath and a rest—and we will get some clothes."

But Yvonne already had put on the mud-covered cloak.

"I must go as I came," Yvonne repeated, with her brilliant smile. "And what about my poor aunt? Should I keep her one minute in anxiety?"

"Geoffrey is there," Peggy said.

Yvonne looked down at her burst shoes, her ragged cloak.

A tap at the door, familiar to Peggy. She ran and opened it. A tall, liveried footman entered.

"Geoff! Geoff!"

Peggy's arms were about his neck, her head against his breast.

He did not speak. His arms did not clasp her. She looked up. He was staring across her shoulder. He was shaking all over. She felt it.

"Geoff," she whispered, "she loves you!"

She turned and went to the children, decisively shutting, almost slamming, the door. She hugged the children to waking. That was because she felt miserably lonely. Her twin brother—she no longer counted for him.

"Quick! Quick!" she cried, with fierce energy.

She had them all jumping about in an instant. She was caught in a trap. She could not open the door, lest these sharp-eyed girls should learn secrets. She hustled them into their clothes and marshaled them down to breakfast. She ordered for them, then hurried back to find Humbert Honest the sole occupant of her parlor.

She went to him, both hands outstretched, her eyes glowing with the thanks that words could not express. He drew her to the window, laughing. A footman walked down the street, his arm through that of a Belgian peasant girl, the sun glinting on the black enameled cockade of his shiny tall hat as he bent over her.

"I told him," Honest said, "that he must walk in front of her—that he must keep his place; and that's the way he does it! She was like a princess at a court, Mrs. Fargo." He hesitated at the name. "I reckon it had better go at that till you're out of the woods," he added, fixing his eyes on her. "When I came bouncing in, mad because she'd beaten me to it and brought you the great news, she drew herself up; and she said: 'My preserver—Geoffrey!' That was me. 'Monsieur Honest—my fiancé, Monsieur le Capitaine Travers.' Can you beat it? Dressed in Marie Koort's old duds, and him a footman; and yet I felt as though I was being presented at court! And so they're engaged—those two."

"You've given me happy news," Peggy admitted.

"And you didn't know?"

"They didn't, themselves, half an hour ago."

Honest frowned. His enormous eyes loomed larger because of the dark lines underneath.

"She was face to face with Von Schmiedell for one minute last night." He almost whispered it. "On this side—in Holland. I'll never forget it. Neither flinched. And he had tried to shoot her! In the hotel at Antwerp ——" She looked at him. "It was mighty different then. Oh, it's war, you'll say! But ——"

"Drop it!" Peggy ordered. "We've all waked from a horrid dream."

Honest turned as the couple disappeared.

"What does a man know about women? About any woman?" he burst out, eying Peggy.

His jaw was thrust out. But she was still peering out of the window.

"Didn't he—didn't they leave any message?" she asked wistfully.

"You'll see them on the boat," he answered. "I hustled them off. Madame Campion must chase for passports. Oh, it's her busy day, all right!"

Peggy bent her head. It was all as she wished and hoped; and yet she had lost Geoffrey. She did not count any more with this twin brother, who had been her other self all her life; whom she had not seen for long dragging weeks; to whose aid she had flown in the very hour in which she had learned that he was alive. She felt very lonely.

Honest turned so abruptly that he sent a bag spinning from the table. For the second time in twenty-four hours, diamonds, cut and uncut, lay about like pebbles. He stared at Peggy with a kind of awe.

"And you got those too?" he muttered. He dropped to his knees; so did Peggy.

"I forgot them," she murmured penitently. "They've been lying on the table since I came. But who thinks of diamonds now?"

"Tell that to the Brazilian!" he snorted, stretched at full length and lighting matches under the sofa. His voice came muffled. "You went into Belgium," he continued, "with a suitcase in your hand and a small hope in your heart. You have come out with more loot than a German could snatch—a bag of diamonds, a dog, four children, a Belgian maidservant, a Belgian great lady, a sweetheart for your brother, an American citizen dressed as a German lieutenant, a Prussian officer who will be interned for all the war because he tried to murder a girl—and an airman, an American-French airman; a wonder man!"

He stopped as he made a last intent search of a dark corner, and then sat up and looked at Peggy.

"Yvonne told you?" he asked. "He gave them their chance by heading for hell! But he landed in Holland. A real man!"

"She told me," Peggy breathed softly, her eyes shining. "A real man!"

They finished their search, both creeping on all fours. Their heads bumped as they rose together. Peggy laughed but Honest's melancholy eyes checked her moment's mirth.

He picked up from a chair the once sumptuous fur coat that Roderick Stoneman had stolen from a Belgian château.

"Yvonne was the thin lamb," he said grimly. "Her fleece was gently combed in the wire tunnel and she swears she hasn't a scratch." He spread out the coat. "Marie Koort was the fat ewe. Look! Bitten all over by a mad tiger. Looks just like that, doesn't it? But it saved Marie Koort's hide. I'm taking it to the owner. He's a refugee, living in Scheveningen. The Brazilian is there too. Shall I take the diamonds to him?" He chuckled, as an idea came: "The Belgian is hardly likely to take money for his ruined coat," he explained; "but if he does, the Brazilian shall give him a diamond. Oh, I'm the clever merchant!"

But Peggy did not hear. She was looking at the coat.

"And what did Mr. Stoneman wear?" she asked.

Honest looked at her just as he had when he put her on the witness stand about her passport.

"He's cut and scratched and hacked," he flung at her; "but he's bandaged and doctored. Uncomfortable, of course; nothing serious—and mighty glad of the chance. Oh, mighty glad! He knows he did too much. He knows the hue and cry that's coming. He's the hero, all right!"

"Chance! What chance?"

"The stokehole." Honest eyed her. "Beats a Dutch internment camp all to pieces! He doesn't kick. He doesn't complain."

"No. He must not. He shall not."

"He must and shall. He's in a sailors' boarding house in Rotterdam. He's dressed in greasy overalls and he holds a fireman's permit to ship. His name is John Bunn and he was born in Stepney. He will get a berth to-day, I hope, and sail for New York."

"Cut, scratched, hacked?" Peggy's skin burned as she repeated the words. "And in the stokehole! Oh ——"

"What should he do?" Honest asked in a hard voice. "He thinks of his job, doesn't he? He wants to get back to the Front as soon as he can, doesn't he?" He thrust out his jaw and half closed his eyes. "He's a hero, all right!" He forced the words ungraciously.

Peggy, puzzled, a little indignant, hurt that she had received no message from Roderick Stoneman, and anxious about him, was silent.

"Oh, you don't agree?" this strange young man said truculently. "He is a knight of chivalry. He ——"

Peggy flushed at what sounded like sarcasm.

"Are you making fun of him?" she demanded indignantly.

"I say," Honest repeated, "he is a hero; a knight."

"Yes ——"

"And what else—to you?"

She was so startled that it seemed to her the man thundered these words.

"You are preposterous!" she flamed.

"Never mind me." His mellow, lovely voice roughened. "What about him?"

"You are impertinent!" She drew herself up.

"Yes, yes; if you like. But what is he to you?"

"Impertinence," Peggy answered, with a stately dignity, "has risen to insolence."

"Bounder, cad—anything you like. Say American, and sum it all up. But answer Remember, I saved him in the end."

She looked cool scorn; but she obeyed

"Mr. Stoneman and I," she answered slowly, choosing her words, "were flung into closest intimacy. His behavior was perfect. I shall always be grateful. I shall always be his friend—and his wife's."

Honest's eyes were lakes of white. He stared at her.

"His wife's!" he repeated hoarsely. "Is he married?" An immense relief rang in the softened notes of his voice.

"He is going to be. He and I have talked much of his very charming fiancée in California."

Honest frowned, considered, eyed Peggy.

"Suppose he wasn't engaged?" he said, with a startling, fierce earnestness.

Reticent, self-controlled, puzzled Peggy was beaten for a sudden brief instant. Her lids dropped, to her chagrin and wonder; then flashed upward to disclose defiant eyes.

"Don't be absurd, Mr. Honest," she said, with a little laugh. "We have lots of things to arrange."

"You love him!" Humbert Honest announced, with conviction.

She darted a glance so angry that he winced visibly. He changed in an instant.

"I get you," he announced. "The séance is over. Your pardon, Miss Travers. You've put me in the brother class before you gave yourself a chance to grade me in another.

(Concluded on Page 63)

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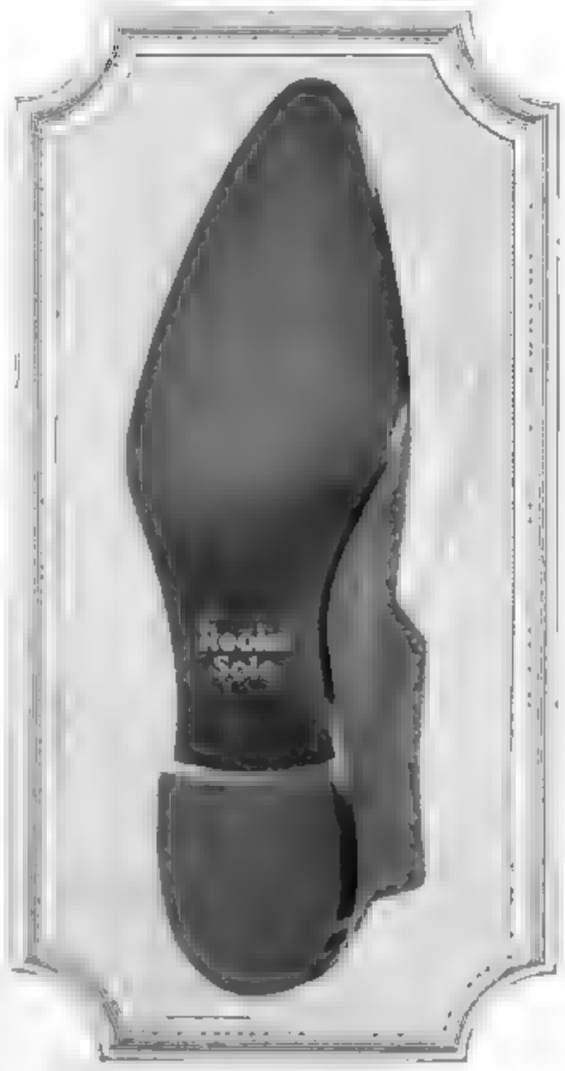

Economical Waterproof Very Easy

Neōlin Soles serve equally well as re-soles as they do on new shoes. Always economical, waterproof and very easy on the feet.

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Soles

Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Your clothes in war time

THEY should save—everybody feels that way But everybody doesn't know how to avoid waste in clothes First of all, the fabrics must be during; careful tailoring; styles should be simple and refined The price ist be enough to insure quality

Above all—you must know the maker

Our duty as clothes makers is to use only the materials that give the best and longest service—all-wool; to put the best possible tailoring into them; and to design styles that are economical of labor and fabrics Let our label be your guide

Hart·Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Pay Load—Coming and Going

What's the key to successful and profitable motor haulage of farm products?

"Return load," nine out of ten experts will answer.

That's the solution many farmers have applied, and they are today hauling fertilizer, feed and machinery back to the farm in the trucks that take their produce to the city. Other farmers are making trucks pay for themselves by hauling merchandise from a wholesale centre to stores in smaller towns, or by distributing goods from the stores to farms along the return route.

Such interest has been aroused on this subject that organized co-operation has already been started by automobile manufacturers and dealers toward the establishment of rural express routes and return-load bureaus *in every county of every state in the Union.*

Everywhere progressive farmers are getting back of the good-roads movement because they realize more and more keenly that time and money can be saved by motor haulage and that good roads are an absolute necessity.

Railroad facilities must be conserved for the long haul.

More good roads, more motor trucks —more pay-loads coming and going—all are essential to this end.

Buy a well-built, sturdy, dependable truck, keep it busy and you'll find it pays.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN BEARINGS

FOR MOTOR CAR, TRUCK & TRACTOR

(Concluded from Page 59)

All right! I stay put. I'm Humbert the Hustler now. Get a move on. Get to Rotterdam—quick! You can't have your passport viséed here. Get on board the boat to-night. Remember, your passport is a fraud. Slip away before they get too hot on the trail. I'm off. I've my job too. See you on the boat perhaps."

He picked up the diamonds as though they were peanuts and ran out of the room without looking at her again.

Peggy dropped listlessly into a chair; and great weariness came over her and bewildered wonder at the strange ways of American men. Mr. Stoneman was cut and scratched, and very uncomfortable, of course; but if he could shovel coal in the fireroom of a steamer he had strength to pencil a line. He had not even sent a verbal message. And this sentimental comedian with the saucer eyes, this Humbert Honest, had chosen this ridiculous moment to let his absurd eyes tell her that he thought he was in love with her—that is what it all meant, of course—and to force her tired eyelids to drop.

She had dropped them as the easiest way of stopping his fantastic advances; she told herself that. If these two men, to one of whom she owed so much, and the other of whom owed her so much, could only have been Englishmen of the right sort, how happy she should be now! They had spoiled her joy. She sprang to her feet and rushed to her forgotten family.

The crowded day ended at Flushing with a warm-cloaked lot of obstreperous children, restored to intense vigor by an immense dinner. They had the hotel entirely to themselves, for Peggy had hired an automobile and preceded the train. Madame Campion and Yvonne were thus saved enthusiastic greetings from the children, which might have drawn undesirable attention to a party that had strong reasons for unobtrusively slipping away from Dutch soil.

Peggy glanced about the room and thought of her meal there only a short week before. In the few intervening days she had lived more vividly, had experienced more happenings, than in all her life before. She knew she was not the same Peggy, and she thought she was a much kinder and gentler and humbler Peggy; but the one problem still remained unsolved. A smile flickered as she remembered how she speculated about the way to know whether American men were the right sort. Well, meantime she had pretended to be the wife of one and had had sisterhood thrust on her by another; and she knew less about them than ever.

Ellen Bates, with an excited little dog in her arms, gayly thrust aside the gangway sentinel who denied premature access to the boat; and the children were soon packed in their stateroom, with directions to undress. Peggy, alone on deck, heard fierce squeals and shrieks and laughter, and ran below. She found a petticoated, half-undressed tribe playing a game in the corridor with life preservers. She joined. It was a great game; and when it was over she kissed and tucked the children in.

Under pretense of play she had taught them how to put on their life preservers. God grant that there be no need! was the prayer she breathed over each one. She went to the deck and watched the passengers as they came in groups along the dimly lighted gangway. She saw Humbert Honest arrive, but she did not move. She wanted nobody but Geoffrey, and she was awaiting her chance for a long talk with him in some shadowed corner.

Honest wandered forward among the second-class passengers and was hailed from a coil of rope. He seated himself by a man who lay wrapped in an old coat and a blanket. "Fine, Stoneman!" Honest said. "So it came off all right! How are you feeling?"

"Until I got your note, as if I was up to my neck in a beehive. But escape from a fireroom has cured me. Thanks, Honest! You work miracles."

"Easy enough," Honest answered. "Twenty guldens—no more. I bought a fireman's permit to return to England as a passenger, and his continuous discharge book. Tiedermann?"

"Got a berth on a British ship and is off for New York, Sunday."

"Good! I made the Brazilian happy. Here." He handed over a small parcel. "I'll tell you what that is in a minute. I saw the owner of the coat. The old man cried. It had belonged to his son—killed; he was glad it had been of use to an American. He would not hear of payment. . . . I say, Stoneman, this permit of yours to travel to England is conditional."

"Conditional?"

"Yes. You're up against a tough proposition. It's got to be settled right now. I've seen Miss Travers."

"Yes? You gave her my note?"

"No. Here it is."

Stoneman's head rested on the rope and his dirty cap covered his face. He flipped the cap aside, moving his arm stiffly, and wincing, he stared into the hardly visible face of his companion.

"I didn't know," the latter continued, "whether it said the right thing. It's a very delicate matter, Stoneman; and I'm butting in because I am an American and so are you, and because we've got to do the right thing by Miss Travers."

"Speak freely."

The astonished Stoneman was slightly sarcastic. But he was very weary and he owed a heavy debt to this man; so the sarcasm was slight.

"I intend to," Honest continued firmly. "Miss Travers says you are engaged to a girl in California."

"She had it on my authority," Stoneman admitted.

"That engagement," Honest announced in low but decisive tones, "must be broken, old man."

The silence that followed was marked only by the sound of the waves washing on the sandy beach.

Honest smoked so fast that his cigar glowed like a planet. He gently pressed Stoneman back as the latter gave signs of rising to a sitting posture.

"You're bound to do it, Stoneman," he urged with melancholy earnestness. "It may be hard for the girl; it may be hard for you; but Miss Travers has the first claim."

Convulsive undulations of the blanket followed. Honest thought a worn and weakened man was shaking in grief; but his affronted ears caught laughter.

"It's no joke," he commented bitterly. "I wish it was."

"Miss Travers," Stoneman said, "is not worried in the least because war and her courage put her and me on the same passport with the same name. She is not compromised."

"And that's true too," Honest agreed; "but that's not the point. If she wants you, hasn't she earned you?"

"Wants me?" the staggered Stoneman repeated. "Does she want me?"

"She does," Honest said sadly. "I don't know why; but she does. She almost said it in words. You're the lucky man, Stoneman."

"And how," asked the dazed listener, "did you come to talk about me?"

"These are unusual times, Stoneman," was the grave answer. "This had to be settled. She had been doing great stunts with you and for you. I went to her. I asked her straight out. Her lips didn't answer. How could they? You were engaged. But her eyes and her cheeks did. That settled it! No New York for you. I hustled and got you aboard here. It's up to you, Stoneman.

"You've got to cable to California and cut that out; and you've got to propose to Miss Travers with such pep and ginger that she will believe you and accept you."

"And if I refuse?" Stoneman demanded, semidelirious with happiness.

"As an American gentleman you cannot."

"The girl in California?" Stoneman expostulated, dizzy with suppressed laughter.

"There is only one girl in the world."

"If I refuse?" Stoneman persisted.

"You shall never land in England. I'll expose your false name and your bought permit. You'll be taken back to internment."

"But, Honest, I am a combatant; and you are pro-Ally."

"I am pro-Peggy in this; nothing else. She wants you. She must have you."

"Oh, very well!" Stoneman cried. "I agree. I agree to everything."

"Thanks, old man!" was the mournful answer. "And you'll make her happy?" Honest's voice was trembling.

"I'll do my best."

"That little parcel," he said, "is a diamond. I accepted one in your name from a wildly happy Brazilian. It is for an engagement ring."

"Thank you, Honest. When will she be coming over?"

"She is on board. You will hide from her, of course."

"Oh, of course!"

"Make her happy, Stoneman."

Honest turned and walked, with bowed head, along the dark deck. His great renunciation was achieved. His heart was heavy. He was tired out. He tumbled into his stateroom and his bed.

Roderick Stoneman lay with closed eyes, chuckling sometimes at Honest's ludicrous mistaken intervention in his affairs; serious at moments in high respect for Honest's manly and unselfish course; more serious at others when he pictured Honest's conversation with astonished and, no doubt, indignant Peggy; most serious when he thought of Honest's blunt and convinced report of the state of Peggy's heart. He was just a trifle light-headed; his pulse was feverishly quick, and his throbbing brain ultimately throbbed to a ridiculous recurrent refrain, which sometimes he sang softly:

"And this is the thing I would explain:
There's no such girl as Millicent Jane."

Ellen Bates, too excited for sleep, had dressed and was sneaking, in delicious happiness, about places in which there was no danger of running against Mrs. Fargo. She caught these words, retreated from this unknown songster, and went aft repeating to herself the tuneful pleasing lilt.

"I Have Been Shamed, Humiliated," Yvonne Said. "I Will Not be Dragged Back to Antwerp by You"

In a dark corner of the deck above, Peggy had just nestled close to a liveried footman.

"I'm a beast!" Geoffrey said. "I never said how-do this morning; never kissed you."

But Peggy jumped up. She leaned over and peered down. She could not see the singer; but the words came again—clear, distinct.

"It's tit for tat, Geoff!" she exclaimed. "You forgot me for a girl. Well, there's a man on board ——"

He laughed.

"I'm hunting Yvonne!" he called after her.

She hurried below. A startled, mysterious figure fled from before her and disappeared. She wandered about, peering. There might be such a vaudeville song, of course; but the coincidence was most improbable. It must be a message and a summons; for, of course, the disguised fugitive could not come to her.

And what was the message? It told more than of his presence on board. Peggy's heart beat faster to the rhythm of the jingle as she wandered; and at last she came to the lonely bow.

She stood and looked out over the dark water and at the frowning blackness of the outlined Dutch war vessels anchored near. She recalled what Stoneman had said of Millie and of Jennie. She wondered now why she had believed for an instant in this double-named Wonder of the West, with her looped lasso.

She smiled as she recalled this burlesque description. Where was he?

She was suddenly shot through with hot indignation. Humbert Honest, first, pressing his clumsy hand on her heart and spying into her soul with his effeminate eyes; and now this fantastic message, wounding to all dignity! These incredible, impossible American men, with their crude methods and manners —— Oh, yes; decent at heart—they meant well; but fancy an English huckster of motor cars daring to speak to her as this man Honest had spoken! Fancy an English flight commander descending to the vulgarity of a music-hall jingle message!

Peggy could not fancy such enormities. Indignation grew. She was astonished that she had meekly flown to this summons. She compared herself with a servant girl who runs to the corner at the butcher boy's whistle. She had run, eagerly, gladly, without hesitation, a smile on her lips, her heart beating quickly. Why? What difference to her whether there was a Millie or a Jennie or any other girl?

She listened, her head a little on one side, her mind intently concentrated. It came again—that faint sinister sound which had come as she stood on the high balcony at Brussels. The booming of this far-distant gun did more than recall her to a world of war. It struck at her with a personal menace. Geoffrey was free now and would soon be well; and he must go. And Roderick Stoneman —— She turned, fleeing from her own thought—and saw the outline of a sleeping figure.

She lifted the greasy cap. She could make out a smudged, unshaved face, unrecognizable in the darkness. She lighted a match from her hand bag.

She uttered a little crooning cry as she saw deep scratches and lines of fatigue cut deeper still.

She sat down on the coil of rope and gently clasped her hands beneath his head. She lifted the head and slid herself beneath it. She twined and twisted until it lay in her lap against the soft fur of her coat. She heard a deep sigh of peace as it nestled close. She pulled the blanket up and sheltered her arms about him, and smoothed his hot forehead with her cool palm.

A Dutch sailor came once and flashed a lantern; but Peggy gestured him away. The cold clutched her as with a palpable hand; but she would not even shiver, lest she disturb the sleeper.

Six bells struck close by, were repeated elsewhere, and sounded from dark hulls looming near. Stoneman sat up. Her arms clasped him and pressed him back.

"Peggy!" he whispered.

"Yes."

"I love you!"

"Yes; I know. I am happy. Go to sleep." She pressed a hand over his lips.

The great gun sounded its recurrent somber menace.

She held him close to her breast. She was universal womanhood, sheltering, loving, mothering the fighting man between battles.

(THE END)

Actual photograph of 48 x 12 Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire in freight yard service

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

What the Users Say

The most dependable index to the quality and serviceability of a product is the experience of those who have already put it to use.

It should be interesting then, to truck makers and operators, to hear what a few representative users have to say of Goodyear Cord Pneumatic Truck Tires:

"OUR two-ton truck, which makes the run daily to and from our logging camps, is equipped with your cord casings," writes H. P. Brown, President of the Humptulips Logging Company, of Tacoma, Wash. "Sixty miles of the run is over good gravel roads, but thirty miles of the trip is over roads so rough that the truck was constantly in the repair shop during the period it was equipped with solid tires. We have gotten as high as 14,000 miles on front casings and 10,000 miles on rear casings, which, considering road conditions and the heavy loads carried, is very satisfactory, but we are particularly pleased with the reduction in repair bills the change from solid tires to pneumatic casings has brought about."

A LETTER from B. J. Henner, of the B. J. Henner Carting Company, of Rochester, N. Y., which operates two trucks on these pneumatics, reads: "The tires on both trucks are still in good condition, and those which have gone 15,000 miles we are figuring on having retreaded in the fall. Besides giving such excellent service, these tires reduce to a minimum our repair bills and make it possible for us to cover considerably more territory. In fact, our experience with these tires is so satisfactory that we cannot recommend them too highly."

IN reporting a mileage of 14,400 miles from tires then still in service, W. G. Klett, President of Klett Brothers Company, Inc., of Detroit, says: "We would recommend these tires to anyone handling fragile materials, as we have had practically no broken or marred furniture since using them, furthermore, we are getting a lower cost per tire-mile, use less gasoline, and make more trips per day."

"I HAVE been using your pneumatic tires on my one and a half ton truck, and can say that they have given me complete satisfaction both in mileage and saving of wear and tear on truck," reports Edwin W. Ward, of Troy, N. Y. "Candy and syrup are easily broken in trucking, especially when your truck can travel 45 miles an hour. This is also a great strain on a tire. These tires have been put to a severe test in plowing through long, heavy drifts, and at times with one wheel down in a ditch. My truck is equipped with a 45 horsepower motor, so you see there isn't much let-up on this as far as power is concerned. I cannot speak too highly of your tires. As for service, it has always been satisfactory to me."

IN similar vein is a letter from A. H. Heil, of the Lubric Oil Company, of Cleveland: "We are certainly satisfied with the excellent results secured as against solid equipment, which we were recently compelled to take off, due to the enormous expense caused from the vibration of the solid tires. The pneumatic truck tires have given us a mileage to date of 7,000 miles, in addition to a saving of about 25% in gasoline, and the appearance at present indicates at least 3,000 miles more. We are very enthusiastic over this equipment, and will cheerfully recommend it to owners of trucks who wish to increase speed and eliminate vibration."

AFTER using our pneumatics for ten months, Mr. P. Harney, President of the Joplin Hardware Company, of Joplin, Mo., writes: "In the first place you will be interested to know that we have not been troubled with the tires during all that time—not having had even a puncture. This to us seems pretty remarkable. In the second place they have traveled at least 5,000 miles over all sorts of roads, and we fail to see that the casings are worn very much. We have no speedometer, but our truck travels as much as sixty miles a day. In the third place we are glad to say that the upkeep of our truck has been reduced 75%, which makes the proposition of the change-over from the original solid tires all the more satisfactory. We are frank to admit that we had no idea of securing such satisfaction when we purchased a set of your big pneumatics, but we like them fine and firmly believe they ought to be used on all trucks except possibly the large, slow-moving kind, because they save the mechanism of the truck."

WE hear from Smith's Dairy Farm, of Aberdeen, Wash., as follows: "Since being equipped with your pneumatic truck tires, our truck has been in service 560 days, making a total of 48,603 miles. In that time our only lay-up was due to an accident to the car. Our repairs on the car consist of two wrist pins, one universal joint, two new brake drums and valves ground three times. We ordinarily had this amount of repairs to make every month when our car was equipped with solids. Our mileage on these tires has been very satisfactory, averaging from 10,000 to 17,775 miles. You certainly have a wonderful tire, and we owe to this tire the solution of our hauling problem, for to date nothing we know of in tires compares in economy, low upkeep and certainty of delivery with the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires."

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

The Contributions of Bascom Smith

By Ida M. Evans

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

AT FOUR-FIFTY-FIVE Melly Smith put by a last neatly basted strip of gauze, placed her silver spectacles in their worn black case, smoothed back some gray hair that the afternoon's steady sewing had rumpled a little, and got her black hat with its faded fuchsia satin trimming. Bascom Smith liked his supper promptly at fifteen minutes past six, the fifteen minutes being for thirty years his regular allotment to glance over the day's receipts of the Murratown Leading Hardware Store, lock the store after his two clerks had gone, and then walk, at deliberate gait, the four blocks east from Main Street to the square flat-roofed white house with its narrow yard bordered with button bridal wreath and red peonies.

As the faded fuchsia knot nodded out the Kettle gate, the other women watched it in silence. The window to the small front porch was open. It was not safe to speak till Melly had turned the corner.

When, though, she had turned it, Jane Kettle, her lips pursed, looked at Sophia White. Sophia was treasurer of the Sewing Sisters.

"I didn't see how much she gave. But I suppose it wasn't much?"

Sophia inclined her gray head unkindly toward the pasteboard contribution box. "Twenty cents—I believe."

"She never does give much," said Cora Taley, piling neatly together the quota of surgical dressings.

There was silence.

"She hardly looked up all afternoon," commented another.

"Poor Melly!" Jane Kettle now spoke gently. "She would give a lot—if she could."

Toward Jane, Mattie Watson, spinster, and Murratown's dressmaker, turned a pugnacious head.

"Well, it ain't 'poor Melly' to me! All I've got to say is Amelia Smith is a fool. A spunkless fool—that's all!

"If I had a husband and he was as well-to-do as Bascom Smith I'd contribute how much I pleased to what I pleased. And"—eloquently—"I wouldn't, either, be wearing faded fuchsia trimming seven years old on my best hat!"

And Mattie, folding her last neat turned-in strip of gauze, tossed her head and got her own hat—a smart up-to-date affair paid for by Mattie's own earned dollars.

"But Melly ain't you," remarked Sophia White. At which there was a general laugh.

"Ain't I Born of American Folks for Generations Back? Ain't I a Respected Citizen? Ain't I Get My Only Son Fighting for This Country?"

As the wife of Bascom Smith turned the corner the faded fuchsia trimming nodded over a perturbed and flushed wrinkled face. Not because Melly caught the remarks of her friends and neighbors—though she could guess! She herself had often been in on the aftermath of remarks to a Sewing Sister's unwary departure ahead of the others! But if she had caught them Amelia Smith would not have minded much—not now. Time had been when such remarks—heard by her or surmised—hurt. And that time had imprinted permanently a meek deprecating uneasiness on her gentle wrinkled face.

But such time had passed. Now she had no sensitiveness for small pricks that life might inflict. Greater things crowded a world's horizon and claimed all Melly's attention. The perturbation—the slow red flush that marked her—was because of the smallness of her contribution—not because of what folks might say about such smallness.

Perturbed, she was preoccupied, too, when she stopped in the meat shop, so that Hank Ebberson had to repeat twice his cordial "Nice piece of steak, Mis' Smith?"

"Why, no, Hank," she reproved him gently. "This is meatless day. I'll have two of those salt herring."

Hank somewhat sheepishly wrapped the herring. Almost caressingly his customer took them.

Of those who obey one Mr. Hoover there are three sorts of folks: The willing; the unwilling; and the exalted. To the last belonged Amelia Smith.

Exaltedly she bore the herring home; exaltedly she creamed it; exaltedly she ate a goodly portion—though she did not like salt herring.

Bascom Smith, however, was very fond of creamed herring; so that he was able to be patriotic and gratified at the same time.

It was not until he had disposed of three platefuls, with buttered beets, baked potatoes, barley muffins and stewed huckleberries as siding, that his wife said in deprecating voice: "Bascom, everyone to-day gave a dollar toward the phonograph for the cantonment—except me."

Bascom Smith expanded comfortably, replete with creamed fish and the sense of well-being that comes at the end of a profitable day, as he rose from the table and got his pipe and the Monthly Hardware Organ from the walnut stand in the bay window. Thirty years before old Mrs. Junkins had assured him all her daughters were good cooks; they learned to cook when their brothers learned to hoe—before their teens. He had never had grounds to cast that assurance back in Melly's mother's face.

"Did they?"—indifferently.

He was a short stocky man, heavy-necked, with a tight round knobby forehead, small reddish ears, a big nose and gray chin whiskers.

"Yes—every single one but me."

His wife's voice came huskily Between wrinkled forefinger and thumb she was kneading the fringed corner of the tablecloth.

"Well—we've give our son," said Bascom Smith calmly. "I guess we're doing our share."

Comfortably he put back his tobacco pouch and went out to the phlox-bordered side stoop, where nightly he smoked his after-supper pipe.

At the supper table behind him Melly sat quietly. Presently she ceased playing with the fringe of cloth and began absently instead to crumble a bit of muffin between forefinger and thumb. But instantly, guiltily recollective, she stopped herself wasting good food. She got up, cleared the table, washed the dishes and set them neatly away in the pantry. The dishwater she took out clear to the end of the back yard and threw it, soapy and insect-destroying, over a bug-eaten rosebush.

All this preoccupiedly. And it was with preoccupation, not at all listening, that she heard Sophy White, across two yards, address Ky White pointedly. Round seven o'clock of evening Murratown most of it—is calm and quiet. Not much but the indistinguishable murmur of supper voices or the whish of emptying dishwater disturbs the peace of slow oncoming dusk.

Sound carries clearly, too, in the soft air. And Sophy, it must be admitted, had a carrying voice. It now came plainly out the White pantry window:

"Oh, shucks, Ky! I ain't Melly Smith. Don't you go telling me you can't afford things when I know perfectly well you can! You get that front porch painted—or I'll contrive a way to make you!"

A faint flush stole over Amelia Smith's withered cheeks. Hurriedly, before Sophy might glance out and know that she had overheard, she went up the back stoop steps and into the house. She hung the dishpan up neatly and swept out the few crumbs that Bascom always left on the rag rug at his end of the dining table. Then, at the other end, sighing chokily because only one person now dropped crumbs for her to sweep out, she set herself down to her nightly occupation after the dishes were washed and put away—a letter to her son Bert with the A. E. F.

Outside, Bert's father drew comfortably on his pipe. The smoke blew gently in the door. From a lilac bush a peewee sent little plaintive call to some friend or mate. The leaves of the porch vines hung slightly under the June heat.

Not being wont to write many letters in many years past, Amelia Smith's stiff old fingers held the pencil rather awkwardly. But she wrote plenty of pages.

When she had finished and sealed the envelope—his father would not be adding anything to-night; he had written three days before—she held the letter between tight-pressed palms while she went through another nightly rite. This was the visualizing of Bert quite dead, on a rough piece of ground somewhere, one wisp of his lightish-brown hair plastered down, with blood and ugly shell powder, to his round, chunky, stone-white forehead. She got the official notification—fancy gripping her firmly—and his few personal belongings; she read his name in the casualty list; her heart hung, a dead weight, within her.

But presently, as every night, she got herself in hand and stoutly reminded herself that after all only one in every seventeen was due to die, and there was every chance that Bert would be among the fortunate sixteen.

Then for a while, as every night, she mourned for the seventeenth. And then, as every night, she began to

(Continued on Page 69)

Without *shelter*, our war industry would be impossible. Without *quickly available* shelter, disastrous delay would have taken place in the expansion of our war industries.

Certain-teed Roofing has solved this problem of quick and efficient shelter for munition plant, barrack, shipyard, factory, workmen's houses, barn and granary; and

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Insist Upon Pillsbury's At Your Grocer's

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
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Pillsbury's Health Bran

(Continued from Page 66)

remember little disconnected incidents in Bert's babyhood and boyhood. Little incidents—unimportant incidents. His first step—his first sled his first ball and bat.

And to-night, as every night now for some weeks past, at one point in the recollections Amelia Smith's old pale lips went together in a grim tightness unlike their gentle docility of years. This was Bert's first day at school, when his father bought his first reader secondhand. All good, of course, but the back, which was dog-eared and soiled. Bert had not cared. His five-year-old cheeks were puffed and pink with the importance of carrying any reader at all. But his mother had minded—bitterly. Perhaps it was a silly, a childish thing to fret over, brood over. But she had wanted Bert to have his first reader brand-new. Just the first. The second or third would not have mattered. And her hats and the stair carpet and the old-fashioned heavy muslin curtains did not matter much either. But that first reader -

It wasn't that Bascom Smith couldn't afford it. He could have afforded forty dozen new ones. The hardware store that had been handed him down from his father—everyone knew that for thirty miles round folks had come for two generations to get Smith implements. Besides, the various mortgages he held. Amelia Smith did not know how many there were of these. Bascom Smith was a close-mouthed man — especially at the family meal table. But she knew there were some. However, Bascom often told her with grim humor and cold decision, when she hinted at them, that only folks who can take care of money ever have any.

Of course, Bert had learned well enough in the second-hand book. Plenty well enough. Still—it was just that she would have liked him to have a new first one. But against his father's calm judgment her wistful meek pleading had been as futile as the washing of a gentle little wave against a stone coast. And likewise when she wanted a new kitchen cabinet instead of the heavy red cupboard that Bascom's mother had used; and, too, hemstitched napkins like Jane Kettle's.

Melly Smith rocked steadily in her little old maple chair, her slightly withered hands folded tightly in her lap—though it wasn't her custom to be idle. Well—they hadn't mattered terribly: the reader or the old cupboard or the old napery. New ones would have been nice—but new ones hadn't been imperative—like—like certain things that needed to be bought now, things that her old soul ached now to help buy, but which Bascom wouldn't likely see the necessity of, any more than he had ever seen —

She quit rocking suddenly and got the nub of red pencil with which she had just written to Bert, and a piece of the paper that had come round the herring.

She was not good at figures. Bert, when he was home, always did her adding and multiplying—giggling unmercifully at her. But she had once or twice heard Bascom pridefully mention an unusually good day's receipts at the hardware store. Slowly, painfully she multiplied by six, by thirty, by three hundred and sixty-five. And the mortgages—there was the Bennett forty acres north of town, she knew. Nettie Bennett strewed over Murratown County her lamentations over that many-times-renewed three thousand. And the Foorwill hundred and sixty south of town—that was either thirty-five hundred or four thousand. And Hanson's timber tract—fifteen hundred. And quite a few others—some she knew of, some she half knew of. And admitting poor arithmetic and making large allowance for bad days at the hardware store ——

Queerly Amelia Smith looked down at the total that the nub of pencil finally effected. Without doubt Bascom could afford many things that—that he claimed he couldn't afford.

The soul of woman is sometimes a peculiar thing. All her married life this one had accepted cramped years. For herself she had not really minded much. Not any more than a weak plant minds, perhaps, being bent aside by a stout one. For Bert she had minded—but she had accepted. But now—for those whom Bert had joined ——

Laying down the nub of pencil she folded her arms tight across her chest and rocked with grim steadiness. Her deprecating old faded blue eyes were very thoughtful. And unconsciously she spoke aloud: "I—I just wonder how Sophy White would contrive—if it was her."

"What you saying?" demanded Bascom Smith, coming in, pipe empty, yawning comfortably as preamble for bed.

"Bascom"—diffidently—"there's going to be another drive next week—for the Y. M. C. A."

Bascom Smith comfortably finished his yawn and pulled off a heavy square-toed shoe. Then calmly: "I s'pose so. Well—I bought Liberty Bonds. More'n one. And Bert's gone. I guess no one can say I ain't done my share. Awful lot of these drives."

He pulled off the other shoe and went up the small stairs. But his wife rocked quite a while, the maple chair creaking slowly, regularly, before she followed him.

It was a week later that Amelia Smith slowly asked her husband, over the noon table: "Bascom, just how many Liberty Bonds did you buy?"

Bascom Smith carefully helped himself to pot-roast leavings made hot and tasty with onions, and said calmly: "You're getting inquisitive, Melly. Who wants to know?"

"No one but me"—diffidently.

"Well, I guess I bought enough—for me," he said comfortably, pouring plenty of catchup over browned onions.

There was silence—for a while. In the kitchen beyond, the wood fire—Melly was baking bread that day—sputtered

Melly Smith drew a quite long breath; it might have been one of resolution. Then quite carelessly: "Bascom, was it your grandfather or your great-grandfather who changed the name from Schmidt to Smith?"

Bascom Smith frowned slightly. "Why—it wasn't either of them. Our name's always been plain Smith. You know that well enough, Melly"—with a touch of offense.

"But it seems to me"—meekly persistent—"that I heard —— Leastwise your Aunt Mary said ——"

"Aunt Mary Canton's grandfather was named Schmidt, and changed it—forty-five years back. But that's a married-in branch of our family," he explained at testy length.

"Oh," said Melly; and seemed to lapse into thought. So that Bascom had to tell her that he thought the bread in the oven was burning. He smelled it.

More slowly than was her wont, even when no emergency urged, his wife went to take out the three-loaved pan and put another in the oven. Returning ——

"Bascom"—in a low voice—"if you can spare it I'd like four dollars to pay for one of the comfort kits ——"

He frowned up from the generous fourth of blueberry pie that topped the savory meat leavings. "Why, you sent Bert one already—months ago."

"Not for Bert—this one. The circle is buying twenty to send to boys who have no one to give 'em ——"

Bascom Smith finished his pie in one comfortable mouthful.

"I guess it ain't necessary"—calmly. "I guess most boys have some relation who sends 'em things. It's been my opinion for some time that there's a lot of stuff bein' sent wastefully."

He pushed his chair back with scraping leisure and departed for Main Street and the hardware store.

It was that evening, as she rose to replenish the plate of new bread that Bascom was so fond of, that Amelia Smith asked gently, earnestly: "Bascom, you ain't got no pro-German leanings, have you?"

Bascom Smith laid down the knife and the fork that he had been about to use upon a baked potato, and he regarded his wife of thirty years with the pure, undisguised amazement of a normal sensible citizen and husband, American in stock, in connections and in spirit.

"Are you going crazy, Melly?"—with asperity.

"Why, no"—gently.

He snorted—as though he were not sure.

The days went on. Across the ocean the drive, like a great serpent, waxed great, waxed dormant, coiled viciously, coiled stealthily, but every day its long red tongue spit out a casualty list.

Amelia Smith read quiveringly. Bascom read stolidly but carefully.

From the side stoop one evening as he smoked and read the evening paper he remarked: "I'll be glad when Bert gets home."

"Yes, yes." Bert's mother's voice was fear-hushed. Presently as she swept out the supper crumbs from the rag rug she said diffidently: "I wonder, Bascom, if you could spare a few dollars. There's the W. S. S. drive this week, and Jane Kettle asked me ——"

Bascom Smith drew stolidly at his pipe. He had finished the casualty list and was interestedly conning steel quotations.

He was pleasedly conscious that farming implements could hardly be listed as nonessentials, and therefore the owner of a hardware store had a measure of advantage above some of his fellow merchants, especially since the times gave such implements a growing meed of popularity.

"Oh, I signed up some time ago for my quota," absently he informed her.

"Some—some don't feel able to take their—their quota," said she deprecatingly. "Mebbe we ought to take a few extra ——"

"I'm doing all I can afford"—pettishly. "I wish you wouldn't talk so much while I'm reading, Melly. Sort of distracts me."

In silence Amelia Smith finished brushing up the crumbs. In silence she got paper and pencil to write her nightly letter to Bert with the A. E. F. When she had finished writing she drew her maple rocker between the dining table and the door of the side stoop, so that the center lamplight fell on her darning, while at the same time she could hear any remark that Bascom, outside on the vine-hung stoop, might make.

But it was Amelia who made the first remark—after a little thoughtful while. A slow, meditative remark it was too:

"I don't think Mattie Watson really believes we're favoring our enemies—you 'n' me, Bascom. I told her we ain't. I explained real careful that you couldn't afford it when she asked me for two dollars toward the hundred that the church is going to pay for adopting a French orphan. I tried real positive to assure her that you 'n' me, Bascom, don't side with those that's made so many orphans."

For the second time in two weeks Bascom Smith turned eyes large with amazement on his quiet, gray-haired wife of thirty years.

"What! Mattie Watson saying ——"

"Oh, Mattie didn't say one word!"—quickly. "I never gave her the chance. I explained before she could say anything. I was real careful to explain quick."

Her husband got clear up out of his chair and came to the doorway and stared down at her.

"What in Sam Hill would you feel called on for to explain anything like that! Me, whose folks have always lived in Amer——"

Melly had finished the sock heels and got her knitting. Her long old-fashioned steel needles—which had been her grandmother's—crossed with firm steadiness as she interrupted:

"There's lots of spies; and some of 'em, their folks have always lived here."

"And a son at the Front ——"

"Lots of sons go from homes that ain't loyal. Lots of sons go against their fathers' wishes."

Her voice was monotonously firm. And regretful too. Her face's little wrinkles showed under a small flush Frank astonishment bulged from Bascom Smith's heavy face in the doorway still staring down at her.

"Melly, I actually believe you've brooded so much over Bert that you're losing your mind! Ain't I born of American folks for generations back? Ain't I a respected citizen? Ain't I got my only son fighting for this country?"

"Y-yes," said his wife very slowly.

"Then what in thunder are you driving at?"

His wife counted forty-two, the needles crossing steadily, before she replied: "I ain't driving at anything,

(Concluded on Page 73)

"I'm Doing All I Can Afford. I Wish You Wouldn't Talk So Much While I'm Reading, Melly. Sort of Distracts Me"

The WHITE COMPANY

HEAVY DUTY WHITE TRUCK WITH DOUBLE REDUCTION GEAR DRIVE

Announces

A Double Reduction Gear Drive In Its Heavy Duty Trucks

Having all the flexibility and leverage of chain drive at its best. The superior leverage of a chain and sprocket, in applying power near the wheel rim by a rolling contact, is obtained in the Double Reduction axle by gears enclosed in the wheels and running in oil.

This is not an Internal Gear Drive with two axles. It is a *Centre Gear Drive* with power transmitted through gears on each end of a single axle. The entire load is borne by a compact housing. The axle shafts are carried in sleeves within the housing and are free to propel the truck without supporting any weight.

The twisting and jolting of uneven roads cannot cramp the driving mechanism. Wedging of gears is impossible.

THE DOUBLE REDUCTION PRINCIPLE

has been a large factor in the efficiency of White 1½—2-ton trucks, so widely used in both commercial and military service. It has long been an engineering problem to adapt it to shaft-driven, heavy-duty trucks. *This has now been accomplished without adding a single pound to the unsprung weight.*

The chassis is clean cut. The rear axle housing is so compact it affords practically the road clearance of a straight axle. The tread is narrower. All parts are easily accessible. Moving parts are so simple and so rugged, dust protected and immersed in oil, that they are proof against rough usage. So frictionless is the whole driving system that the truck's coasting radius has been greatly extended.

White performance has been raised to a new level of efficiency. White operating cost has been lowered to a new level of economy, by a driving system which requires no adjusting whatever and will outwear the truck itself.

The new trucks have been in active service for several months.
Deliveries will be made as soon as production in the factory
overtakes urgent military needs.

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

Note the curve of the instep of this Brown Shaping Last. Each size is designed to gradually develop the natural beauty of the feet, while giving them proper support at every point.

Wherein Brown Shaping Lasts Differ From Ordinary Lasts Used in Shoemaking

THE underlying principle back of Brown Shaping Lasts is that *shoes*—not Nature—*shape* the growing feet. Most lasts are made simply to please the eye with the shape of the finished shoe—without regard to the *needs* of the feet.

The Brown Shaping Lasts are designed scientifically—to give the *correct shape* to each size in Buster Brown Shoes—to insure perfect foot development at every age, from 2 to 16.

The boy or girl who wears Buster Brown Shoes during the formative years, will develop correctly shaped feet—free from cramped bones, broken arches and other serious foot ailments.

Buster Brown Shoes are sold by good stores everywhere in the U. S. at $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and up—in styles and leathers to suit individual tastes—all with Government standard oak-tanned soles.

Every parent should read the book, "Training the Growing Feet," the authority on correct foot development. Mailed free. Brown Shoe Company, Exclusive Manufacturers, St. Louis, U. S. A.

For Girls **BUSTER BROWN SHOES** For Boys of 2 to 16

(Concluded from Page 69)

Bascom"—deprecatingly. "I just told you I was real particular to explain careful to Mattie Watson—and to Cora Taley, who was there too—that you couldn't afford to give those two dollars for the orphan collection, but that you wasn't one mite favoring our land's enemies."

Bascom Smith turned his chair so that it faced Melly and sat down mechanically. He looked hard at her.

"Melly," he finally said, "I don't want to say plumb out that you're a fool. But I don't think anyone with real strong sense would go round these days explaining her husband didn't favor the Germans unless something had first been said about him doing it! And it stands to reason no one would even think of saying such a thing in connection with me ——"

She interjected gently: "No one said anything of the sort, Bascom. Neither Mattie nor Cora. No one has said it—yet." Over her voice hung, though, a troubled inflection.

Her husband's lower jaw fell down from his upper, quite a way, leaving an inch or more of startled openness between his two rows of front teeth.

"'Yet'!" he ejaculated. "Why—what the ——"

Amelia Smith spoke earnestly: "And I'll keep right on explaining to everyone, Bascom, that you can't afford to contribute much to any cause. I tell folks that they know I've always worn hats and coats for years and years ——"

"Amelia ——"

"I try to make everyone feel real sure that at bottom you're a patriotic citizen—and I'll keep on trying. I wouldn't like it to get round that in your heart you favor a nation of murderers and oppressors ——"

"Melly! Amelia Junkins Smith! There ain't no sense in talking this way!" It was almost a shout. "You'll make this a serious matter. You've got to quit. You'll be putting the idea in people's heads ——"

His wife's head turned as though in sudden apprehension. Warningly she put a withered old forefinger to gentle lips. "Sh-h-h! Sh! Sophy White's sitting-room window over her pansy bed this side of the house is open," she whispered. "And she can hear real plain."

"What ——"

In the rolling round of Bascom Smith's eyes there was the frantic flurry of a perfectly upright man who finds himself the victim of a bewildering and enraging state of affairs. When, pray, had he ever been in the habit of making utterances in his house that he wasn't willing for Sophia White, or any other Murratown woman, or the whole batch of Murratown women, to hear!

"Melly, I tell you, you're getting flighty!"

But just then up the front walk came white-haired Mrs. Kewsley from across the street. She wanted Amelia next day to take three pairs of finished socks down to the Red Cross quarters, her own lumbago hindering her from the ten blocks' walk.

She stayed a neighborly hour. The two elderly women chatted gently, seriously of their work. From his chair out on the stoop Bascom Smith the greater part of that hour regarded his wife steadfastly. He pulled, too, perplexedly at his gray chin whiskers. The Monthly Hardware Organ lay on the floor.

The days went on quietly in Murratown, but busily. Across the ocean the drive, like a wide river, flowed on; now swift, now slow, but steadily bearing its ship of progress toward the great ocean of eternal justice.

Among the women of Murratown Amelia Smith was quietest and busiest. But mealtime with her and Bascom had come to be almost silent.

Bascom's days at the hardware store, too, were very busy. No farmers this year were depending on old or weak tools. Too much was at stake. Bascom Smith's face was most complacent often as he sat down to his excellent evening meal.

More complacent than ever before as one night he helped himself plentifully to the platter of baked whitefish that Melly, her wrinkled face red from bending over the cookstove, placed before him.

"I dunno what I'm going to do," he mused, as much to himself as for his wife's ears. "I'm clear out of cultivators—and the factories are 'way behind, they claim, on their output. Dog-gone it, I wish I'd stocked heavier. Though I didn't stock light at that"—with a touch of prideful comfort. "I saw what was coming. Except maybe the full extent of freight congestion. Another carload, though, would have fixed me fine."

Having poured the coffee, Melly sat down at her place. She did not seem to have heard what he said. For she observed irrelevantly: "Did you read where down in the southern part of the state they tarred and feathered a man named Handenburg? 'Cause he'd lived in this country a long time and accumulated property he never would have accumulated in his own country, and yet he went round declaring he hoped ——"

"I heard about it," said her husband absently. "Dog-gone it, I wish I'd been forethoughted enough to get one more car of cultivators." Into his coffee he put his customary—for thirty years—two high teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Amelia Smith stirred her coffee absently—which was without her customary one spoonful.

"Wasn't the man named Handenburg that once you was thinking of taking into partnership in the store, Bascom?" she asked diffidently.

Bascom Smith stopped his fork halfway to another portion of baked fish and regarded her suspiciously. Was she beginning again?

"It was a man named Sandenburg"—shortly.

"Oh!"

There was silence for a while.

"Of course, it's awful easy to change one letter in your name," she finally mused, more to herself, it seemed, than for her husband's ears. "Sandenburg—um-m—Handenburg—um-m."

"Say!" Bascom began to splutter, choked over a fishbone, had to wait to force it out of his throat, finally got speech again. "Say, that Sandenburg's dead and gone these fifteen years! And, anyway, he was too slow-witted to be any kind of a traitor or a patriot either."

"Was he?"—gently.

Amelia Smith busied herself cutting the barley-crusted dewberry pie. When she had cut it and passed a plate to Bascom she remarked softly: "But no one ever said you were slow-witted, though, Bascom."

Irrelevant—this soft remark?

Bascom Smith must have caught a furtive relevancy. He again regarded her suspiciously.

"What do you mean, Melly?"

"Why, nothing, Bascom"—deprecatingly.

He attacked his quarter of pie.

"I hope," said his wife as though to herself, "that Mattie Watson don't remember anything about you pretty near taking that Sandenburg into partnership, and connect it with this man that's been tarred and feathered, on account of the names being so much alike and it being terrible easy to change one letter in a name. But Mattie's awful keen on remembering things; I must run round and see her first thing in the morning and tell her it ain't the same man; and even if it was, in your heart you don't favor our enemies ——"

The juicy mouthful of pie that Bascom Smith was raising to his mouth fell and spattered a snowy cloth. But his mouth stayed open startledly—though words issued instead of crust and berries entering.

"Amelia! You'll do no such thing! There ain't no call to do such a thing! Mattie Watson ain't no reason to start to thinking ——"

"I know she ain't no reason"—firmly. "And that's why I better run round and tell her so."

He put up his hands in dismay. "Melly! Ain't you got no sense? Ain't you—can't you ——"

He stuttered, stammered, not finding the right words. But he finally got out: "You never did know any too much, Melly!"—irately.

"But I sh'd think even a plain idiot would know enough not to go round denying a thing that no one's been accused of."

"Oh, I wouldn't listen to anyone accuse you, Bascom," said she stoutly, very stoutly. "I resolved that—quite a while ago."

"Melly!" It was a shout. "I ain't going to stand this any more! You've kept this up for weeks! I think you ought to see a doctor, I don't think you're feeling right."

"I feel real well," she objected. "Maybe I'm a little tired these last few days. As long as you couldn't afford to give any money for a comfort kit for some boy that ain't got any relations to send him one I helped Mattie and Jane Kettle and Cora Taley and Sophy White and old Mrs. Kewsley and Sarah Hopkins make theirs—that they could all afford to send. So I been working pretty steady. But I just made 'em let me help. So's I could feel like I'd done something to help."

A slow scowl had been steadily covering Bascom Smith's full face during this deprecating speech.

"There's a lot of unnecessary money being spent for such truck," he said coldly. "A lot."

"Maybe"—deprecatingly. "But—you ain't spent any of it, Bascom."

"No, I ain't"—strongly. "I bought my Liberty Bonds and some thrift stamps ——"

"Well, of course. Most everyone has"—mildly. "Those are real safe ways of keeping your money. And—you get the interest too. But of course I know you've done all you can afford, Bascom. You've said so plenty often. And you needn't worry. I'll do all I can to contradict any impression that in your heart you're favoring ——"

"But I ain't favoring 'em!" he almost shouted, pie quite forgotten.

"I know you ain't, Bascom"—gently. "And I'll feel awful bad if the whole town gets the impression that you are. 'Course though"—stoutly—"I'm your wife, Bascom. For thirty years now, Bascom. And I wouldn't desert you—no matter what folks start to saying about you, Bascom."

Silent sat Bascom Smith at the other end of the table, and glared at his gentle, suddenly garrulous, gray-haired wife in the way a lion might glare were it wrapped and rewrapped with numberless little wiry threads that, separate, might be perfectly breakable, but together were strong enough to hold him, steel-netwise.

And when the net has been woven by one's own household —— Over Bascom Smith's angry stupefaction a sort of panic seemed to flicker.

"I've give a son to my country," he declared with unnecessary vigor, banging a fist on the table. "I guess that's enough."

He stiffly ate the remainder of his dewberry pie.

Amelia Smith's withered old fingers were playing absently with the old-fashioned corner fringe of the tablecloth. Her eyes were downcast.

Outside a village four-passenger rattled by. A catbird in a lilac bush called stridently through the night air. Bascom Smith cleared his throat harshly.

"I guess Bert's something," repeated Bascom Smith harshly. "We've sent him. You're just plumb crazy, Melly. And I want you to stop this way you're harping ——"

She broke in gently: "I dunno as we sent him, Bascom—you or me. I dunno as we had much to do with his going. He just—went. He wouldn't have felt right—afterward—enjoying his life and eating his three comfortable meals a day, knowing that thousands of other men, all liking to live, laid their lives down so he—and us—could enjoy existence and property in peace and comfort."

She added: "Leastways, that's what he told me—the last night he was here."

Supper being finished, Bascom Smith, making no rejoinder, rose from his chair, scraping it back loudly, and got his pipe and the Monthly Hardware Organ from the walnut stand in the bay window and went out to the small side stoop.

Deprecatingly Amelia's voice came out to him:

"But you needn't fret, Bascom. No matter what folks say—or do—or what aspersions are cast at you, I'll remember I'm your wife for thirty years. And I'll explain wherever I can and whenever I can that in the bottom of your heart you ain't favoring our enemies. I'll explain real careful and particular that you can't afford ——"

It happened that at that moment Ky White, a bit irritable from an altercation with Sophy over certain domestic matters that Sophy really might have deferred till his supper had been enjoyed, passed the Smith place.

He did not speak to Bascom. The altercation lay too engrossingly on his marital soul. He was brooding. But subconsciously he noted that his neighbor and fellow merchant was squirming in his chair on the side stoop. The Monthly Hardware Organ lay on the floor beside Bascom. His pipe was unlighted.

Mrs. Bascom Smith's gentle voice came out in a murmur that was vague to Ky on the sidewalk beyond. But noting Bascom squirm and the knotted appearance of his tight chunky forehead, Ky decided absently that the mosquitoes must be worse round the Smith house than round his own.

As to his not speaking—Ky never remembered that he didn't call an "Evening, Basc!"

But Bascom Smith with a sort of panic noted that such greeting was not called. And the panic was topped by sudden horrible fear. Suppose folks really thought —— Ah!

Came a week when the Murratown Weekly Gazette on Friday held this item:

It is a pleasure for the Gazette to record that at least one Murratown citizen feels his obligations to his land. We refer to Bascom Smith, American in stock, in connections and in spirit. We wish that others would imitate him. Brother Bascom has gone the limit—if the peculiarly apt slang expression be permitted. He has adopted a round dozen French and Belgian orphans; he has given comfort kits to a number that has three figures; he has bought a phonograph and a hundred records for the cantonment from which his son went. And he has made other contributions really too numerous to mention.

True, he has not done more than his civic duty. But plenty are escaping duty with a very small "d."

Bascom Smith reads this item often. He cut it out and carries it round in his pocket.

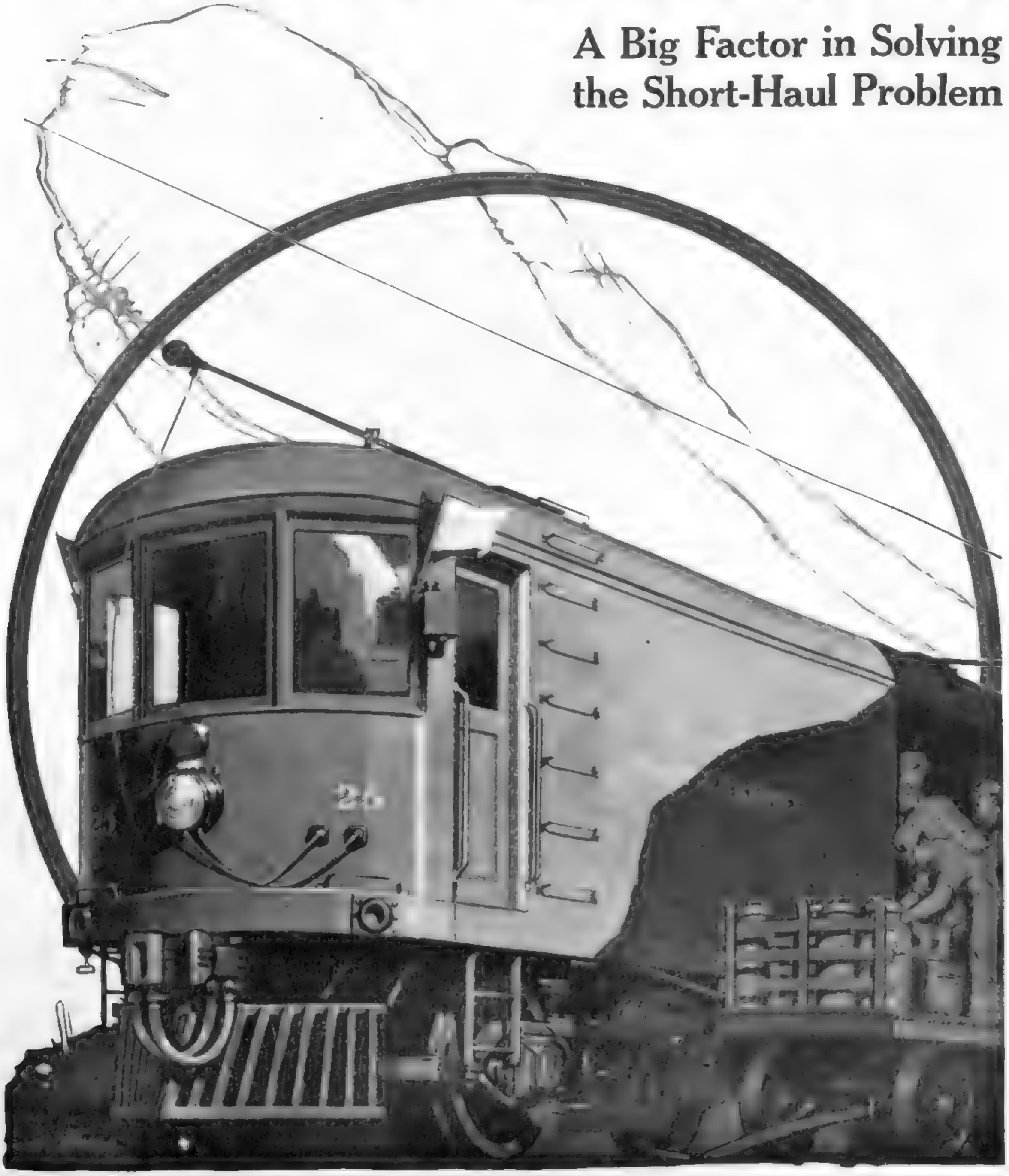
Often after reading it, on the side stoop, he turns his head and regards his little quiet gray-haired wife with a suspicious glance. One might say that from his glance suspicion fairly drips. Is it possible that in thirty years he has underestimated Melly's subtlety? It doesn't seem possible. And yet ——

But not always. Quite often his glance rests with sheepish pleasure, not to say comfort, on the item. And once or twice, upon receipt of a grateful letter from the other side or from some cantonment near home, something that is strangely like a beam of satisfaction lights Bascom's somewhat stolid face. For after all, however hard a tooth-drawing may be, there is always a sense of relief after it is drawn.

Melly, though—gray-haired, quiet Melly—notes neither glance. Melly is one of those who, being exaltedly concerned with accomplishment, cannot descend to gloat over the means of that accomplishment. Besides, she is too busy—working and praying.

Trolley Transport

A Big Factor in Solving the Short-Haul Problem



Westinghouse

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES. LINE AND POWER PLANT EQUIPMENT

IN time of peace, adequate transportation is essential to national prosperity—in time of war, it is vital to national safety.

With the steam roads struggling under a burden unprecedented, the electric interurban railways of the country are proving a transportation factor of incalculable value through their quick economic handling of an immense volume of short-haul freight.

By helping to solve the short-haul problem, they are going far to relieve steam-road congestion and thus enable through traffic to be handled with greater speed and efficiency.

Because of "trolley transport" the flow of equipment, material and fuel to the nation's industries is far larger and more rapid than it would be otherwise, and production—the vital necessity of the hour—is increased—

Vast quantities of perishable foodstuffs are being saved and feeding the nation made less difficult—

Fuel is conserved through the use of electric power—

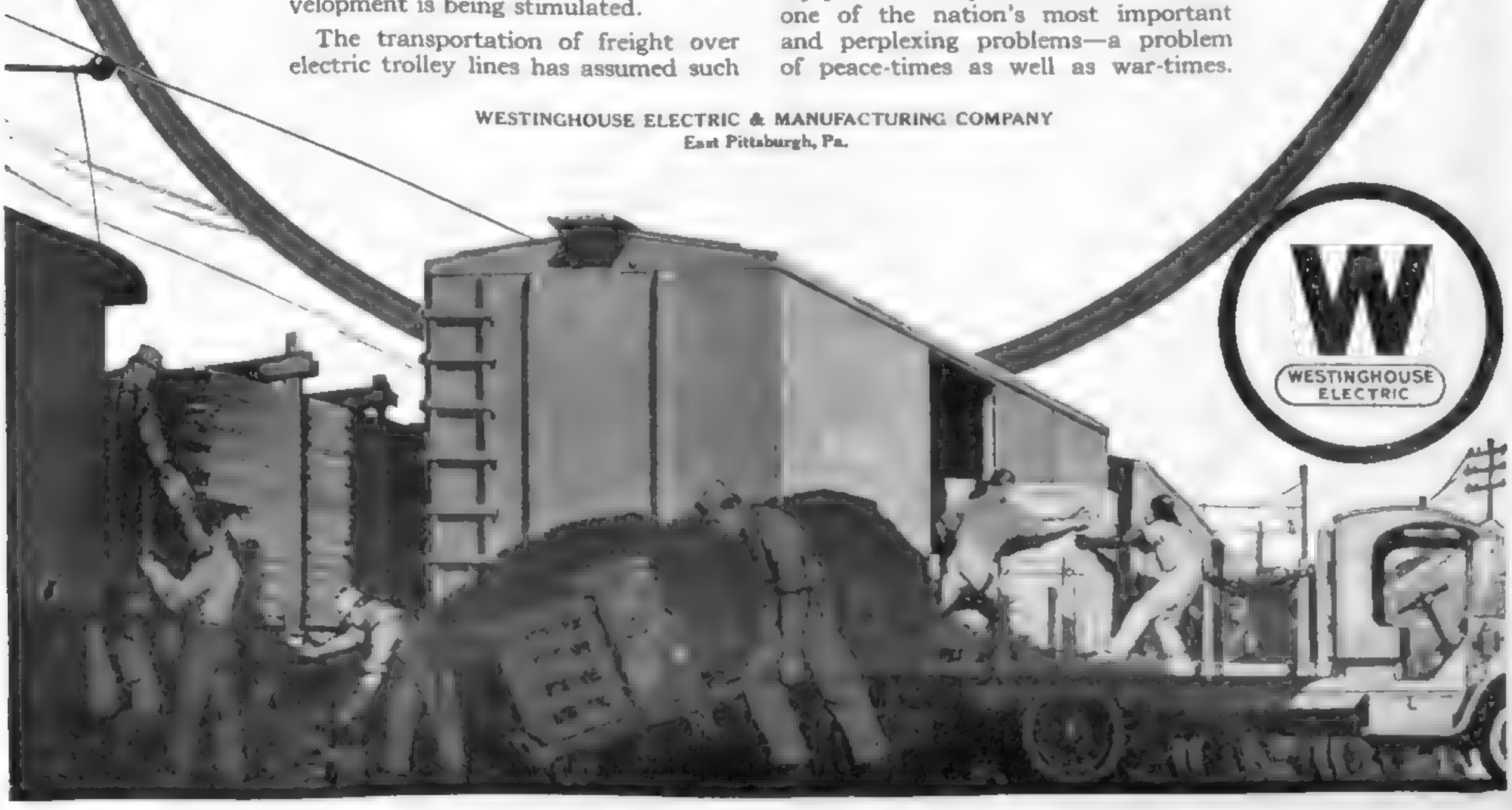
Agricultural and manufacturing development is being stimulated.

The transportation of freight over electric trolley lines has assumed such proportions that at one terminal—that of the Detroit United Railway—100 cars a day are loaded out, equivalent to from 300 to 500 steam-road cars, since many are motor cars and make a large average daily mileage. The time-honored interurban center, Indianapolis, is just completing the most extensive electric railway freight terminal in the world, and one which would be a credit to many an important steam road.

On a number of electric roads, traffic is interchanged with steam lines. The Waterloo, Cedar Falls and Northern Railway, an Iowa line, for example, handles 70 per cent of the switching entering Waterloo over three steam roads. In a typical month, this electric line hauled more than 2,000 cars and transported approximately 85,000 tons of freight.

Extensive as is the haulage of freight by electric railways today, however, the possibilities of trolley transport have only begun to be realized. With one-seventh as much mileage as all the country's steam roads, and a capitalization of approximately $5,000,000,000, the electric lines of the country point the way towards a solution of one of the nation's most important and perplexing problems—a problem of peace-times as well as war-times.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



BILGE AND THE "Q" BOAT

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

DECORATION BY R. DUNKELBERGER

BILGE, do you-all consider yohse'f a brave man?" inquired the chief boson's mate in his Texan drawl.

"Some," admitted the chief machinist's mate with a look of what he hoped was becoming modesty.

"Well, then, what's a 'Q' boat?" The connection was not clear, but it might appear later.

"Search me, Ma! What is she?" And Kennedy looked up interestedly from the bottom of the dory, where he was doubled incomprehensibly about the engine.

The chief machinist's mate was conceded to be the only man who could make the said engine of the said dory run, and he took a pride in that fact. To-day, when she was wanted worst, the dory was perversely more out of kilter than usual and lay sprawled on the mid-deck, opposite the engine-room hatch, with Kennedy inside and tinkering inquisitively, unscrewing nuts, looking at carburetors, examining spark plugs, and testing air-pump valves or any other gadget that might possibly have been the seat of such cantankerous misbehavior. There was a smear of oil and grease overlying the freckles on Bilge's face, and his rack of straight red hair, which had hung annoyingly over his eyes in a lurid waterfall as he peered into the intricacies of the motor, was tossed back over his brow when he lifted his head and turned to contemplate the homely but benign features of the chief boson's mate, whose last name was Ford, whose first was forgotten, and who, because of some fancied maternal note in his nature or expression, rejoiced in this absurd feminine epithet of Ma. Sometimes his mates referred to Ma in moments of extreme facetiousness or in moods of deep affection as "her" or "she" or "the old girl," all of which Ma bore with that air of dignified calm and patient resignation which was a part of his complement of personal graces.

"They're makin' one over at the basin," he observed as, after tearing off a bite of plug twist, he sat on the gunwale of the motor dory and gazed blandly down at the knotted figure in the greasy dungarees.

"Out of what?" inquired Bilge, piqued as always by problems in construction.

"Some kind of an old lime-juicer," deposed the Texan. "I allow 'at she was about the toughest-lookin' old hulk you ever laid your eyes on to start with, but they-all have got her camouflooed up to look like a right smart of a boat now."

"What they goin' to do with her?"

"Hunt submarines."

"Hunt submarines? Ma, you make a noise like a nut," reproved Bilge.

"I dunno about that," demurred Ma, who was undertaking this exposition with the express idea of involving his bosom friend in a mad project to which he was himself already committed, and who must proceed therefore with circumspection. "The idea is to take this old tub out for a sort of decoy duck, and run her back and forth across the Channel till a sub comes up and torpedoes her, and then they're goin' to turn round and everlastingly lam the tar out of the Hun."

The monkey wrench fell with a clatter to the bottom of the boat. Bilge untied one-half of the square knot formed by his legs and arms and sat up quite straight.

"That sounds reasonable now, don't it?" he commented with sarcasm that was meant to blight. "Let yourself get sunk and then turn round and sink the boat that sunk you!

"Hand me the screw driver, Ma, and I'll tighten up some of those screws that's loose in your head."

"She kin do it," argued Ma, undeterred. "She's a reg'lar floating arsenal."

"Hey?" And for a moment the keen questioning eyes of Bilge took on a light of cunning appreciation.

"Yeh!" opined Ma, and manifested the degree of his satisfaction at having got this much of a rise out of Bilge by expectorating over the side in a graceful arc. This arc, however, took no account of Dyckman, on a scaffold a few feet above the water, artistically retouching the zebra stripes on the side of the United States Destroyer Judson, at present on duty in European waters.

"Here!" snarled an angry voice from out of sight. "Who's mussin' up my yellow paint with tobacco juice?"

But Ma, innocently unaware of his relation to that angry tone, was going on to describe the "Q" boat:

"Forward on the bridge is a sort of monkey house. When you touch a button the sides of the monkey house fall down, and, by jingo, they's a gun a-settin' there! Then stuck in some false work about the waist hatch is two more guns, one on each side. And aft there's a thing that looks like a water tank on the deck, but it's canvas. You pull a rope and it drops, and, by heck, there's another gun!"

Having thus concluded his description, Ma expectorated again, and, as before, the line of his indirect fire was perfect. This time no angry word came up from over the side, but a pair of wrathful eyes appeared at the level of the deck and took a careful observation, while a right hand poised a brushful of sticky, gooey yellow paint.

"But what the Sam Hill good are her guns after they've let a torpedo into her? She'll sink in five minutes," declared Bilge with a total loss of enthusiasm for the project.

"That's the next point," explained Ma with the self-contained air of one who held all wisdom in his grasp. "You couldn't sink her if you planted a torpedo in her every fifty feet from end to end. And when the sub comes up to loot her and take off prisoners they just lam her."

Ma smiled ingratiatingly, but an expression of strong and utter disapprobation spread itself over the usually amiable features of the chief machinist's mate.

"Fine idea, isn't it?" he snorted. "Shoot us gobs in the engine room all to Davy Jones, while the deck force and the gun crews lays up nice and safe. Why, certainly!" And Bilge's scorn was meant to be entirely withering. "That scheme is so good you must 'a' thought it all out by yourself, Ma!"

"I ast you if you was brave," reminded Ma delicately.

Bilge ignored this subtle shaft.

"Besides," he argued heatedly, "what's to prevent old Fritz's just slipping in his pill and getting away? You're lying up there with your guns all nicely camouflaged and nobody in sight to shoot at. What does that get you?"

"Fritz has got a habit of searching an abandoned ship," explained Ma.

"But if you've abandoned ship there's nobody there to work the guns."

"That's the foxy part of it, Bilge," elucidated Ma, drawing on fresh reserves of patience. "They just pretend to abandon ship. Two or three boatloads that looks like the full crew goes down the davits and rows off, but the fightin' men stays aboard."

"But wait," taunted Bilge; "wait! Fritz's also got a habit of havin' a little target practice by firing on crews that abandons ship. The fellows that go out in those boats to convince the Hun that this ship is bona fide abandoned are going to get shot as full of holes as your shirt."

"Not on your life," Ma argued stoutly. "Before a submarine begins to shell she's got to come up, hasn't she, and got to get her men up on top to work the gun, and by the time she does all that what's our guns done to her? They've sunk her—that's what they've done!"

"Our guns? You talk like you was going on her."

"I allow to," admitted Ma with a foxy grimace.

Bilge was nonplused.

"But she's a limey, you said."

Quite consistently our enlisted sailormen call any British ship a limey, from the old lime-juicers; and all English jack-tars are limeys and seldom anything else to the American gob.

"She was a limey, but they've turned her over to us to take out."

The indignation of Bilge burned hot again. "Just what I figured," he declared, hitching his dungarees round him desperately. "They go and get up the ship and, they get up the scheme, but they have to turn it over to us to get the men who has got the immortal courage to do the job. And who's a-going to take her out, I'd like to know?"

"Captain Bradshaw!"

Ma announced this with the air of one who has released a thunderclap of a sensation.

Bilge's lurid greasy features expressed both amazement and concern. Involuntarily he glanced toward the bridge of the Judson, which was where Captain Bradshaw mostly had his habitat.

"It's a plant!" denounced Bilge. "They assigned him on purpose, because they know there's a lot of men on this boat that'll do for Bradshaw what they wouldn't do for no one else—men that'll go along just to be on hand and to look out for him."

"They didn't assign him; he volunteered," enlightened Ma.

"Say!" accused Bilge. "You seem to know a bloomin' lot about this enterprise, don't you?"

"I'm goin' to be his chief boson's mate," deposed the Texan, releasing his Sensation Number Two with effective self-restraint.

"Oh! And I suppose, you old alleged ex-cowpunch, you figure that by telling me all this long and thrilling story I'll be darned fool enough to volunteer, too, and take my own particular watch with me—take the best bunch of engine men in the flotilla down into that old hooker with the compartments locked, and cruise back and forth waiting for some torpedo to blow us all to kingdom come, so Captain Bradshaw can get the D. S. O. and the Legion of Honor, and so on. Well, you're wrong. You know, oncet in a while, Ma, out in my native Montana, we used to tie a bleating calf to a trap when we were trying to catch a mountain lion. Well, I always did have a lot of sympathy for the calf, and I'm not going to be the calf this time."

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"That's the way you got it figured, hey?" answered Ma with an expression of disappointment, and lifting his chin slightly he relieved himself of accumulations of plug twist by an expectoration so hearty that it was meant to convey to Bilge that he spat out of his mouth all such lukewarm prudential philosophies as the machinist's mate had just expressed.

An instant later the paintbrush left the indignant hand of Dyckman, describing a very flat trajectory, but traveling with such high initial velocity that it carried well over the bowed head of Ma Ford, to find its billet with a swishy smeary thud exactly on the ear of Chief Gunner Abner Anderson, who was walking innocently but importantly along the deck with no thought of wandering into Dyckman's barrage of revenge and reprisal.

The brush next caromed over the head of Abner and fell innocently at the feet of A. B. Seaman Jurgenson, who that day was on gangway duty. Jurgenson looked up indignantly to see what careless person had dropped a paintbrush, and by way of protest and punishment lightly kicked the offending object into the bay.

Abner meanwhile had turned quickly to look for the missile which had so rudely smitten him, and found it not. Searching next for the person who had hurled it he was equally unsuccessful, because Dyckman, having observed the mischance of his aim, had stepped off the knot which had supported him, slipped down the rope to his scaffold, dropped a perfectly good bucket of yellow paint into the waters beneath him, seized a brush with black pigment upon it, and begun industriously to wield it upon another zebra stripe.

"Who hit me?" demanded Abner, and immediately his hand went to his ear, about which was an oozy feeling as of blood. "Who hit me?" he growled again, gazing at the smear of yellow paint in his hand.

Ma, the innocent cause of this sad mischance which had befallen Abner, looked up surprised, but maintaining an air of dignified composure, though with amusement in his heart, as he contemplated the discomfiture of the chief gunner; for nobody on the Judson loved Abner in particular, excepting only Abner, whose fondness for himself was considered noticeable, making up what others lacked in that respect.

"You look good, Abner, with one yellow ear," decided Ma after a critical glance. "It's a wonder to me your folks didn't think of that a spell ago, and camouflage you up thataway. You might 'a' been something now besides the chief gunner on a destroyer, where everybody knows there ain't no use for a chief gunner anyway."

"Who in Sam Hill threw this paint on me?" roared Abner, advancing menacingly as he noted sounds of uncontrollable laughter issuing from the bottom of the dory.

"I didn't," said Bilge resentfully, rising up suddenly, monkey wrench in hand. "I don't see that anybody did. It's probably just the yellow in you leaking out."

"I did kind of notice somethin' whiz by my ear just now," recalled Ma, by way of easing a situation that threatened to become strained. "It must 'a' come from starboard."

Abner made a hasty step across the deck and peered downward. Dyckman was there descried, artistically absorbed in making a beautiful black stripe end sharply at the edge of a yellow stripe. There was a bucket of very black paint in one hand and a very black brush in the other; nor was there any sign of a yellow brush or of a bucket of yellow paint. There was, however, that yard of bright yellow stripe on the side of the Judson, while yonder among the waves appeared a telltale yellowish tinge spreading rapidly and suggesting the presence of a canary-colored cuttlefish. Abner being from off Cape Cod was a man who could put two and two together. He was also a man with a very long reach, and Dyckman was a lad with a rather long pompadour of stiff black hair of which he was inordinately proud. Abner lowered himself noiselessly prone upon the deck, and reaching downward swiftly his long fingers engaged that bristling hirsute growth, relentlessly jerked the unsuspecting artist backward from his narrow plank and let him drop. With a wild whoop that was drowned in a gurgle Dyckman, paintbrush in one hand and paint bucket in the other, disappeared beneath the waves.

"You Yankees is shore some revengeful, ain't you?" observed Ma reproachfully. "Supposin', now, that boy couldn't swim."

"He can swim like a fish," retorted Abner; "which is why I should 'a' knocked him on the head."

Dyckman having abandoned brush and paint to swim to the anchoring buoy sat for a while dripping and meditating revenge before he should start to clamber up the anchor chains to the fo'castle head and dry clothing. Also he wondered if Captain Bradshaw was still in the chart house, whither he had seen him go some five minutes before as he waited and plotted against the peace and dignity of Ma; for if the captain was still in the chart house he might look out and observe Dyckman slipping bedraggled along the fo'castle deck; or descending the ladder from the chart house to his own quarters the captain might even meet the soused and dripping one face to face, when he would be sure to make some remark so scathingly sarcastic that the unfortunate subject thereof must remember it to his expiring day. And Dyckman was sensitive.

Dyckman was also quite right about the whereabouts of the captain, for the latter was at that moment sending a messenger down the ladder in search of one of his chief machinist's mates, Bilge Kennedy by name.

Bilge, mopping the grease and dirt from his face with a scrap of waste, reported as quickly as possible.

Captain Bradshaw, crisp of manner, magnetic of speech and clean of feature, with agate-brown eyes, darted a soul-reading glance at the red-headed master of one of his engine-room watches.

"Kennedy," he said, "as a special compliment to us our British friends are allowing us to take out the new mystery ship, Tunaloa. I am to command her. It is a hazardous enterprise—extra-hazardous for the engine-room crew."

"Yes, sir!" said Kennedy, straightening with a sense of new dignity.

Swiftly the captain outlined the project as he saw it, and Bilge listened with growing excitement and the lust for adventure kindling in his breast.

"This is a desperate war, Kennedy," Captain Bradshaw concluded, "and it will be won only by desperate measures. That sort is best carried out by desperate men. Want to go along?"

"I sure do!" gurgled Kennedy, blue eyes shining.

The captain looked relieved. "Pick the men for your watch," he directed, "but every man must know what we are going up against, and must go because he wants to."

"You been invited?" asked the boson's mate, slouching by as Bilge came down from the chart room.

"Yeh!" admitted Bilge laconically.

"Turned it down, I suppose?"

"Turned who down? Bradshaw?"

"Change your mind just like a woman, don't you?" heckled Ma.

"No, I change it like a man," retorted Bilge. "I admit 'at sometimes I am wrong, which you were never known to do. But I wasn't wrong this time. Captain Bradshaw put the scheme to me like it really is, and it listens entirely different from the dime-novel story you was telling. It's just clear cold sense the way he put it—sense and patriotism. Besides, we owe it to our allies. We only got to show these limeys how to do the thing a time or two, and then they can go and do it themselves."

"These limeys requires a lot of showin' according to your idea, don't they, Bilge?" teased Ma.

"Don't they according to yours?"

The question was so straight and blunt that it brought Ma down from the humors of persiflage to questions of conviction.

"They shore do!" he declared emphatically, and shuffled on his way quickly, to conceal the extreme joy with which his heart welcomed Bilge's allegiance to an enterprise the seductive lure of which had already won the adventurous spirit of the Texan.

And so it came to pass that the United States Destroyer Judson was denuded of her captain, of one of her chief boson's mates, of one of her chief machinist's mates and a goodly portion of her crew, every last man of whom, it seemed, was clamoring to get his name down on the suicide roll, as they cheerfully called the list Yeoman Newman was making up. And those who remained behind—simply because, with due respect to the rights of other ships in the flotilla, not all could be taken—lined the deck of the Judson and gave a brave, lump-swallowing cheer as they saw the "Q" Boat Tunaloa go lumbering out to sea some six days later at the hour of eight o'clock in the evening, when the long twilights of April in this latitude promised yet some hours before darkness.

And the crew of the "Q" cheered back. They knew how they were envied. These men who daily risked life and limb on destroyers engaged in patrol or convoy work were filled with jealousy at the opportunity of their fellows who were going to a duty far more dangerous.

Rationally, intelligently they rejected the assignment to the "Q" boat as the logic of Bilge had rejected it. It was the farthest from a bombproof job they could imagine. But emotionally, irrationally, vaguely, egged on by some uncharted impulse that rose up within them—something that wasn't logic and yet somehow commended itself as worthy of respect—they wished they were going along. They felt that they belonged. Rather than a V. C. or a Congressional Medal of Honor, each of them would have had a berth on that decrepit ship which, painted to look so smart, was steaming out to offer itself as a target for a torpedo that was going to kill somebody when it exploded, regardless of what happened later. It was a sort of human sacrifice to the gods of war that was about to be offered, but relieved of its horribleness by the element of chance and the opportunity for grips at the throat of a Hun which it promised.

The shades of night fell down at length, but at first they were not heavy shades, for an orange moon had wheeled into a dim-lit sky and paved a shining path across the waters, a path that found its way to a black hull laboring forward heavily, the hull of the "Q" boat, with her clumsy antiquated engines throbbing dully like a tired heart. True to the rules of traffic in wartimes, no lights were showing.

"How long do you expect to pull back and forth here, captain, before we draw a shot?" asked Kirk, the executive officer.

"*Quién sabe?*" answered Bradshaw in the vernacular of those Spanish-American waters in which he had done most of his naval duty. "A week, maybe."

"I'll lay you a little bet," proposed the exec.

"Lay it!"

"A dinner at the Savoy, if we ever see the Savoy again, that we don't draw a shot in a month."

"You're on!" said the captain briefly, absently almost, as he applied a telescope to his eye and for a long moment stood motionless and silent, his close-knit body playing to the wallow of the old ship in the sea. "Thought I saw something shine for a moment way out there in the path of the moon," he remarked presently. "Gad, what luck, Kirk, if we got it to-night!"

"Gives me a kind of creepy feeling," said Kirk, "this idea of being hunted. I can go after 'em in a destroyer all my life and never feel a quiver; but this ——"

A small black cloud had rather suddenly overlaid five-sixths of that huge orange moon, and by so much shrouded the sea in a sudden chilling darkness.

"—— this waiting for them to hunt us kind of—kind of—gets my goat."

Captain Bradshaw shrugged his shoulders as if he felt the chill. "Oh, I know, but it's just getting used to the idea. After a night or two ——"

"Look!" interrupted Kirk. "That cloud on the moon is just the shape of a sub."

"Kind of got 'em on your mind to-night, Kirk, old boy, haven't you?" laughed the captain.

"But it is!" argued the executive officer. "You can see his conning tower and his gun—by Jove, it's a big one!—and what looks like men sitting round on the deck, taking the air, just the way they probably are wherever subs are riding on the surface to-night."

Bradshaw laughed again, but not unsympathetically. "Does look a little like it," he admitted. The cloud drifted on and obscured the face of the moon entirely.

"Oh, I'm not scared," assured Kirk.

"At a cloud? Of course not! Besides, any man's liable to get the wind up if he thinks about it. I get it when I think about the boys on watch in the engine room. They're the ones that take the short chance. I've got everybody else sleeping out of danger."

"They're game!" approved Kirk.

"Game? If they weren't I wouldn't think about 'em. Since they don't think for themselves I do it for 'em."

But the captain was wrong; to-night the ratings were all thinking—every man on the ship was thinking, whether he stood at lookout, or marked the pound of the engines, or twisted in his hammock or on a mattress of straw. The newness of the sensation—this particular sensation—made everybody thoughtful. Minds went back across the Atlantic waters to wives or sweethearts or mothers or little children.

Some of these were in tenements of great cities on the Eastern seaboard, where poverty had always stalked, while some were on drives and boulevards or in big country houses, where there was luxury and ease and plenty. Some went back to homes in Appalachian manufacturing towns, and some went on west to the great prairies, and farther still to the giant Rockies and the fecund slopes that go down to the Pacific Ocean. Some minds turned in at broad entrances to wide rich farms, where all wealth of the soil boiled up its plenty, and some turned in at little wind-swept settlers' shanties or climbed narrow cañon trails to clefts in mountains that were almost like eagles' aeries.

So the minds turned back and worshiped at their several memory shrines, thinking and thinking of all the life behind. And whether the past had been rich or poor, love-filled or bleak and empty with only moments of heart happiness, it seemed to each that it had been rather prolific of fine things, and each thought of his own memory treasures longingly. As they looked forward it seemed that, given the old setting and the old opportunity, they could make it very much better, and they decided that they would when the war was over.

The moon crept slowly from behind the cloud.

"Did look kind of like a submarine," conceded the captain again as the last wraith of vapor trailed off the golden face that wheeled higher and higher in the heavens. "My God!"

There was a sudden jar and the ship appeared abruptly to stand still, while a muffled report sounded below and the bridge deck pulsed sharply under their feet.

"We've got it!" said Kirk laconically.

"We have!" exulted Captain Bradshaw. "And the first night out! Great! Great! But where? Well forward of the engine room, don't you think?"

With a touch of the captain's finger electric lights had flashed on all over the ship, and the forms of men leaping

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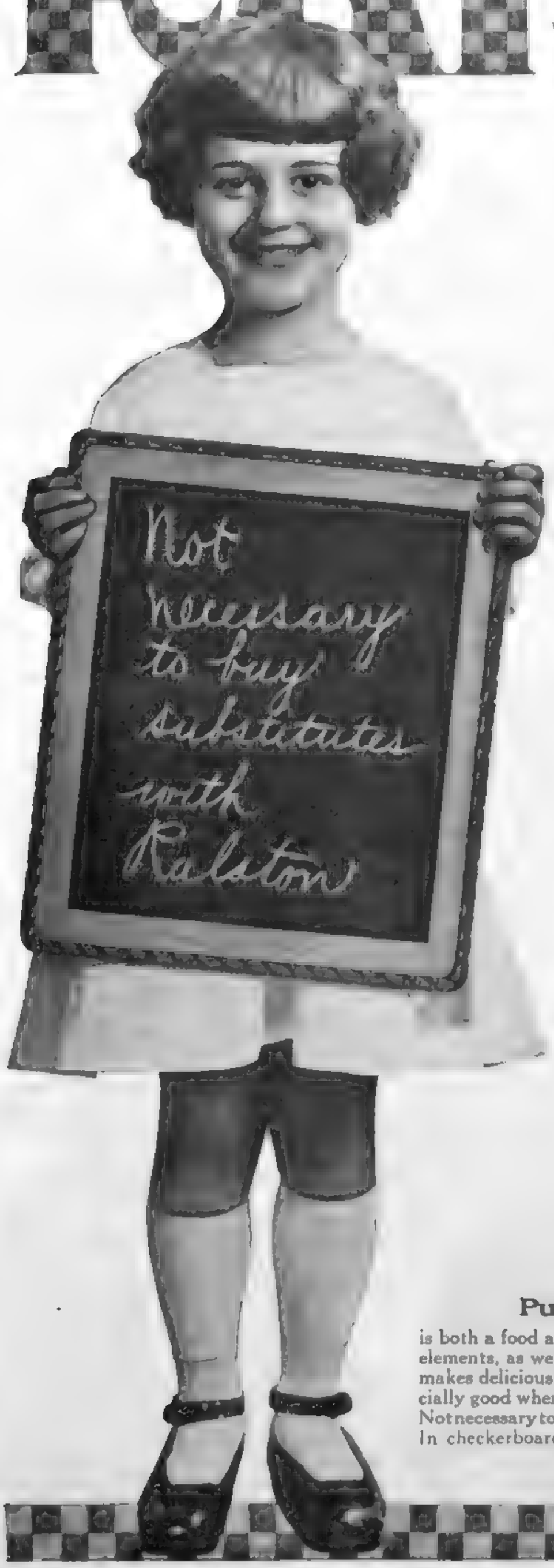

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(Continued from Page 79)

up from the deck or pouring from the hatchways appeared, rushing scantily clothed to the lifeboats to form the "panic party." There were shouts and cries and orders hoarsely bawled. There was every simulation of excitement and distress.

Out of this instantaneous turmoil a man came flying to the bridge to report: "Torpedo in forward starboard bunkers."

"Any casualties?" asked the captain anxiously.

"None, sir, but the boiler-room bulkhead is giving way under water pressure."

"Tell Kennedy to take his men out and get to the boats."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Already a boat was swinging out on the falls and being lowered excitedly, one end going down first—much first—and then the ropes sticking and an apparently frantic man cutting the clogging line and letting the other end of the craft swing free so that it would have spilled its complement into the water if there had been a complement within it. This boat at the disabled fall was abandoned and a second lowered, successfully but with noise and clatter. A third also reached the water safely, with some men already in it and some others sliding swiftly down the ropes.

A fourth boat was coming down the falls—a trick boat this, filled in the main with dummies and manned by but four live men—Bilge Kennedy, Ma Ford, Dyckman and Bunnie McIntyre. Bilge and Ma, each something of a leader of men, were doubled up with these dummies, where there was little leading to do, primarily because Executive Officer Kirk knew the penchant of each for the company of the other, and also because he knew that, with the chance of the torpedo what it was, Bilge might never come out of the engine room at all, in which event there would be no duplication of leadership in the dummy boat, for Ma Ford would then king it there with undivided sway.

But Bilge with all his crew had come safely from the engine room, and he threw himself heart and soul into playing his part as a member of the panic party. His boat, however, encountered difficulties before it reached the water, bringing up on some obstruction with a bump that shook every tooth in Bilge's head and threatened to spill the laboriously prepared dummies into the sea.

"Stop!" shouted Bilge to Dyckman and McIntyre, who were lowering away. "What the blue blazes ——"

"Bunker port is open," discerned Ma, peering from his end. "We hit on it."

"Blown open by the explosion, by heck, but still on the hinges," commented Bilge in some wonder; and promptly lowering himself over the side of the boat he stepped on the port and swung it round out of the way, as children ride on a gate. When the boat passed swiftly down again Bilge agilely leaped within and a moment later kicked the patent release which set it free on the waves just as Dyckman and Bunnie came sliding down among the dummies.

"Get her movin'," ordered Bilge; and each of the four bending to an oar they swung off in the wake of the two other boats.

The moon, whether by way of playing her part in the game of deception or because, not understanding, she could no longer bear to look upon a sight like this, rolled behind another shutter of cloud so thick that it shrouded the sea in total darkness, save only for the specks of tail lights on the receding lifeboats and the electric clusters still burning on the Tunaloa, which looked empty and deserted as a graveyard.

But this emptiness of appearance as well as the panic was all according to program, according to rehearsal conducted for four afternoons in port, even to that first boat with the fall rope cut, which swung now so uselessly from one end, like a mute but dramatic witness to shattered inefficient nerves. There was no sound of human presence anywhere about, save, far out, the rhythmic dip of oars, growing fainter and fainter, and that was drowned as steam began to blow off in the boilers of the Tunaloa.

Yet the "Q" boat was by no means deserted. Captain Bradshaw, Executive Officer Kirk and every other commissioned officer of the ship were there, waiting motionless or with their movements carefully screened. The gunners were concealed behind their ambushed guns, every muscle tense, every nerve alert, watchful and waiting for signals, while hidden lookouts scanned the black surface of the sea in every direction for a sign of the U-boat; but mostly of course they looked to starboard, for from starboard had come the blow.

Minutes passed and more minutes, and the enemy did not appear. The "Q" boat had settled somewhat in the water and was slowly assuming a lazy list to starboard. There was a smell of something burning too, and presently smoke tingled in the nostrils of Captain Bradshaw till he was put to it to keep from sneezing. Peering out he detected a faint cloud rising from the boiler-room hatch. This was not according to rehearsal. The explosion must have set something on fire—the bunkers probably; still the captain contemplated the prospective conflagration without apprehension. It was one more theatrical "property" of an abandoned ship; so he waited.

But the U-boat was slow in appearing—very, very slow. It was cautious—very, very cautious and canny. There was, however, nothing for the men on board to do but wait stubbornly. Months of hard work and thousands in money had been spent in getting the Tunaloa ready for her task. Now the trap had been baited, it was all ready to spring, and no impatient move of those ambushed on board must defeat the purpose.

So Captain Bradshaw crouched and peered; but the smell of smoke grew stronger. A speaking tube at his elbow rumbled and the captain applied an ear.

"The fire is making headway, sir!" reported the voice of Abner Anderson, in charge of the port waist gun.

"Can you get to it without exposing yourself on the deck?"

"No, sir."

"Then hold fast. Don't let a man move. Not one!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The captain returned to his scanning of the dark. "If only that fellow would come up and give us the once over!" he grumbled, when the speaking tube's depths were agitated again and the same voice of Abner Anderson was heard, but this time somewhat less even in its tenor.

"Have you thought of the magazine, sir?" it inquired.

"How far is the fire from the magazine?"

"About thirty feet, sir; but it might be a good deal closer. It's kind of eating along out of sight."

"Lay low and stick it out!" ordered the captain sharply.

"All right, sir," answered Abner; but there was anxiety in his voice, Abner being by nature an anxious soul.

Meanwhile Bilge and Ma had rowed away obediently but grouchily according to their enlisted-man natures.

"Blast that open port!" grumbled Bilge. "Come pretty near makin' me break my back."

"Come mighty nigh makin' me knock my teeth out on the gunnel," bleated Ma plaintively.

"Got the old whale in the water, though, and all my cargo of precious dummies," reflected Bilge with the satisfaction of duty well performed. "Set up there, you corpse, and look like a man!" And Kennedy desisted from his oar long enough to shoot a right hook into a bag of shavings incased in dungarees and with a knob at the top supposed to represent a human head. "Set up there, I tell you!" And he seized the manikin by the scruff of its manikin neck and braced the slouching thing on the seat.

So they rowed away, but not quite according to instructions. The three boats had been directed to keep together, but the boat of Bilge and Ma, of Bunnie and Dyckman, fell farther and farther behind the tail lights of the two others, and the glance of the chief machinist's mate rested more and more longingly on the spots and specks of brightness behind him that told where the old Tunaloa squatted and tilted lower and lower in the water. Bilge's strokes, too, became less and less determined, more and more casual. Presently they stopped altogether. McIntyre, whose oar complemented his, also stopped.

"What's the matter?" inquired Ma; and his gaze was also bent backward toward the "Q" boat.

"I can't bear running away from her, old girl," confessed Bilge moodily.

"We was to row right on off," reminded the old girl, like the voice of conscience she sometimes was.

"We're far off as I want to be," said Bilge. "Besides, with the moon covered up like that the sub can't see us. She figures 'at we have gone."

Ma's silence seemed to give assent to this hypothesis.

"I never did run away from a fight before," remarked Bilge, noting this passive attitude of Ma's and taking courage from it.

"Me neither," said Ma mournfully. "'Tain't in my Texas nature."

"We got to obey orders, haven't we?" warned Bunnie McIntyre.

"We sure have," argued Dyckman.

"Ma!" proposed Bilge out of the silence that had been allowed to follow Dyckman's remark. "Let's go back!"

"Row back and give the whole snap away?" protested Bunnie.

"Swim back, you infant in arms," growled Bilge.

"Swim?" inquired Ma meditatively, the note of mild interrogation in her voice showing that the old girl actually contemplated the possibility.

"It ain't more'n half a mile. We can do it in fifteen minutes or twenty, and take it easy all the way."

"But how'd we get on the boat?"

"That open bunker port."

"And what good do you allow we could do, even if we got back there?" Ma asked, not by way of making objection but as if he argued with himself.

"We'd kind of be round if anything happened," reasoned Bilge with exceeding wistfulness in his voice. "We've got one job off our hands and if we would get back there Satan might find some other useful work for our idle hands to do."

Ma thrust a hand into the water.

"Ain't more than fifty-two," he commented.

"Warmer'n the air, anyway," said Bilge; "so we won't feel the cold."

"Say! You two mutts are not going to leave us alone out here in the middle of the Irish Sea with a shipload of dummies and a submarine cruisin' round and liable to come up in the middle of us any minute," protested Bunnie. "If you go back we go back Don't you suppose Dyckman and me have got just as big an itch to be in that fracas as anybody?"

"You got to obey orders," retorted Bilge inexorably. "I and Ma outrates you, and we order you to take them dummies and get along with 'em. Don't we, Ma?"

Ma was at the moment divesting himself of his shirt in the time-honored way and therefore could not reply immediately. "We shore do and they shore have," he remarked eventually; and clad very much as Nature had slipped him into an unsuspecting world he lowered himself into the sea.

"I'll set right here," declared Bunnie stubbornly, "and both of you big bluffers will come paddlin' back here in about five minutes. You both got too big a streak of yellow in you to go cruisin' round on your chins in this water at midnight."

"Yeh, Bun, you got us right," observed Ma with considerable dry irony for a man immersed in so much wet water. "We'll be back dreckly. You sort of hang round for us—understand?" And his features grimaced derisively in the rays of the tail light.

McIntyre and Dyckman sneered while Bilge and Ma began in long powerful strokes to fin their way in the direction of the Tunaloa through a sea that was calm and all but waveless. Both could swim like porpoises, and they made their way forward side by side with an occasional low-toned remark, and had covered perhaps one-third the distance when Bilge turned over on his back with a grunt of pain, and drawing up his left toe gathered it into the soothing clasp of his big right hand.

"I kicked my foot on something," he complained

"You mutt! What you got out here to kick your feet on?" chided Ma. "You just interfered with yourself."

Ma had stopped swimming, however, and was treading water while he contemplated dimly the somewhat contorted face of Bilge a few feet from him.

"I tell you," Bilge began to argue, and was just then surprised into silence, for the benevolently reproving features of Ma Ford had been suddenly removed from their place upon the surface of the water as if plucked under by some unseen hand.

Bilge struck out quickly in the direction of this disappearance, and was rewarded by the return of Ma, who came up sputtering.

"Somethin' fouled me!" he explained, blowing salt water from his mouth and shaking it from his ears. "Many's the time I've run into my mammy's clothesline in the dark out in the back yard at Waco, but this is sure the first time I ever run into one in the Irish Sea."

It was Bilge's turn to be scornful.

"You ——" he began; and suddenly the power of speech departed from him and his eyes became fixed and staring. A thing like a post, standing upright, had appeared between them and moved sluggishly past, the measured rate of its progress producing a very slight eddy behind it.

"For the love of Mike!" Bilge breathed solemnly as the upright object describing a lazy arc in the water slowly passed round them.

"A peeriscope!" decided Ma. "Well, I ain't sorry. I been kind of lookin' for a tow anyhow," and he demonstrated at once the imperturbability of his colossal calm and the volume of his assurance by throwing a loving arm about the "peeriscope," succeeding which he experienced the pleasant sensation of being drawn slowly through the water.

"Pinching a ride on a submarine!" gasped Bilge in the most sincere tribute of admiration he had ever paid to Ma's presence of mind.

A yard or so behind the first upright there appeared a smaller and shorter post, and to this Bilge with a vigorous stroke or two now annexed himself.

"They must 'a' been lyin' on the bottom, and comin' up his jump wire fouled my feet," speculated Ma.

"Say," inquired Bilge awesomely as he gazed toward the top of the forward post, which was lost somewhere above him, "can these things hear and see too?

"I don't allow they can," decided Ma after a moment of reflection; "and as long as we keep close they cain't see us."

"I'm huggin' her like I do that black-eyed girl up on the hill," chuckled Bilge, rapidly recovering his own self-possession. "Strikes me kind of funny!" And he laughed nervously.

"It shore is!" chortled Ma. "Oh, if Waco could only see us now!"

"What would those guys down below say if they knew we were taking a ride on 'em?" inquired Bilge, still fascinated by the novelty of the situation.

"Look! They're circlin' the Tunaloa and drawin' in closer," observed Ma.

"Yeh! They'll put us off at the bunker port directly," suggested Bilge joyously.

"I've let down. I'm standing on the conning tower," said Ma presently.

"You haven't got none the best of me. I'm standing on one too," reported Bilge triumphantly. "What do you figure the old sea serpent is doing?"

"Oh, I allow he's got his suspicions of that 'Q' boat," said Ma airily; "and he's goin' to give him a mighty good lookin' over. He'll raise directly, though, if them boys on board just keeps still long enough."

"And when he rises what'll you do?" inquired Bilge just as jubilantly as if he would not himself thereby be placed in the same delicate and embarrassing position.

"Why, then," said Ma coolly, "I'm a-goin' to get me a Hun prisoner for a souvenir. I allus have wanted one of them things to take home."

"And you haven't had nothing to drink, either," reproached Bilge, stifling his amazement.

"Nothing but about two quarts of Irish Sea when this here marine clothesline drug me under."

"How you figure to get a German?" Bilge inquired further, when Ma had relapsed into one of his dignified silences

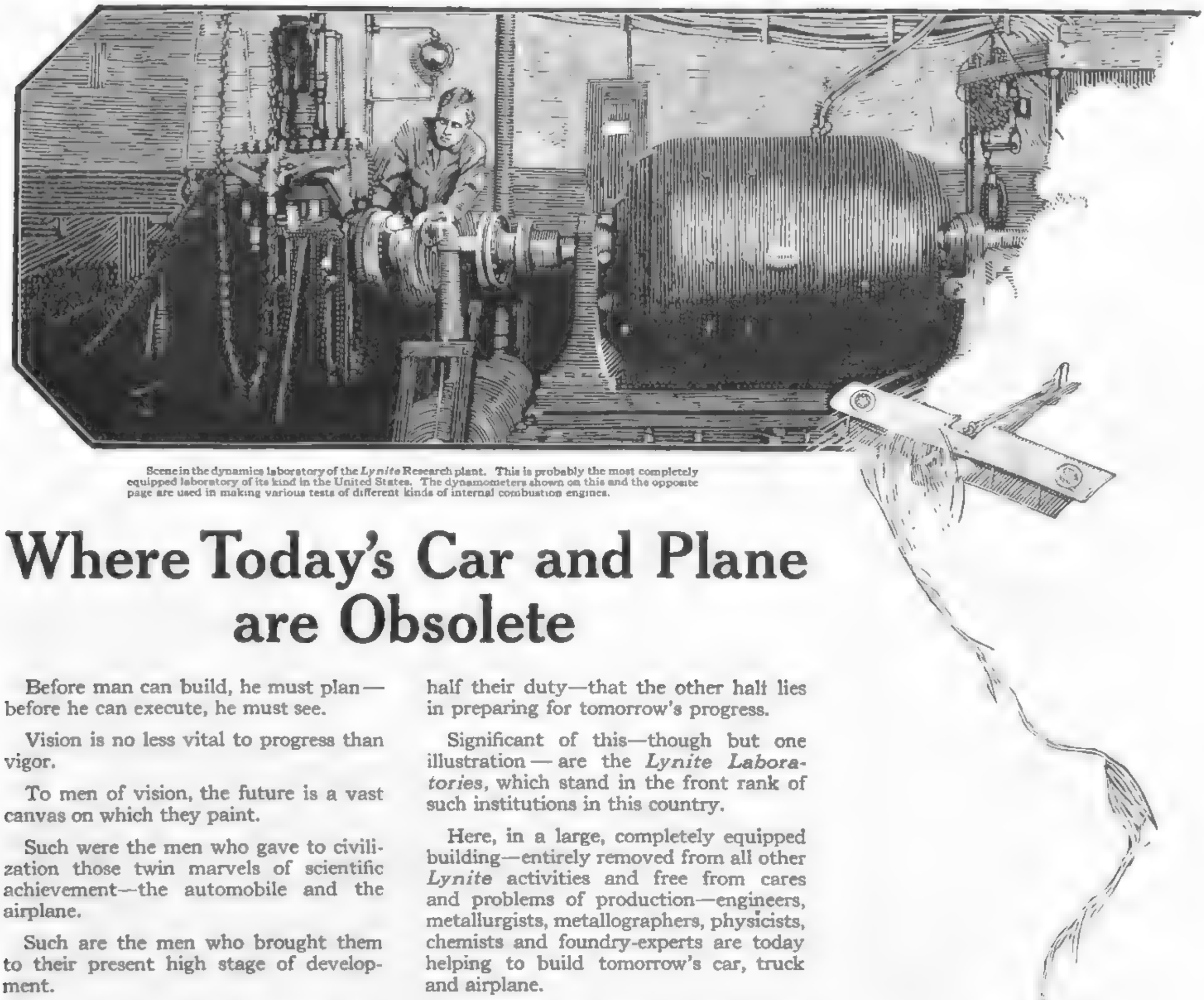
"Easy as fiddlin'," declared Ma. "When they open this hatch for a good look at close quarters I'm goin' to be behind it, and when one of these fellers comes up I'm just going to jujutsu him a little so he'll be nice and unconscious, and drag him off into the water with me. We're makin' about four knots now, and that'll carry us astern so that when the next guy comes out he'll just naturally figure that the first sausage fell overboard."

"Got it all figured out, haven't you, Ma?" derided Bilge; but for an interval thereafter he also was thoughtful.

"I'm a-goin' to get me one too," he announced directly.

"Le's don't be a durned hog," argued Ma more seriously as upon further excogitation he admitted to himself that the project might be attended with serious difficulties. "Le's get just one together. We can manage him in the water and keep him afloat all right till we get to the 'Q' with him."

(Continued on Page 86)



Scene in the dynamics laboratory of the *Lynite* Research plant. This is probably the most completely equipped laboratory of its kind in the United States. The dynamometers shown on this and the opposite page are used in making various tests of different kinds of internal combustion engines.

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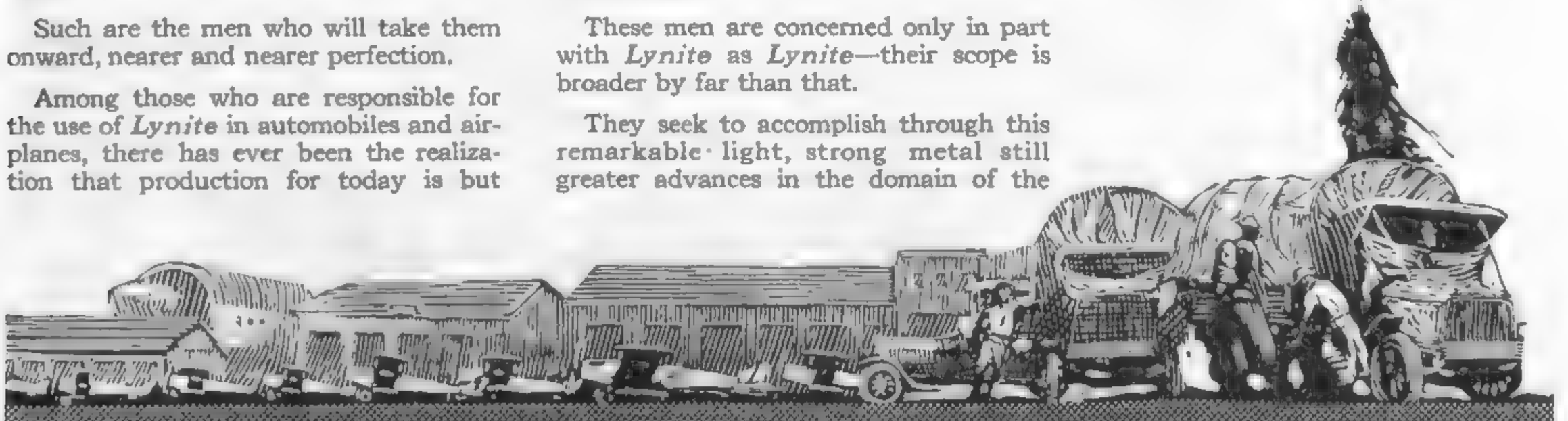

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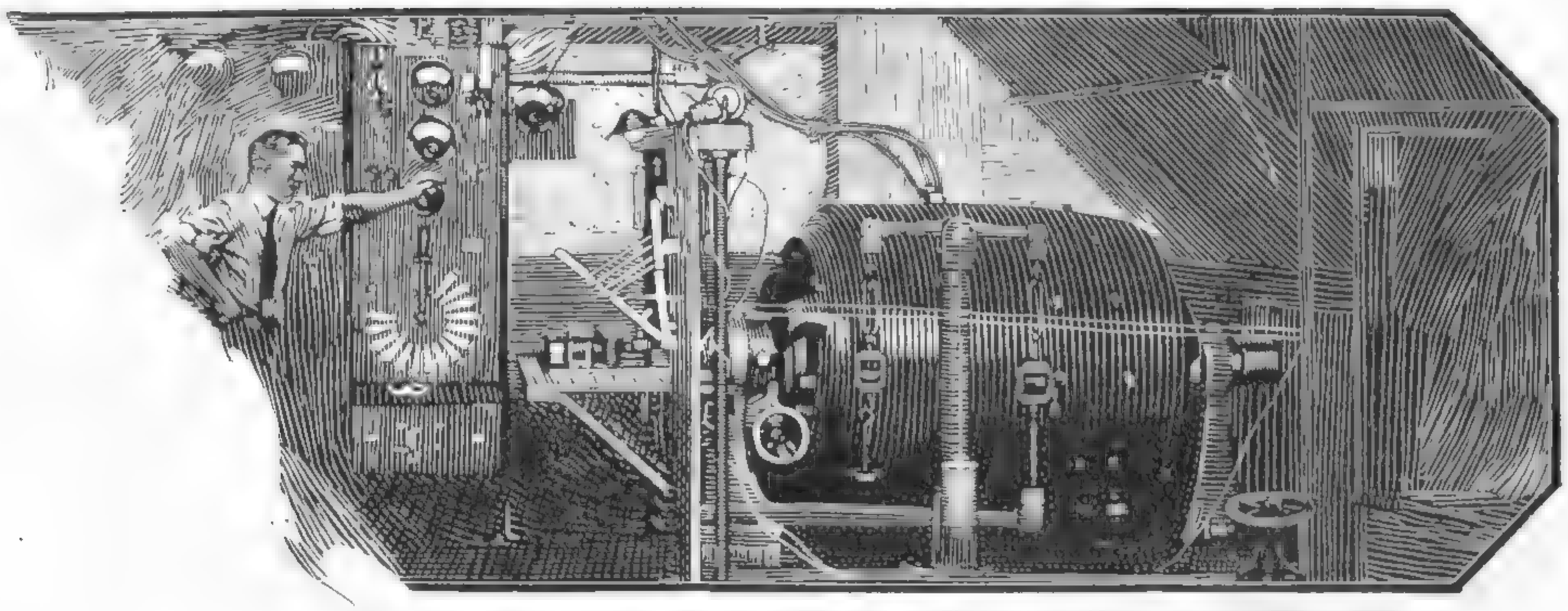

The larger of the two dynamometers in the *Lynite* laboratories was the first to be built with sufficient capacity for an engine developing 400 horsepower at 1400 revolutions a minute, 500 horsepower continuously at 1800 revolutions. The capacity of the smaller is 200 horsepower at 1350 revolutions, 400 horsepower at 2700 revolutions or more. The two can be coupled together

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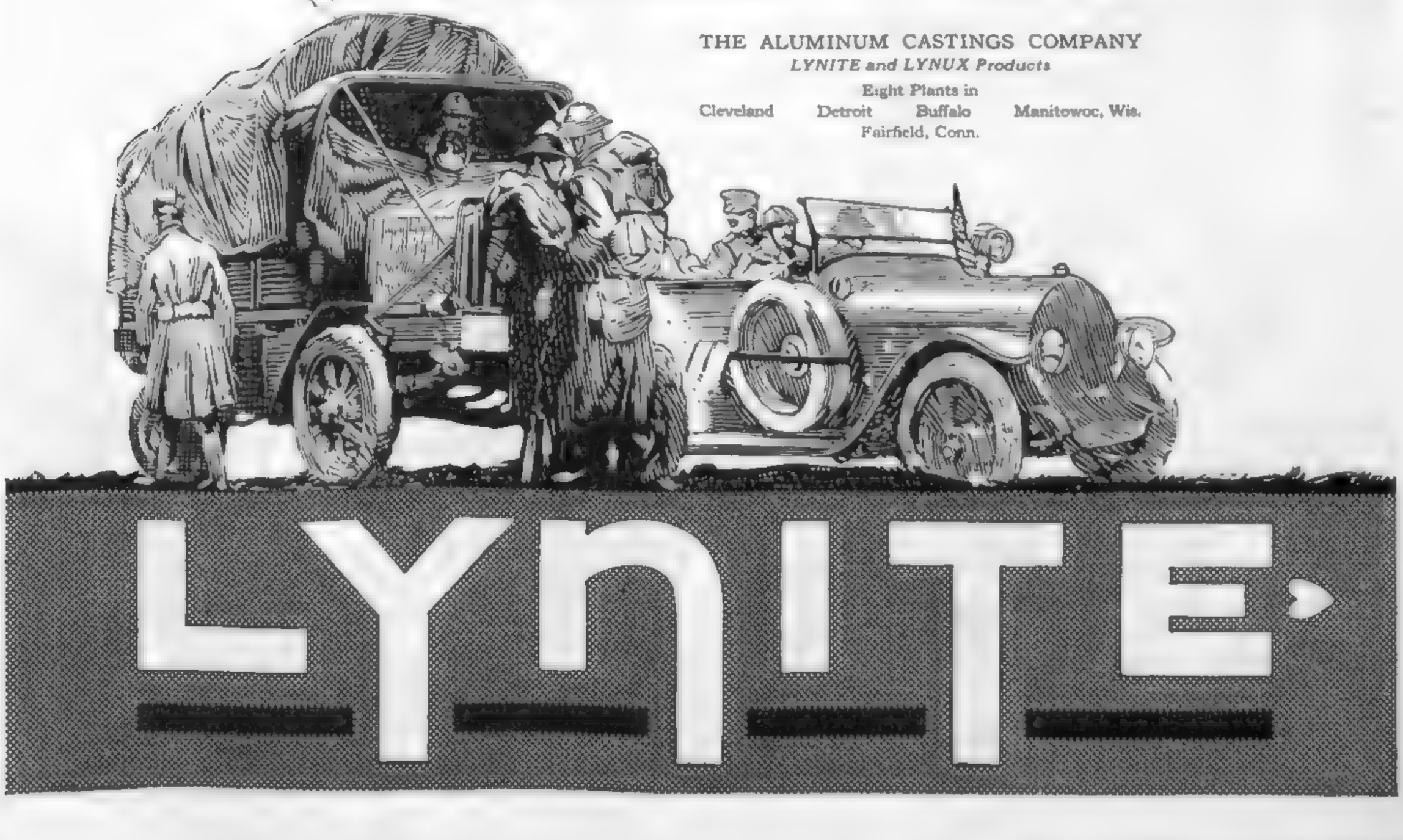
Moreover, where three or four years ago *Lynite* was employed by a handful of manufacturers, today it is being used in hundreds of thousands of cars and planes.

Standing on this high point of achievement, it is possible to peer into the future and to discern the outlines of still greater accomplishments —to see the *Lynite* car and the *Lynite* plane of the coming era.



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(Continued from Page 83)

While the two men talked and plotted the submarine had swerved in sharply till she was no more than two hundred yards from the wounded Tunaloa, and both men turned their eyes upon the old ship curiously.

"Hell's bells! She's afire!" ejaculated Bilge. "I can see smoke."

Ma withheld comment and peered intently.

"I cain't see smoke," he announced presently; "and you couldn't make it out if smoke was there."

"I smell it," argued Bilge. "That old pill landed in her bunkers and it's just about set her on fire."

"If it is they'll have to break cover directly to put the fire out," regretted Ma.

"They will, hey?" inquired Bilge a trifle fiercely. "What's the matter with us putting that fire out. We come off here for some good purpose, didn't we? The minute those fellows move they give their snap away; and they won't do it. They'll just about burn up first."

"Come on," said Ma. "We're on the starboard side now."

The two men let go their grip upon the periscopes and swam swiftly to the black hull, making their way to the open bunker port at about the time when they judged the submarine would be well out of sight on the port side.

"I can't reach it," muttered Bilge after a desperate try, but by further violent effort he managed to get one set of fingers on the ledge of the open port, and by taking advantage of the buoyancy in Ma's body also, he got a full-hand grip and a moment later was in the port.

"Jumping beeswax!" he cried under his breath as, standing barefooted in the slacked coal of the bunker, a thousand sharp points were penetrating his tender soles. Extending a helping hand to Ma he pulled him in after, and a moment later the two men, naked except for the thinnest and most abbreviated of underwear, stood erect in the bunker, taking stock of the situation, while little rivulets of water trickled down to make mud of the dust in which their feet sank ankle deep.

"Hotter'n Hades!" announced Bilge, sniffing. "Ouch!" He had laid an incautiously inquiring hand on the steel ceiling above him, which was also the steel floor of the upper bunker. "Red hot, by heck! Fire's in that bunker up there."

"I allowed it was," confessed the voice of Ma, sepulchral in the confined blackness of the coal hole. "What do we do next?" he inquired, passing up the practical question to Bilge.

"We dig our way into the engine room, bend on a line of steam hose and put the fire out."

"Would there be steam?" questioned Ma. "I heard the boilers blowin' off when we was rowin' away."

"Sure you did! That was the safety valve; and as soon as the pressure was reduced they stopped blowing off. I looked at the gauges last thing, and there was plenty of water in the boilers too."

Groping forward in the darkness they came to a jagged glowing line in the ceiling above them.

Peering up through the crack a red heart of fire was discernible.

"That's where the splinter of torpedo went up through this bunker and set that one to burning."

"Wonder it didn't set something afire down below."

"Probably did, but the water she took in put it out."

"My God, what must it be doin' to the gun crew, right over it!" said Ma solemnly. "It ain't so far from the magazines, neither."

"And not a man moving," commented Bilge. "You know, Ma, you got to have respect for men like that—men that ain't afraid of nothing—men that'll just stick there and let their bloomin' heads be blown off, but what they'll 'carry on,' as these limeys say. Come! We got to be quick."

"But how you goin' to get in the engine room?" objected Ma. "I don't see that it's done we-all any partickler good to get into this coal cellar that's a hundred and fifty degrees hotter than any place I ever been in my life before."

"Going to dig in through the stokehole right here. It's somewhere round." And Bilge feeling his way forward from the port groped to the other side across the uneven hills and valleys of loose coal. "It's somewhere here," he decided; and sinking to his knees began to scratch violently at the coal, drawing it out sometimes in lumps and sometimes in soft handfuls of slack and dust.

"Quick, Ma!" he urged. "We got to paw our way through four feet of coal at least."

"You're chokin' me," protested Ma, who found himself enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"They're just about burnin' up on that starboard waist gun deck," panted Bilge; and Ma, who despite protestations had groped his way to a place beside the chief machinist's mate, sank to his knees and began feverishly to claw back the coal from the opening.

In a minute the place was full of suffocating, irritating powder that worked its way into eyes, ears, hair and the pores of their soaking skins. This, added to the heat from the fire smoldering overhead, served to make the situation still more unbearable, but the two scratched on frantically, letting themselves in deeper and deeper, and then dragging their bodies for brief intervals to the open port, where they hung exhausted on the sill to gulp in reviving breaths of outer air.

"Hear anything from up above?" inquired Bilge as they hung over the sill.

"No," decided Ma after a listening moment.

"Ain't they the game devils, though!" admired Bilge. "See anything of the sub?"

"See? Say, yo're plumb crazy, Bilge! My eyes is that full of coal dust I cain't even see the dark."

So they returned to their digging.

"I've found the stokehole, all right," reported Bilge, reaching down. "Keep on scrabbling out."

As their hole deepened, however, they had to widen it. This necessitated more yardage excavated—as they used to say down in Panama—and more pilgrimages to the open port.

"I wisht we had started sooner," gasped Ma. "Them boys has got to quit up there before we ever get our chore done at all, and that's just about goin' to break their hearts—Dick Dorgan's especially."

"Has old Dick got the starboard gun?" inquired Bilge anxiously. "Well, then, I'm just naturally going to dive out through the stokehole this time and get something started."

"Lemme go first," argued Ma as they returned to their digging. "I'm thinner'n you."

"Nope! You're not no account when you get out there, because you're a boson and not a machinist. I'm the one that's got to go through first. Maybe we haven't got time to let you out at all yet, Ma."

By this time they were again in the craterlike dent they had made in the coal, leading down to the stoke spout, through which bit of smothering blackness it was Bilge's proposal now to crawl.

"I can see out. I can see light in the boiler room," he announced as he lowered himself head first, worming and twisting downward and forward at the same time that he tried to make of his limbs and body a barrier for the sifting streams of dust and slack which in the darkness continually drifted down upon him.

"I'm going in," he panted back. "I got my hands out in the boiler room now. Hully gee! They're in water. I'll have to dive, sure enough. You got to keep the coal from wedgin' in round me, Ma, so's I don't get stuck in the hole with half of me in and half of me out and my head under water. Savvy?"

"I savvy," declared Ma grimly, who had worked down to a position where his body was cribbing back the coal his hands were pawing out. "There, darn you, Bilge; I always did want to kick you good and plenty, and now I got the chance. I only wish I had hobnailed boots on instead of my bare and tender feet."

Bilge chuckled responsively. "All right! So long!" he called.

It may not be written that his head disappeared, for neither had been able to glimpse the form of the other in this abysmal blackness; but the sudden muffling of Bilge's voice indicated that he had inserted his head and shoulders into the chute, and Ma, marking by the sense of touch the progress of his comrade's body, eventually applied both his feet in a healthy boost downward and knew as the flesh beneath them squirmed and yielded that Bilge was making headway. Suddenly there was nothing human beneath Ma's feet, and an interval of silence and uncertainty followed that to the boson's mate was very long.

"All right!" trumpeted a drowned voice. "I've made it. You keep scrabblin' the coal back, because it takes a bigger hole for me to come back through with the tools."

"Sure thing," responded Ma; "but pass me a fan and a glass of ice water."

Bilge, however, was not there to hear this particular bit of airy persiflage. He had not thought it necessary to mention to Ma that he had found three feet of water in the boiler rooms, and was now making his way, up to his waist in a filthy fluid, through the tunnel that ran between the boilers to the water-tight door leading to the engine room. To open that door would let a flood of water go streaming over its sill, but the engine room might as well flood as the boiler room if the old hooker was to burn or blow up, and Bilge boldly undid the door and stepped over through a pouring Niagara. His first care was a glance at the steam gauge.

"Thirty pounds! It's enough," he croaked joyously, and made his way to where the steam hose was kept. It would be a long stretch, but there was enough of it, he decided, and began swiftly to couple it on. He next located a nested electric light with a line of portable cord sufficient to carry illumination from the boiler-room plug to the bunker, and was starting back when the sight of the speaking tube suggested that he might communicate to Captain Bradshaw that succor was at hand.

The captain at the moment was in a most painful state of suspense, and hesitating between one form of duty and another. He still crouched doggedly watching the sea and cursing the blanket of cloud that swallowed the moon completely, while Executive Officer Kirk hovered over the speaking tubes, alternately receiving reports and pleading with his men to hold out.

"You smell leather burning?" inquired the voice of Dorgan from his starboard waist gun. Kirk sniffed doubtfully, a sniff that was recorded only as silence at the other end of the tube.

"That's our shoes," signified Dorgan.

"Hold out a little longer," pleaded Kirk.

"Tell him to hold out for fifteen minutes longer—for the honor of the American Navy," said Captain Bradshaw eagerly to Kirk, and his own lips were so close to the tube that Dorgan heard it direct.

"This gun crew'll be nothin' but cinders in fifteen minutes," he reported stolidly; "but we'll hold out for that. Darn us, we'll hold out!"

"On the bridge! On the bridge!"

The cry echoed hoarsely from the mouth of one of the battery of speaking tubes into the confined space where the captain and his executive officer stewed in their own anxiety. Kirk answered the port-gun tube.

"Did you call?"

"No, sir," came the sullen voice of Abner Anderson, who had long since resigned himself to a horrible death.

"On the bridge! On the bridge!" barked the echo impatiently.

Kirk looked surprised. The voice seemed to issue from the engine-room tube. But there was nobody in the engine room.

"On the bridge!" wailed the tube, pleadingly this time.

Kirk, his voice trembling as if a ghost had spoken to him, shouted "Bridge!" and applied his ear to the engine-room tube.

"Can you hold out ten minutes, sir?"

"Who are you?" exclaimed the astonished captain, who had elbowed Kirk away from the tube.

"Kennedy, sir; and Ford."

"How did you get here?"

The captain's voice blazed out wild with wrath and anger that disobedience to orders threatened to force the surrender of the project in the very moment when so many of his men had reached the limit of suffering to make it good.

"Swum over, sir. The submarine didn't see us, sir. We got in through the starboard bunker port."

"The submarine?" exclaimed the captain avidly.

"There's one about, sir," reported Kennedy. "Ford and me rode over on it, hanging to the periscope, sir. She's circling you two hundred yards off with about six feet of periscope showing and getting ready to come up."

"Are you crazy?"

"I ain't got no time to argue that now, sir," said Kennedy, but with tone still beseechingly respectful. "I think you'll get the sub, sir, if you can hold out, for she's awful curious. She's bound to broach soon if she ain't broaching now."

(Continued on Page 89)

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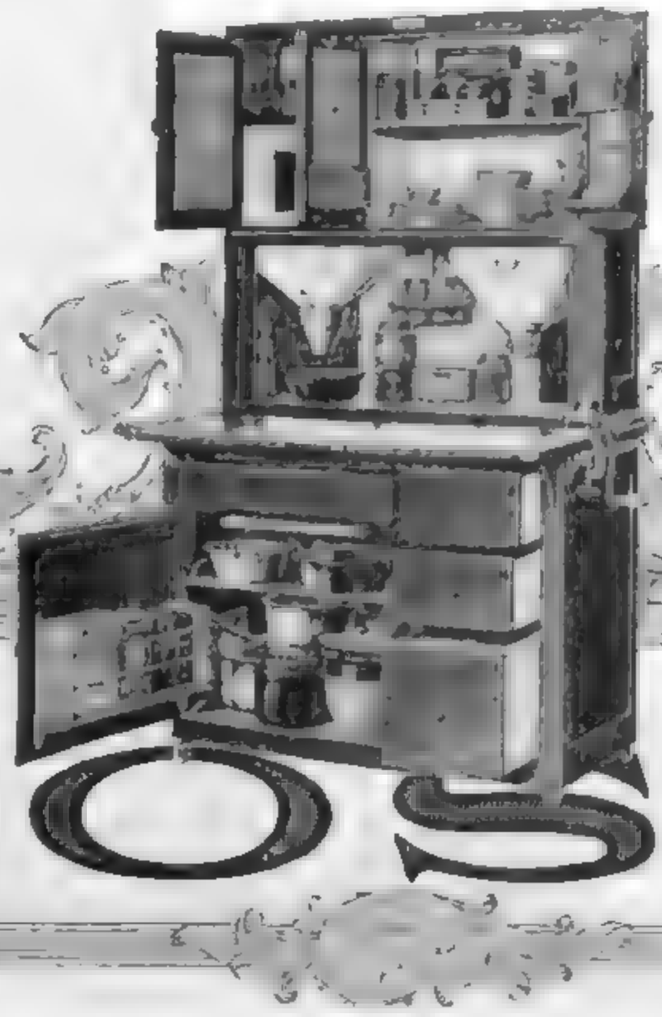

HOOSIER

(Continued from Page 86)

"How did you get in that engine room?" demanded the captain, still outraged by this unexpected presence.

"Dug through the stokehole, sir. I'm going back now with a line of hose. We'll have live steam on that fire in five minutes. At first the decks will get hotter, but the fire will be killed, and I thought maybe if you could hold out, sir, fifteen or twenty ——"

Captain Bradshaw rather choked up for a moment, as if it were his throat and not Bilge's that was full of coal dust.

"Hold out? Say! We can hold out two hours for fellows like you. Stop jabbering there now, and go ahead!"

"And it was him doing all the jabbering," explained Bilge later. "I just wanted to let him know that we was there and the submarine was too."

"'It's those two wild men, Kennedy and Ford," Captain Bradshaw reported to Kirk with a great gulp in his voice. "They've got over here somehow and they're working on that fire. Tell the gun crews, and warn them that the submarine is still hanging about sure."

Captain Bradshaw sank into his normal crouch again, rather overcome by a reflex of unusual emotions. "I could go through hell with such men," he murmured.

But Kirk didn't hear this. He was already at the speaking tube hustling the news down first of all to Dorgan, and then to Abner Anderson, whose crew, though not suffering so much from heat, were all but suffocated by the smoke that seeped and purled from every seam beneath them, so that the men bent close against their canvas screen, fanning themselves and fighting for every breath of air that they could gain.

"Well, whaddaya think of that?" rasped Dorgan to his crew. "We got to stay here now. Them darned nuts, Bilge and Ma, have swum back here from the boats, crawled in through the bunker port and are putting out the fire."

"It's about time," moaned Jurgenson. "I'm gettin' done on one side. Somebody's got to turn me, but look out on I'll stick to the frying pan."

"We got to stay here now if we burn to cracklin's," growled Dorgan.

"I'm cracklings now," reported Jimmie Roser.

"Keep shuffling, everybody," ordered Dorgan in one of his fiercest stage whispers. "First one foot down and then the other; then one hand ——"

"As if we hadn't all been doing that," said Jimmie, who was a nice boy and seldom trapped into any ungrammatical form of expression, even by the most exciting or distressing incidents.

"I've danced on my toes and on my heels—I've fox-trotted a million miles on my knees and elbows the last fifteen minutes. Ouch!"

Jimmie in his writhings had rolled the side of his neck against a brass shell case as it stood in the ammunition rack.

"My Lord, Dick!" he exclaimed to Dorgan. "Those shells are getting hot. They're liable to explode."

Dorgan thrust out an experimental hand and drew it back quickly.

"Every man take a shell in his arms and hold it," he ordered.

There were seven men in the crew; there were eight shells in the rack. Dorgan himself took two. The outer surfaces were so hot that they could not be retained in the bare hands without discomfort. It was necessary to pull down rolled-up sleeves and get the fabric between the metal and the bare arms, and then to keep tossing or rolling them and bringing fresh surfaces to bear all the time.

And so the men of the starboard crew endured, for the sake of the game they played, minute after minute, stooping low in their canvas housings, dancing and shuffling noiselessly to keep their feet from burning, and juggling each man a shell in his arms, while Dickie Dorgan juggled two.

Captain Bradshaw on the bridge strained his eyes for a glimpse of the submarine, as did every lookout, but the moon continued obdurate and unhelpful. A thousand shapes that might have been periscopes flitted ghostlike across the blackened waters, but none became real and tangible. And as the lookouts strained their eyes they also strained their ears for a sound—a ripple in the water—a slight splash that would tell of seas rolling from a suddenly lifted ledge of submarine decking, for the grate of a hatch cover when it opened or a sound of guttural voices—anything that would hint the direction in which the submarine was lurking and help them to discern that shadowy target.

Kirk, listening at the hydrophone, was trying for the hundredth time to pick up the beat of her propellers, but the instrument functioned poorly to-night. Now it brought to his ears only a confusion of sound and a faint clink-clink-clink, that was not in the least like the beat of propellers.

"What do you make out, captain?" he said, passing the earpiece over.

The captain, too, caught that faint clink-clink, and he recognized it.

"That's Kennedy and Ford," he said, "hammering a way through the bottom of that steel bunker for their steam nozzle. They're working like demons, and probably just about burning themselves up. They've got the bunker port closed to keep the sound from giving us away to the submarine, because we don't hear the sound from outside, which shows they've still got their heads about 'em. Tell Dorgan the steam will be on the fire in two minutes."

Kirk called Dorgan and pleaded with him to hold out.

"I'm awfully sorry to ask it of you," said the exec. "I can smell that leather burning now all right."

"'Tain't leather this time," replied Dorgan. "It's us. We can hold out a spell, but tell them birds down there to hurry."

And the birds below were hurrying. In the dim glow of an electric light a tall wiry scarecrow of a man, sweat-sopped and black as coal from head to foot, with a tousle of hair hanging about his eyes, stood ramming and twisting the nozzle of the steam hose into the rip the torpedo splinter had made in the steel floor of the upper bunker. The atmosphere was hotter than ever, because, as Captain Bradshaw had divined, Ma had closed the bunker door to screen his light from the possible view of the submarine; and while he worked red-hot coals, large and small, sifted down upon his bare hands or found lodgment in his hair, in the angle of his elbows and in the sweating hollows about his shoulders and clavicles.

Bilge, after passing the nozzle and light through the stokehole to his partner, waded back through the passage between the boilers, entered the engine room once more and turned on the steam. But despite his great haste he did this very gradually, having regard to the safety of his comrade, the chief boson's mate, for a sudden expansion due to discharge of steam into the close quarters of the upper bunker might cause a sagging downward of the breached floor and precipitate some tons of glowing coals upon the beloved head of Ma.

Ma meanwhile braced himself with the first hiss into the smoldering mass above his head, leaning as far back as possible from the trickling line of danger. Instantly a dull roar broke out above him, and as the volume of steam increased the volume of this roar enlarged; but the bunkers kept the sound shut tightly in, while the great force of the steam drove its watery vapors irresistibly through the bunker, yard by yard, swiftly taming the conflagration.

But it is the nature of steam that it passes into vapor and the vapor condenses into water, and rivulets of this water, scalding hot, came questing down the nozzle, over the layer of leather which enveloped it to protect the holding hands, and on to the naked flesh of Ma.

"Holy Moses!" he ejaculated, and involuntarily slacked the hold of one hand upon the nozzle and shook it, repeating the process with the other.

Meanwhile Bilge was again at the speaking tube in the engine room and Captain Bradshaw answered his call.

"The steam is on the fire, sir!" reported Bilge.

"Thank God!" said Captain Bradshaw fervently. "Are you sure the sub ——"

But Bilge was gone, carrying a section of jute matting found floating in the engine-room wash, for he had foreseen what those scalding trickling streams would be doing to the unprotected hands of Ma.

"Steam's on," reported Kirk to Dorgan.

"Thank God!" said Dorgan also, and added: "The nails in our shoes are terrible good conductors."

"If only now ——" muttered Captain Bradshaw; and his eyes roved again to the darkened circle outside the ship, when a sharp crack came out of the blackness, followed by a thud and an explosion that sent a vibratory thrill through the entire length of the Tunaloa. For an instant, too, a flash of light had appeared.

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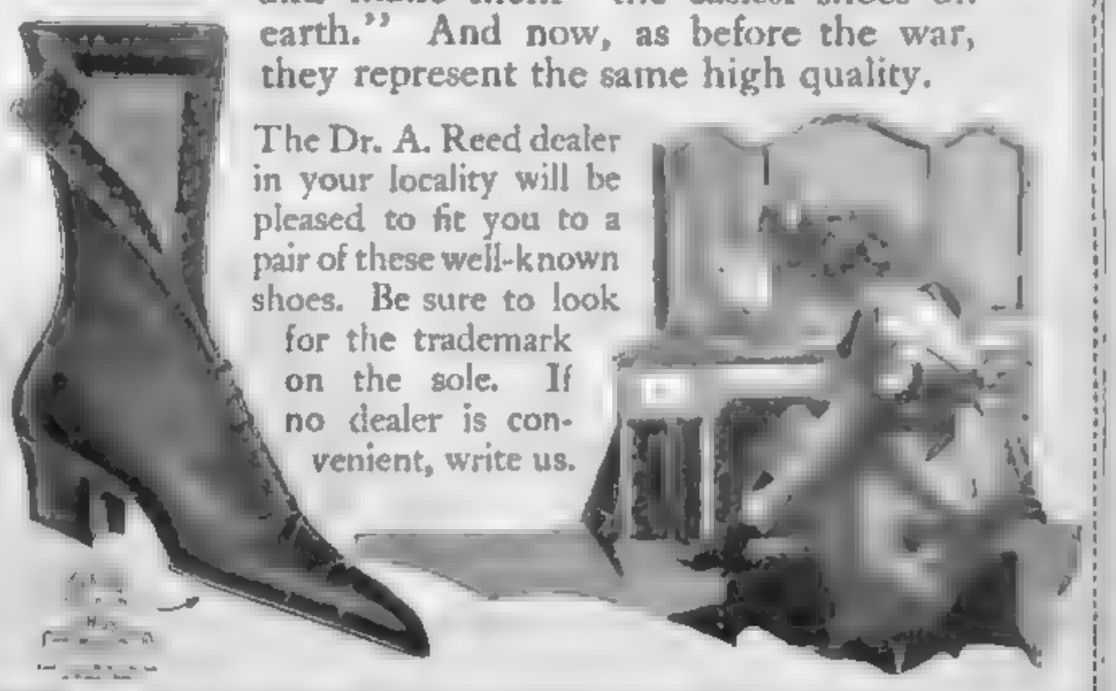

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"Submarine firing on us—two hundred yards—starboard beam!

"Let her have it!" shouted Captain Bradshaw to the bow gun in the monkey house above him.

But Dorgan had seen that flash as quick as the captain, and with a few turns of the wheels his gun was training on the spot just as the searchlight on the monkey house unmasked itself, felt about on the sea for a moment with her long proboscis of light, and then spotted with steady beam the conning towers, upper works and a goodly section of the decks of a submarine well up above the surface of the sea.

Bang! went Dorgan's gun.

Bang! went bow and stern guns almost together. Bang! in a moment from Dorgan's gun again, while the bow and stern guns followed, all three pouring shot after shot into this generous target at a point-blank range.

The underwater craft was so surprised and overwhelmed that she returned but one answering futile shot, and thereafter afforded only a sort of moving picture of men staggering back from their gun, scuttling for open hatches, and of conning towers that shivered and reeled under the impact of shell on shell until abruptly an explosion came, when the watchers on the Tunaloa saw their victim tear apart, heave up in the center and go down in two pieces, with jagged ends of metal and various protruding entrails of a submarine hanging in the light for a moment and then settling beneath the black agitated waters.

A hoarse cheer of victory broke from the parched throats on the "Q" boat as Dorgan and his men leaped from their gun station to cooler spots along the deck, or pulling off their scorching shoes rushed for the water taps. Captain Bradshaw left the bridge and came tearing down among them. Dorgan's crew saw him coming and stood at attention.

"Good work! Wonderful work, men!" the captain exclaimed, and for a moment was stiff and straight, returning their salutes.

"But for heaven's sake, look after yourselves! Here, surgeon! Give their feet instant attention."

Captain Bradshaw stepped to the side and stood again watching intently the turmoil in the water where the U-boat had gone threshing to her death. Marvelous as it seemed that anything could live under such a fire and through such an explosion as had just torn the submarine apart, some human forms appeared, struggling in the water.

"Get a boat out quick, and pick those fellows up!" ordered the captain.

There was a rush for the falls and for the single remaining boat, which was the one that had dangled dramatically and alone.

Launching it proved difficult, and the gun crew were not so expert at getting boats away as they had been at smashing the submarine with shell fire. Eventually, however, they got the boat into the water, and with this concern off his mind the captain bethought him suddenly of something else and dashed toward the engine room. He found it a wreck. That first single effective shell of the submarine had struck there and exploded.

With misgivings in his breast the captain was hurrying downward on a twisted and trembling ladder when two wretched-looking nondescripts appeared, wading in from the boiler room.

They were nearly as naked as when they were born and were coated with slime to the water's edge, the only exposed parts of their bodies which were not black being the hands and arms that had been washed and reddened by the drip of scalding water from the steam nozzle. Their bedraggled and soot-soaked hair hung down over their foreheads in a dejected fringe, through which eyes popped out in startled surprise at the sight of the captain.

Instinctively the two saluted.

"Fire's almost out, sir," reported Bilge. "We'd have had it all out, sir, but the steam went back on us just now. Wha-what!" And Bilge suddenly recognized what the captain's presence there must mean. "You you quit!" he reproached. "What'd you quit for? Those gunners could 'a' held out a while longer."

"'Pears like we-all burned ourselves up for nothin', Bilge," remarked Ma dejectedly, holding up his red and scalded hands and gazing at them reflectively; and the volume of reproach which had been in Bilge's tones was as nothing to the oceans of it in Ma's. "Them gunners must 'a' laid down on you, captain."

For a moment Captain Bradshaw was indignant and resentful, and then the truth dawned on him.

"Do you mean to say you didn't hear?" he inquired.

"Couldn't hear nothing, captain, in that bunker with the steam roaring and bellowing above our heads—nothing! But say"—and Bilge stared about him—"it looks like something happened in here since I went back to the bunker."

"We got the submarine," assured Captain Bradshaw joyously.

"Got her?" asked Bilge, dazed and wondering. "How? When?"

"Just now. Blew her all to pieces."

"Well, I'm gummed!" confessed Bilge, groping for the ladder.

"Couldn't hear nothin' at all in that bunker," insisted Ma stubbornly.

"The submarine must have been lying round for an hour, too cautious to board us and too curious to go away," explained the captain. "I suppose she didn't want to shell us and give warning of her presence and position. Probably lying for the mail boat. But at last she let us have a shell. Looks as if it landed here."

"That's what went wrong with our steam pressure all at once," accounted Bilge.

"Our boys fell on her like a volcano," concluded the captain. "Shot her all to pieces and she blew up. You fellows saved us. But for you we should have had to give up and we shouldn't have got the sub at all."

"Got the sub?" echoed Ma querulously, as if the idea of a whole climactic series of

(Concluded on Page 93)

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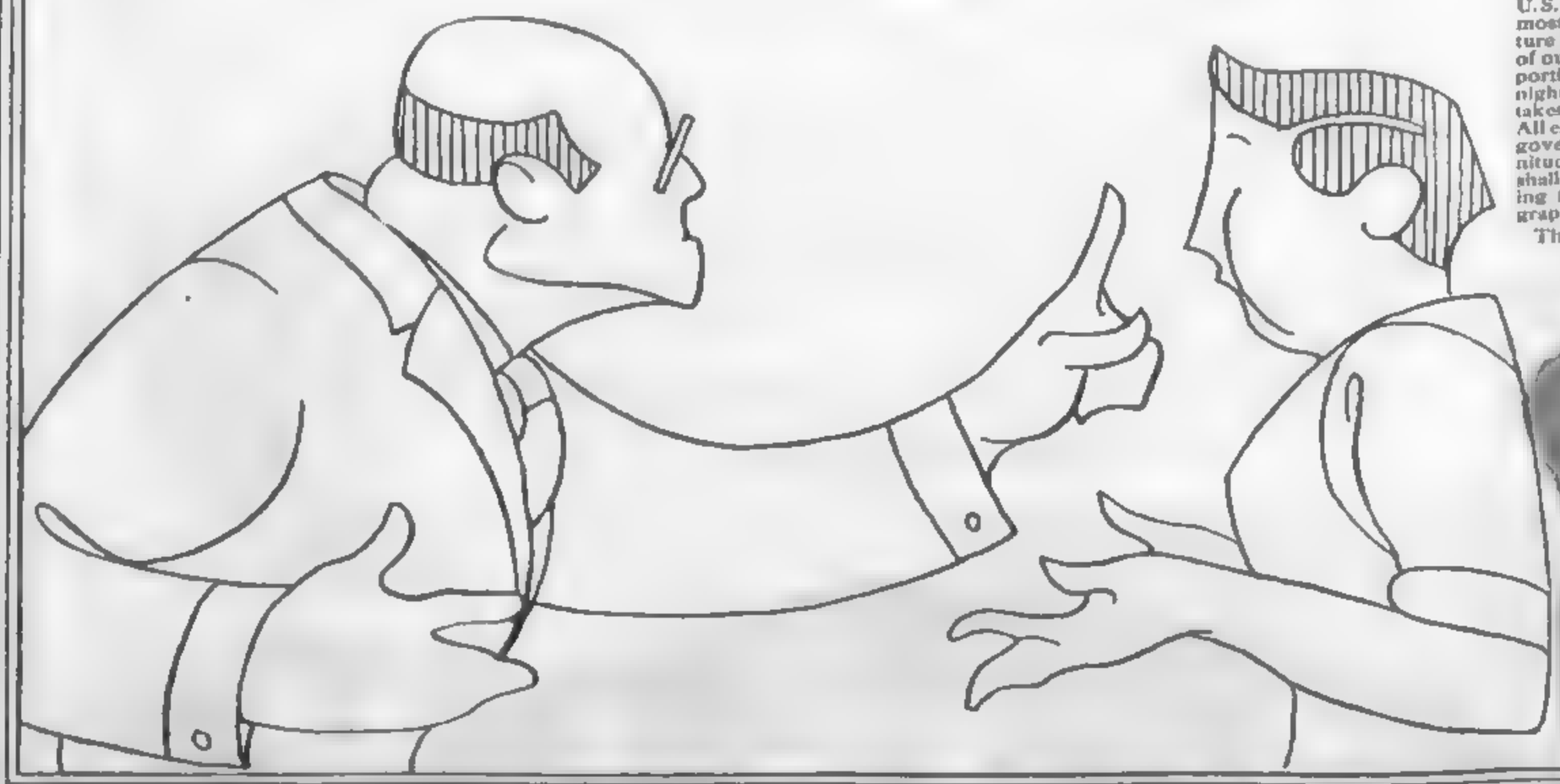

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(Concluded from Page 90)

events taking place within the last few minutes without his ken was quite impossible.

"Yes," assured the captain, amused at such incredulity. "A boat's crew is now out looking for survivors."

This connected up with another idea still eddying round in Ma's dizzy mind.

"That reminds me," he said weakly to Bilge, like a man waking out of a delirium; "we was goin' to get us a Hun off that boat. We was ——"

Ma's voice trailed off into nothingness, and wabbling somewhat womanishly on her legs the old girl just crumpled up and sat down, done up completely. Bilge reached for his friend, but was himself too weak to stay the fall, and with a tired gasp Ma disappeared beneath the surface of the water on the engine-room floor.

Captain Bradshaw leaped past Bilge, felt about for a moment in the black flood, lifted the limp figure of Ma and threw him coughing and spluttering desperately over his shoulder.

"Can you get up alone, Kennedy?" he inquired. "You fellows must have worked to complete exhaustion."

"Yes, sir, I can get up. Old Ma's burned some, I got a suspicion, though he hasn't more than admitted it to me."

The captain carried the dripping, fainting form of Ford to the open space on the deck abaft the bridge, and turned him over to the ship's surgeon; but Ma was already conscious and covered with confusion when he found his soiled and dish-rag frame being tenderly lowered to the deck in the arms of the captain of the ship.

"Look after this man, too, Eckert," said the captain, pointing to Kennedy. "They're half suffocated, and both burned, I suspect."

The captain turned away to watch the raising of the boat, which was now coming up the falls amid shouts and jeers.

"One survivor!" sang out a voice, and Ma, still prostrate on the deck, with his head in Bilge's lap and the chief pharmacist's mate coddling him with brandy while the surgeon applied picric acid to his burns, heard it.

"Is this yere a dead survivor or a live one?" he inquired, half sitting up.

A laugh ran round the deck.

"A live one!" exulted the captain.

"Bring 'im here! Bring 'im here! I want to set my eyes on him," demanded Ma. "I was a-goin' to get me a Hun myself off that boat, but I had to knock off and do something else."

The whole ship was in a mind to humor Ma, and they brought to him presently a fat-faced, sodden, graceless figure of a man with suspicious eyes, pursed lips and a frown of stubborn defiance.

"Bring him close," said Ma. "I want to see what one of these yere submarine hounds is like anyway." The chief boson's mate lifted himself on one elbow and stared at the fellow interestedly until suddenly a light of recognition broke on his face.

"Gosht almighty!" he gasped. "If it ain't Dutchy, the butcher's boy from Waco! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Dutchy? Ain't you, now? A-goin' about torpedoin' unarmed ships and murderin' women and children and little babies?"

Ma's small dark eyes bored into the blue impudent ones of the prisoner, but the blue eyes refused any look of recognition, and they gave back to Ma his stare, accompanying it with a disdainful curl of the lip.

"Ain't you, now?" he demanded incredulously. "No! No, you ain't," he decided after a minute. "I remember, now, you was always a-pesterin' and torturin' things, tyin' cans to dogs' tails, stickin' pins in horses to make 'em jump, stonin' cats and chickens, and makin' everything unhappy generally. And once you cut my pa's cow's tail off, just because she chased you when you was teasin' her calf. Didn't you, Dutchy? And I licked time out of you for that, didn't I, Dutchy?"

"Take him away!" said Captain Bradshaw shortly.

So they took Dutchy away and left Ma to be assisted to his feet and escorted below, where with water to wash him clean and broth for his inner man they sought to make him comfortable, while the boats in the panic party were returning and being hauled squeakily up the davits. Next day a tug towed the Tunaloa back inside the harbor and Ma and Bilge were among those on deck and picking up familiar sights along the quay, where Mrs. Murphy, godmother of the Judson's enlisted men, was vigorously waving a tablecloth by way of welcome home from their brief but eventful trip.

"I don't want no more cruises in a 'Q' boat," said Ma.

"Me neither," decided Bilge. "I wouldn't 'a' gone on this one if you hadn't schemed and got me into it."

"Me?" inquired Ma with a hurt look on her placid patient features.

"Yes, you!"

And the two stared at each other with looks of mutual reproach and recrimination.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1918.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H Lorimer, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

NAME OF	POST-OFFICE ADDRESS
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Editor, George H. Lorimer	Wyncote, Pennsylvania.
Managing Editor, None	
Business Manager, P. S. Collins	Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of September, 1918.

(SEAL) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires at the end of the next session of the Senate, 1919.)

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MRS. PILLOW

(Continued from Page 16.)

and let your children go barefooted, like the wops!" said she.

Mrs. Pillow turned to Geraldine and took from her protesting body her sleazy dress

"Take that back; and know that you wasted your children's money!"

Mrs. Pillow now reached a still higher plane of dramatic expression; she stripped from her own shoulders the dress that was to have been paid for this evening. This she merely held out to a helpless Pillow.

"But I could pay for these!"

"And leave us nothing to eat!"

Pillow folded the garments as best he could. He had no plans except to obey Mrs. Pillow. Indeed in the confusion of sound it would have been difficult to conceive any plans. Together, Geraldine and Bessie and Willie and John lifted strident voices. Pillow went out, bundle in hand.

When he returned the children had departed. Their disappointment was keen, but there were other amusements to which they could turn. Poor Pillow, on the other hand, had nowhere to go. He came in and stood with his back against the door. It would be well, he thought, to have Mrs. Pillow's trembling rage over.

Mrs. Pillow had her trembling rage. She denounced the owners of the wire factory in which Pillow worked, she denounced the President of the United States. She denounced Pillow. Most of all, she denounced herself for having given up a good place some fifteen years ago to go with Pillow down a descending stairway into poverty.

"Now I'm down and out!" shrieked Mrs. Pillow in conclusion. "The wops are no worse than I. Their Saturdays are no different from other days; nor are mine. I've give up trying."

With that, Mrs. Pillow tossed into the air the offending card. It struck Pillow in the eye; but he did not mind. He dropped the card behind the bed as he rubbed his eye.

Mrs. Pillow reached now the last condition of her trembling rage—she wept. Her weeping was stormy, and through her tears she spoke when speech was possible. But Pillow breathed more freely; the worst, he believed, was over. When the children appeared, late in the evening, Mrs. Pillow slept, and Pillow hushed them fiercely.

But the worst was not over. Mrs. Pillow was, as she had said, down and out; her spirit was broken. Without a Saturday festival the week was too dull to be endured; without superiority to her neighbors existence lost its savor. Pillow looked hopefully beyond the weeks of economy to a glorious day when he could get his bond and could repay Mrs. Pillow in one grand celebration for all she had suffered; but she did not believe he would ever see a penny of his money.

Mrs. Pillow dreamed sometimes of going to the factory and telling the bosses what she thought of them. It was only a dull conviction that it would do no good and might do harm that deterred her. Pillow himself had been a fool; they would simply point out to her that unfortunate fact.

Mrs. Pillow sat indoors, though her life had hitherto been marked by an intense unwillingness to remain in one place—especially if that place was covered by a roof. When Pillow was away she rested; when Pillow was at home she made a martyr of herself with work.

It was the Pillow habit to have meals sent ready cooked from without—that is, the loaf of bread arrived ready baked; the tomatoes were already cooked in the can; the dried beef was ready in its enveloping paper. Now in her martyrdom Mrs. Pillow set a table for her family and achieved her only happiness in months when Pillow found her exhausted from cleaning and hot with cooking. Pillow was concerned for her.

"Whose fault is it?" demanded Mrs. Pillow.

Sometimes Mrs. Pillow mended. In other days Geraldine would have cast her torn stockings aside and fetched a new pair from Goldstein's. Now Mrs. Pillow sewed up the rents in order that she might hear Geraldine cry to her father for clothes.

"Get clothes!" said the harassed Pillow.

"And starve?" cried Mrs. Pillow, on the verge of a trembling rage. "Not a penny do we spend for clothes!"

The neighbors, quick to notice a change in Mrs. Pillow, assumed a familiarity she had heretofore refused to endure. Mrs. De Fabio came to call and stayed three hours. Mrs. Pillow enjoyed her, though she hated her. For three weeks she had not spoken to anyone but Pillow and her children, and the gossip of Mrs. De Fabio about the other residents of Fite Street was pleasant to hear. Shocking and interesting incidents had occurred during Mrs. Pillow's incarceration.

Mrs. De Fabio talked also of herself. De Fabio sold bananas and from the small profits of his trade Mrs. De Fabio fed and clothed eight children. She gave Mrs. Pillow an account of her disbursements and described her inexpensive dishes of soup and spaghetti. The youngest child reposed upon Mrs. De Fabio's lap, his roundness and rosiness contrasting strongly with the pale complexion of young John, who was asleep on the bed behind Mrs. De Fabio.

Mrs. Pillow listened and remembered. She had heard a conversation between two men who lived in the apartments above, and she was now not merely down and out and despairing, but she was actively alarmed.

"They're trying to make you give your money to the Government by all sorts of tricks," said one of the men to the other. "Nobody need ever tell me you'll see a penny of it. And it'll get worse and worse!"

Mrs. Pillow believed she would never see a penny of Pillow's fifty dollars, but she had not dreamed that they would ask more of Pillow! She began to put little sums of money away out of his diminished wages; she experimented with the soups and spaghetti of Mrs. De Fabio. Mrs. Pillow loved her children and Pillow, but most of all she loved life. She was actually afraid that the end of this path might be starvation.

Not once during the hot summer did Mrs. Pillow allow herself to be drawn away from her house. Pillow took the children on walks into the country, but Mrs. Pillow stayed at home. The time was drawing near when Pillow's wages would be no longer lopped for the payment of this bond. Then Mrs. Pillow meant to go with him to interview his boss. If argument and pleading could prevent any further muleting, and thus save Pillow's money for his family, argument and plea should be made. Mrs. Pillow meant to take with her her children; she meant to tell of the cost of bread and meat, the high rent, the ruinous price of shoes.

Pillow gave her no encouragement in her plan. It would, he believed, lower him in the eyes of his fellow workmen to have his wife mix in his affairs. Pillow laughed and joked with his companions about his investment. To look forward to the time when his bond would be paid for was like looking forward to the death of a rich relative. Pillow realized that he had suffered but little in the accumulation of his wealth. He was tired to death of moving pictures, and Mrs. Pillow seemed for some obscure reason to be now more becomingly occupied than she had been since he married her. But if Mrs. Pillow wished to spend the money they could have a much more substantial treat now. In Pillow's mind the chief connotation of the word "treat" was spelled by its last three letters.

Mrs. Pillow dressed her children in their mended clothes on the afternoon of the twenty-fifth, which was Saturday. They did not look handsome, but they were covered and they were clean. Subdued by weeks of school they were fairly well-behaved. Mrs. Pillow had her speech ready.

"I want only what's coming to me," she planned to say. "I've got these children to bring up and times is hard. Is it fair that I've got to help the Government, what never done me no good?" She could easily have added a trembling rage to her other arguments, but she doubted whether that would help her cause.

With a courage that would have made Pillow tremble, Mrs. Pillow went boldly to the office door at closing time. A casual No Admittance sign on the wall was meant to warn such as she, but she paid no heed. The boss, for whom she asked, felt apparently no anger at her intrusion, for he invited her to sit down and listened to her attentively. Mrs. Pillow was plain and clear, but she was not vehement.

The young man spoke softly when Mrs. Pillow had finished. As he did so he opened

(Concluded on Page 97)

THEROZ MESS KIT

The Pocket Kitchen

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS BUY BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

A picnic for two—
Anytime—Anywhere

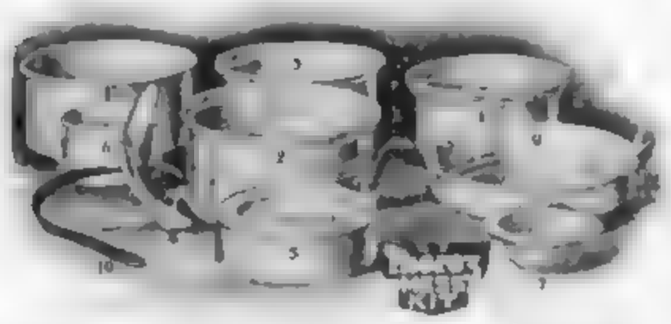
You can put this efficient little kitchen under the seat of your car, have your picnic when you want it, where you want it—in a pleasant spot down the road, out on the water or in the woods.

In just ten minutes you can have hot beans and chicken à la King or soup, and *fresh* coffee for two. A "twist of the wrist" converts the kit into a fryer, adding crisp bacon and eggs to satisfy outdoor appetites for a good, square meal. Independent of hotel or roadhouse you have twice the fun and gain twice the benefit. Your trip, minus hotel tariff, costs less than half.

THEROZ FUEL CUBES, the quickest, safest, hottest emergency fuel known, furnish the heat. For Boy Scout, hiker or camper THEROZ means the easiest and cleanest way of cooking. There's no bothering with slow-burning, wet or green brush. At the scratch of a match you have the full intense heat of fuel.

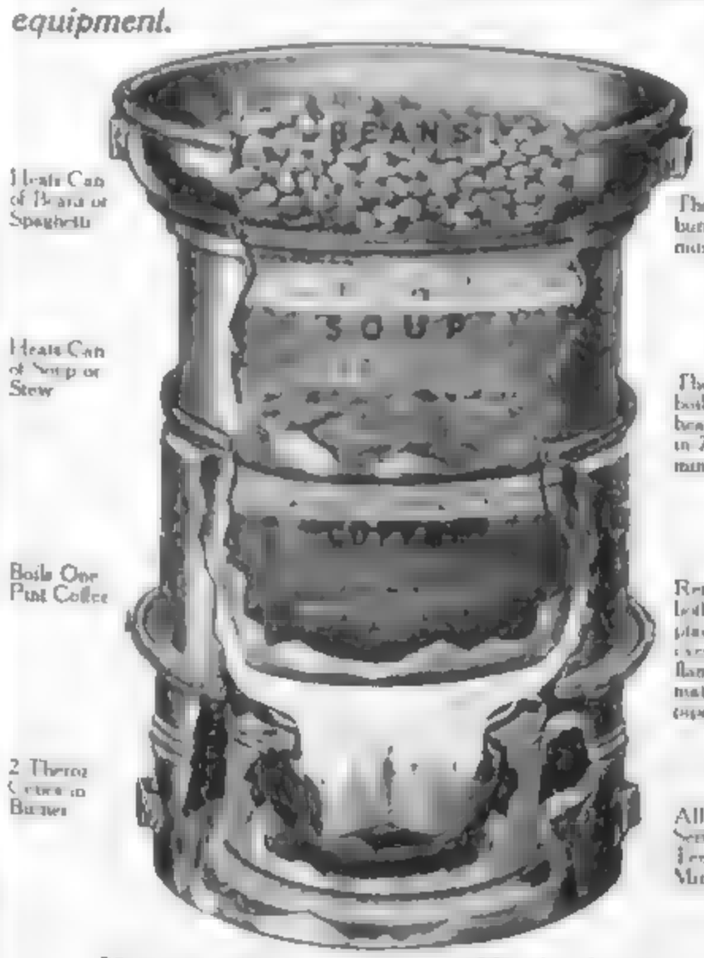
The bachelor girl who wants to light housekeep will find THEROZ the quickest, safest and most economical means to do it. At home the THEROZ MESS KIT serves lunch or dinner on the maid's day out, and will heat the baby's bottle between times.

Of course every soldier in camp needs a Theroz Mess Kit. His mother, wife, sweetheart or friend will see that he has it.



Theroz Mess Kit including Can of Theroz Fuel Cubes, 9 separate parts

Theroz Mess Kit has been adopted by the Young Men's Christian Association and Knights of Columbus for all Overseas Secretaries as standard equipment.


Heats Can of Beans or Spaghetti
The cubes burn 12 minutes
Heats Can of Soup or Stew
The coffee boils and heats soup in 7 minutes
Boils One Pint Coffee
Remove both and place beans over the flame to make them piping hot
2 Theroz Cubes in Burner
All the Service in Ten Minutes
BEANS
SOUP
COFFEE

X-Ray of Theroz Mess Kit in Action
Made of aluminum. Size set up 6¾ x 9¼ inches

TO DEALERS: Theroz Mess Kit wherever introduced in Department, Drug and Hardware Stores and Sporting Goods and Specialty Houses has attracted immediate attention, and already proved to be a fast selling article whose great strength lies in the fact that it is at once a necessity and a luxury. If not on sale yet in your town send for terms and descriptive booklet.

Lieutenant-Colonel Holcomb, who tested the Theroz Mess Kit for the U. S. Army, says:

WAR DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER
Camp Lee, Va.

May 5th, 1918.

From: Lieutenant Colonel F. P. Holcomb, Q.M.C.
To: Basic Products Corporation.
Subject: Cooking device.

1. Reference your letter of May 2nd, would say that Mr. x x x called on me. I have tried out your cooking device in every possible way and under all conditions, and it has absolutely made good. It would be invaluable not only to soldiers but to civilians as well.

2. This device should by all means become part of the equipment of every soldier.

F. P. Holcomb
F. P. Holcomb, Lt. Col. Q.M.C.

Theroz Fuel Cubes

are made by an absolutely new and patented process, which converts a liquid into a solid cube (not a paste). Theroz burns without soot, smoke or odor. Can't go liquid while burning. Can't upset, spill or explode. Price per tin (20 cubes) army size 35 cents.

Theroz Mess Kit—nested (4¾ in. x 6¼ in.)
Weighs less than 2 lbs.

$5.00

Complete including 20 Cubes. At your dealer's, or if he will not supply you, sent direct prepaid. In Canada $6.00 East and $6.50 West.

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If your requirements are special, our engineers will submit adaptations to meet them. If your plans are now complete, we will be pleased to figure on construction only.

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W. B. A. Ky Co., *Power House*, Oakman, Mich.
Standard Parts Co., *Electric Welding Products*, Cleveland, O.
[illegible] Motor Car Co., *Automobiles*, [illegible], O.
Symington Anderson Co., *Guns*, Rochester, N. Y.
Worthington Co., *Wholesale Groceries*, [illegible], O.
[illegible] Press Co., *Printing Presses*, Cleveland, O.
American Fork & Hoe Co., *Forks and Hoes*, Jackson, Mich.
Lake [illegible] Railway Co., *Railway*, Cleveland, O.
Spencer [illegible], *Accessories*, [illegible], Mass.
National Malleable Iron, *Bunking House*, Warren, O.
Cleveland Museum of Art, *Museum*, Cleveland, O.
Grasselli Chemical Co., *Chemicals*, Cleveland, O.
Bridgeford Machine Tool Works, *Machine Tools*, Rochester, N. Y.
Morgan Lithograph Co., *Poster Lithographs*, Cleveland, O.
Symington Forge Co., *Shell Forgings*, Rochester, N. Y.
Ferro Machine and Foundry Co., *Gas Engines*, Cleveland, O.
Ohio Steel Corporation, *Steel*, Baltimore, Md.
[illegible], *Radios*, [illegible].
[illegible] Co., *Dairy Products*, Cleveland, O.
Worthington Pump & Machinery Co., *Drop Forgings*, Akron, O.
[illegible] Co., *Department Store*, [illegible], O.
[illegible] Co., *Lasts*, Cleveland, O.
American Machine & Foundry Co., *Shell*, Port Huron, Mich.
[illegible] Co., *Tractors*, Cleveland, O.
Symington Projectile Co., *Shell Finishing*, Rochester, N. Y.
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[illegible] Motor Car Co., *Trucks*, Cleveland, O.
[illegible] Co., *Guns*, Philadelphia, Pa.
The Joseph & Feiss Co., *Clothing*, Cleveland, O.
American Bronze Corporation, *Bearings*, Berwyn, Pa.
Scullin Steel Co., *Shells*, St. Louis, Mo.
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(Concluded from Page 94)

a drawer and took out a stiff closely printed paper.

"Did you think you wouldn't get your money again, Mrs. Pillow?"

"How could I tell?" said Mrs. Pillow, a little ashamed.

"But here it is."

"That!" said Mrs. Pillow.

"This is worth fifty dollars. If you have no confidence in it I will give you fifty dollars in exchange."

Mrs. Pillow grew pale with excitement.

"In good money?"

"In good money. But I would advise you to keep it; and each June and December the Government will pay you a dollar for the use of it."

Mrs. Pillow shook her head. Fifty dollars! She did not see food as did Pillow; she saw Geraldine in a white dress, Bessie in a pink silk coat, the little boys with short stockings and yellow shoes, herself in high-heeled slippers. A hysterical sob quivered in her throat.

"I'll take the money," said she.

The young man rang a bell and asked that John Pillow be sent for. When Pillow arrived his face was pale. That he might be fired was the *bête noire* of Pillow's days. When he saw Mrs. Pillow the color came back to his cheeks. So she had done what she threatened to, had she?

"Pillow," said the young man, "Mrs. Pillow has come to see about your bond. Here it is. She is afraid about the money and I have offered to buy the bond and give her fifty dollars. But I have advised her to keep it as an investment and draw the interest."

Pillow bent his head. Investment, interest—these words had lately rolled from his tongue. But he feared Mrs. Pillow.

"What she says goes," said he.

"Suppose you think it over till Monday," suggested the young man.

Mrs. Pillow looked at him fiercely. It was not on Monday that she wished to dress up Geraldine and John and Willie and Bessie.

"My mind will be the same on Monday," said she.

The young man took ten new five-dollar bills from a safe and handed them to Mrs. Pillow. He had theories about the joys bred by habits of saving, and in Mrs. Pillow he was disappointed in mankind. He said good-by curtly.

The Pillows reëntered Fite Street, not from the lower end, where the shops were, but from the upper end, which was near their house. Pillow walked meditatively, thinking of food; the children skipped like lambs, thinking of food and of certain moving-picture stars whose antics enchanted them; Mrs. Pillow walked proudly. The joys of shopping from a full purse filled her thoughts only for a second, the bloodthirsty countenance of the villain in At the Mercy of the Wolf on the billboards of the moving-picture theater gave only a passing thrill.

Mrs. Pillow anticipated the moment, now near at hand, when she would show her neighbors what she had allowed them to forget—that she was on a higher plane than they. This would require no finesse. She would need only to walk past them with her refurbished family and they would understand. Lifted and sustained by pride Mrs. Pillow was once more content.

"The impudence of the De Fabios!" said Mrs. Pillow to herself.

It seemed to Mrs. Pillow, as she turned into her own street, that life was being poured out in rich measure. Near her own door a small crowd had gathered, and all were looking at her house. Had one of the dwellers in its basement or in an upper story murdered another? Could Fate have been so kind? The only catastrophe Mrs. Pillow needed to fear was fire, and there had been no fire; that was clear.

The Pillows approached swiftly and, except for the noise of Pillow's boots, silently. Forgetting her restored superiority Mrs. Pillow was about to cry out an excited inquiry when she saw that it was at the very windows of the Pillow apartment that the crowd stared. Mrs. Pillow approached and stared also.

"Gee-oh!" said a voice.

"Now she won't speak at all."

"I bet it's a lie!"

Mrs. Pillow was for the moment completely puzzled. Then her eyes fell upon the object at which all other eyes were gazing. As though announced from a megaphone blazed the legend in red, white and blue: We Own a Bond, and below it a bell danced upon its head. Mrs. Pillow had this morning swept under her bed and John and Willie had been playing with the card. John and Willie had learned on their way to school the proper place for such decorations. They had placed the card so that it was useful as well as decorative, since it took the place of an absent pane.

Mrs. Pillow's attention was only for a moment distracted. Mrs. Pillow had heard a certain word.

"What's a lie?" she demanded.

The neighbors turned quickly. In their eyes shone, according to the temperament of each, astonishment, incredulity or envy.

"That you own anything," said one insulting and receding voice; it was well to move away when you had spoken plainly to Mrs. Pillow.

But Mrs. Pillow did not pursue. Mrs. Pillow read the expression in the eyes turned upon her. She lifted her head. It was a moment of confused emotions and of great triumph for Mrs. Pillow.

"It is not a lie," said she with dignity. "We own a bond."

Then through the lane opened for her Mrs. Pillow led her family into the house. There, breathing deeply, Mrs. Pillow sat down in her rocking-chair. The other Pillows sat down upon the bed.

"But we sold it!" said Pillow in a whisper.

Mrs. Pillow closed her eyes. She felt within her mind volcanic heavings, portents of change. It had required a new scene to crystallize in Mrs. Pillow's mind the impressions of the last few months. They were jumbled impressions originating in a more comfortable digestive process, in a feeling of responsibility and anxiety hitherto unknown, in the aspiration that comes with struggle.

The young man said that you could get two dollars a year just for holding on to the mysterious paper. Then if you had enough papers you need never fear starvation! But that prospect did not keenly interest Mrs. Pillow at this moment. Another impulse, a more intense passion animated her. No elegant clothes, no Saturday evening procession had ever so distinguished and exalted her as this sign in her window.

There were three other broken window-panes in her house—she saw them filled without the services of a glazier. She saw her house covered; she saw larger crowds gazing. She held out to Pillow the roll of money.

"You take that back and get your paper," she commanded.

Then Mrs. Pillow bent and lifted the hem of her dress. Above her shoe her stocking showed a protuberance. For over five months Mrs. Pillow had been hoarding sums from Pillow's wages. She withdrew the bulging object and held out to a stunned and feeble Pillow a second roll of money.

"There! Don't stand like a stock," said she. "Go and get another!"

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The man in the Service has a real shaving problem—*help him solve it!*

Nearly always he shaves outdoors with *cold water*. Only the keenest razor edge can give him a smooth, comfortable shave under such conditions. To keep them keen

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Twinplex Stropper

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Twinplex strops two edges at once—rollers turn in opposite directions. At every turn blade reverses itself and strops the other side—just as the barber does. Blades are held at correct angle to insure perfect edge. No skill required—it can't fail. Small, compact, beautiful—in handsome nickeled case—also in KHAKI OUTFITS. $5.00 and up.

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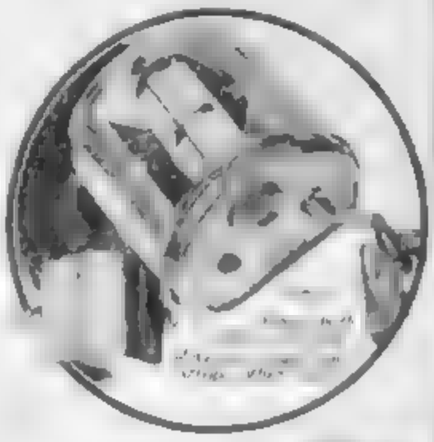
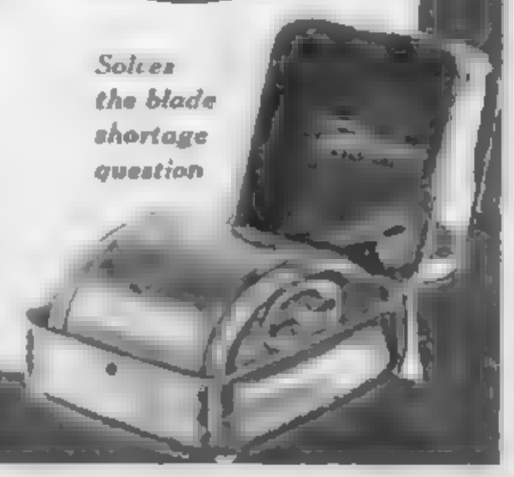


Solves the blade shortage question



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A thin layer of fine Wool is interknit *over* a thin layer of soft Cotton. The wool keeps cold out and warmth in—but it doesn't touch the skin.

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Give you more than superior quality of material and workmanship and correctness of style. Kady Suspenders give you comfort, too

The famous Double Crown Roller permits Kady Suspenders to adjust themselves to every movement of the body without pulling or binding

Try a pair of Kady Suspenders today and wear them for a week. If you are not satisfied, dealer will refund your money

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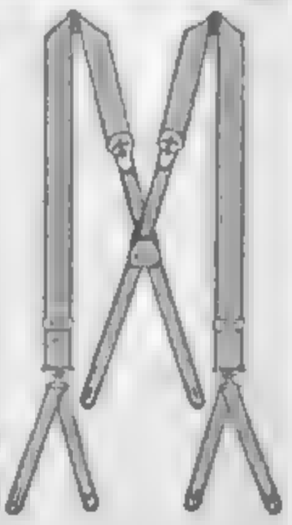

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BEHIND CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

(Continued from Page 13)

the soft strange babble of sounds. He swooned under the torment. The next day he tried again. Again the tall black-veiled figure thrust him down with hands that were gentle but strong. Again the hated sounds. Again he swooned. The third day, very weak but resolute, he recorded in his journal his intention to try once more, and strove to rise. But over him, as ever, was that black unyielding figure, holding him down; and so she held him, gentle, ruthless, unknowing, babbling into his ears those strange sounds until he died.

In comment upon this incident Major Perkins, Chief Commissioner for Europe of the Red Cross, said: "When I read the few pitiful pages of that journal of one of our men who had gone to his end in utter loneliness of soul I decided that something must be done. Either Americans must have their own hospitals or else we must put American nurses into French hospitals."

Accordingly American women, nurses, visitors and aids, were assigned to fifty-two French hospitals containing American men. One day it chanced in a certain French hospital that one of these aids, a bright, pretty girl, was working in a ward. And as she moved here and there, busy at her tasks, she sang softly under her breath the following cheerful ditty:

Where do we go from here, boys?
Oh, where do we go from here?

"I don't want you to go anywhere from here!" came an abrupt voice from a bed behind her. Turning she beheld a wounded American, a pale newcomer, regarding her from inflamed, bloodshot eyes.

"Well," she replied, laughing, "I don't intend to go anywhere this very minute. What's the matter with your eyes? Gassed?"

"Nothing," he replied laconically. "I've not slept for seventy-two hours. They shelled us up there for three days. That's where I got mine. I've been lying here watching you for an hour and trying to make up my mind which I wanted to do most—go to sleep or go on looking at you. And I decided I'd rather go on looking at you. I don't know," he added wistfully, "whether you consider that much of a compliment or not?"

"I consider it the finest compliment I ever had in my life, bar none—from a man who hasn't slept for seventy-two hours."

"Yes, but I haven't seen an American girl for five months. And so I figured it would rest my eyes more to look at you than it would to go to sleep."

This is not an extraordinary case. Nine men out of ten would have felt the same. Their eyes were starved for the sight of American girls. But one woman spread out among many men did not go far. It was like trying to spread a small pat of butter over a square acre of bread. However, it was the best that could be done. French hospitals could not be crammed with American workers. There was no place to put them. Their plants were already swamped with overwork.

A Reputation for Efficiency

In the meantime the Army and the Red Cross were not idle. It was felt that something must be done not only for the morale of the lonely American soldiers but also to relieve the tremendous pressure on the French system, which was handling the wounded of three nations. Accordingly the Army went on a still hunt, not any the less urgent because it was still, for hospitals already equipped and in action that could be used for this new American sector. That sector, roughly described, extended from Amiens on the north down to Château-Thierry, and then eastward to Rheims, with Paris in a direct line to the rear. Paris, then, became the logical point for base hospitals. The American Army would depend, according to agreement, upon French evacuation hospitals immediately behind the lines, but as soon as possible it would convey its wounded back to Paris and thus relieve the congestion in the front zone.

But how to get hold of any hospital? Fortunately the Red Cross, the emergency department of the Army, had a nucleus of hospitals already to hand. This nucleus was composed of some half dozen plants, some large, some small, some militarized, some civilian, but all in excellent running condition. In addition to this group it had in its warehouses in complete readiness for just such a crisis whole hospital units, complete in every detail, from tents down to the final safety pin, ready to put into the field at any point the Army should designate. Moreover, it had the camions for transportation and the surgical teams and nurses at hand for instant summons by telephone.

All this preparation had been done months before. Now this fine intensive long-sightedness began to yield its excellent fruit. For the Army gave orders to these hospitals to double, treble, quadruple their bed capacity and to hold themselves free for instant action. This was done. Just outside Paris another Red Cross tent hospital sprang into being. It sprang up almost overnight, with more than a thousand beds, its white tents dotting the field like mushrooms

In Europe the Red Cross has achieved an almost fantastic reputation for efficiency and speed—those two most commonplace factors of every successful business concern in America—and in this particular crisis, grave beyond all other crises so far as the welfare of our own fighting forces was concerned, it was going to need every ounce it possessed of both of those qualities. It was going to have the opportunity of saving hundreds of American lives. It did not know it. The Army did not know it. Nobody knew it. But so it was to be. A catastrophe was impending.

The May Offensive

You have not read thus far, I hope, without realizing the supreme, the vital importance of those evacuation hospitals crouching up there close behind the fighting lines. They are the life savers. Upon their nearness to the Front and the speed with which the wounded are delivered depend the success of the entire hospital system. They are the keystone of the arch. Let an army lose its string of evacuation hospitals and it loses not merely its physical property—a mere bagatelle—but also the power to save a large percentage of its wounded. For delay causes infection; infection causes amputation, and too often causes death.

To summarize briefly the elements of the situation: America, in common with the other Allies, had her own hospital system behind the Lorraine sector, and when our troops moved up into the French sector it was agreed that the wounded should be evacuated through French hospitals; to relieve the tremendous pressure a nucleus of Red Cross hospitals in Paris was constituted to drain this area.

And now perhaps, with these cards in your hands, and in your head the general outlines of the May offensive, recalling especially the fact that the Germans made an advance in that very sector of more kilometers than I like to recall, you may have a glimmering of the nature of the blow that fell. Yes, the French lost a certain number of their front-line evacuation hospitals. They were in the area and they were captured. That was the catastrophe.

It is the catastrophe that always happens when a considerable slice of territory is lost. It is what happened in Italy. It is what happened to the British in March. It is what had often happened to the French. Now it was happening to the Americans. And that is why I am writing about it. What made the situation more acute was that the French were handling all of the wounded for that sector. Their remaining hospitals were rapidly being swamped. Each day the combat raged with increasing violence. What was to be done with our men? Transport them clear back to Paris? There was no other course. It was bitter hard, but inevitable. And the Army was mighty glad to have this port in the storm.

And now let us glance for a moment at Château-Thierry and see what was taking place up there. On May thirtieth, upon this portion of the line the French were retreating, and two American divisions were swung in to stem, momentarily, the tide. All the world knows now which those two divisions were, for their exploits received the congratulations of General Pershing and of the French High Command. On June first, in they came, the first lot, twenty-four trainloads—fresh, cool, gay, hard-headed youngsters. They came with no

(Continued on Page 101)

Costly parts

War times demand that you protect them from undue wear. Three suggestions.

There is a serious shortage of automobile repair men. You are going to find more and more difficulty in getting repairs made. And you are going to pay more for repair service. Labor charges are up; prices of parts are higher and still on the rise.

Meanwhile many motorists are as unconcerned as ever about their cars. The needless wearing out of engine parts goes on.

Why? Incorrect oil—incorrect use of oil—or both.

Here are three points which should be observed by every motorist:

(1) Get the correct oil. You should use an oil of high quality and of the correct body to suit the lubricating requirements of your car. The use of such an oil is the first and most important step in the protection of your engine parts.

(2) Maintain at all times an adequate supply of oil in the oil reservoir. Lack of attention to this may result in insufficient lubrication, premature wear, and in extreme cases—burned-out bearings.

(3) Drain old oil and replenish at proper intervals. If your instruction book advises fresh oil every 1,000 miles, do not run 1,500 or 2,000 miles before replacing. Oil gathers impurities and thins down in use through condensation of the fuel mixture. Running on such "oil" means premature wear to parts.

It will pay you to send for the booklet, "Correct Lubrication", and read the article beginning on page 3. This book treats this and other subjects with authority and clearness in articles prepared by our Board of Engineers. Address our nearest branch.

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Correct Automobile Lubrication

How to read the Chart

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for engine lubrication properly refined to remove free carbon, are:

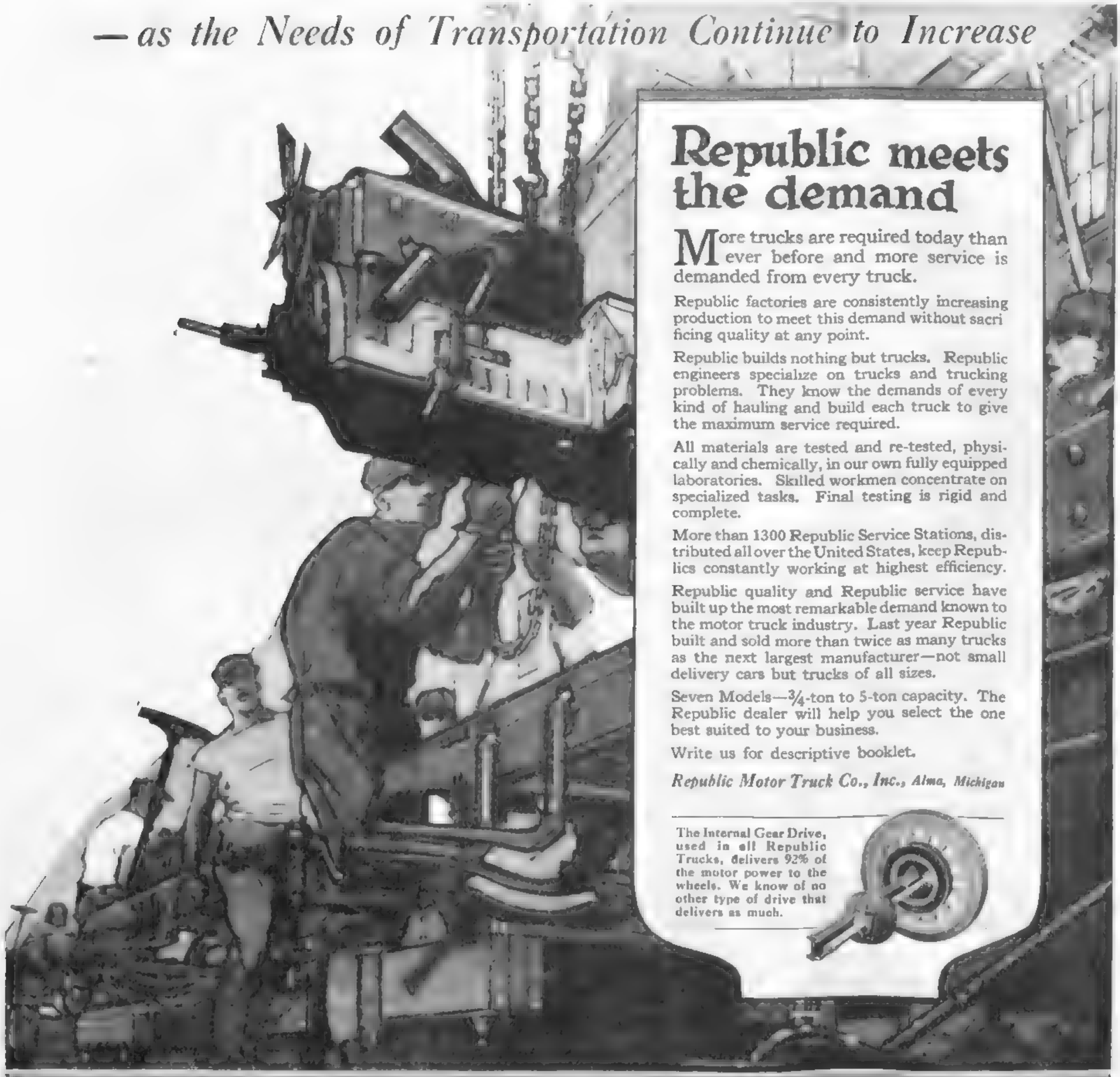
Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

In the Chart below [illegible] of Gargoyle Mobiloils [illegible] means Gargoyle Mobiloil [illegible]

AUTOMOBILES	[illegible] Models	[illegible] Models	[illegible] Models	[illegible] Models	[illegible] Models
Abbott	[illegible]				
Allen	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Cole	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Detroiter	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Federal	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Hudson	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Marmon	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Packard	[illegible]				
Peerless	[illegible]				
Pierce-Arrow	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Renault	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Studebaker	[illegible]				
[illegible]	[illegible]				
Winton	[illegible]				

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year round. For open chains and dif[illegible] Mobiloil "C" the year round. Exception—For greater lubrication of passenger cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel [illegible]

—as the Needs of Transportation Continue to Increase



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REPUBLIC

Internal Gear Drive

MOTOR TRUCKS

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(Continued from Page 98)

organization behind them; not an American Army hospital in the sector; not an ambulance; not even a field dressing station. They came with nothing but the packs on their backs and their rifles in their hands—and five hours later they were holding the line.

On their way up, as they were being rushed through, their trains stopped at a station which we shall designate as X —— Here lay several hundred British wounded waiting for a train to the rear. For it is one of the ugly necessities of war that, during an offensive, fresh guns and men take precedence over those who have been knocked out. And so these British wounded lay scattered about on litters in the station, on the platforms, on the grounds.

First aid they had received, but nothing more. Their condition was piteous. At the arrest of the trains the Americans clambered down briskly from their places and began relieving the immediate wants of these unfortunates.

"Maybe I'd best clear my poor chaps out of here," said an anxious British medical officer to an American captain. "The sight of them may disturb your men."

"On the contrary," replied the American grimly, "it's the best thing that could happen. It'll put the iron into their soul."

And it did. Even the Hun was amazed at the sternness of that American reception committee. For though the bombardment was heavier than that during the height of the Verdun offensive, the shells falling like iron hail less than five feet apart, with a low raking machine-gun fire that moved with automatic precision up and down the field, and the hurricane of high explosives and shrapnel and gas created an inferno compared to which Gettysburg was as calm as the Elysian Fields—yet those American troops did not falter.

Step by step they disputed every foot of advance, clinging close to the ground, fighting for hours against an enemy six times their superior. The Germans pushed, pushed again and kept on pushing. Assault succeeded assault, wave followed wave, each one more formidable as the Germans waxed wroth at the check. But the Americans held on; they dug in with their spades; they remanned their guns as their gunners fell, wiping out each successive enemy wave; they even reached out on either wing and retrieved nests of batteries in the woods, and from these fresh points of vantage they popped away at the astounded and bewildered Hun, who could not believe that two divisions alone, and only parts of these, were blocking his advance.

Superb American Grit

But as a matter of fact those two divisions were not alone. The whole United States of America stood solidly behind them, shoulder to shoulder, a vast shadowy host, warming their hearts and strengthening their blows.

Now these troops had been planted at that particular point in the line merely to plug for the moment the passage while the French took up new defensive positions in the rear. But these aggressive, mordant young allies did not conceive that merely to stem the boche tide was the whole of their duty. They dreamed better than that. So after surprising the enemy by their tenacity and cheek they proceeded to sail in on a lively counter-attack of their own and drive the intruder back. And drive him back they did, with a nerve, a grit, a kind of brisk keen joyousness intrinsically western that brought down the applause of the world. It was in fact a superb bit of fighting. And the best part of it all was that the men did not consider they had done anything fine or out of the way. That was on June first, second and third.

A wounded machine gunner, with a hole through his chest, gave me his explanation of their valor.

"It was like this," he said: "In those training camps back in the States they taught us a lot of things about war. And when we came over on this side they taught us a whole lot more. Seems like we learned about everything there was to know. But one thing they didn't teach us."

He paused, matter-of-factly, to cough up some blood.

"What was it they didn't teach you?" I asked.

"They didn't teach us how to quit. And so we didn't. We just kept on going!" He added reflectively: "It's their artillery that counts. Get those Dutchmen up close to and there's nothing to them. We fought them off their feet."

It was the veritable truth.

But it is not to be conceived that this was a bloodless victory. The first day of June a thin stream of crimson began to trickle to the rear from the wounded American Army. And those first days that thin crimson stream trickled all the way from Château-Thierry to Paris, a distance of fifty-one miles, without intervention or hospital care. One Red Cross hospital there was, indeed, but soon this was swamped. Men with nothing beyond first-aid bandages began pouring into the Paris hospitals. It was one of those inevitable conditions of war that are bound to occur when evacuation hospitals are lost.

Close up behind the Front the French evacuation hospitals, diminished in number, crippled in resources, were already glutted with British, French and American wounded and gassed. They lay on litters in the corridors, the doorways, the verandas, and overflowed into the yards and along the roadsides. Several American women canteeners came to help the French in this dire emergency. They found most of the personnel of one hospital already flown, the town being under direct shell fire. And for several days in that swamped hospital, together with a few brave French doctors and nurses, these American volunteers toiled like impassioned fiends day and night; ran the kitchen, cooked the meals, served out hot coffee, bathed the wounded, bandaged fresh amputations, held up dying heads, wrote letters, injected morphine, assisted at operations, and continued their labors tirelessly hour after hour, in an atmosphere of indescribable filth, impregnated with the odors of gas gangrene.

Spectacular Teamwork

Twice, two nights in succession, the Red Cross representative in that sector tore at full speed down to Paris, returning with a camion load of surgical supplies, ether and bandages. And when they arrived such was the pressure of the hour that the surgeons themselves ran out from their operating tables, dived their hands down into the precious box, caught up an armload and ran back, shouting directions over their shoulders.

It was during this period of stress that a noble idea occurred to the Red Cross representative, which he proceeded to act upon at once.

A short distance away was an abandoned French hospital, empty, its beds scarce cold. He drove over and asked to rent it.

"What for?" demanded the French authorities.

"To use for our American wounded. To relieve the pressure. To take them off your hands."

And he struck a bargain then and there. That accomplished, once more he scorched the road to Paris. This time he loaded up fifteen tons of stuff—one of those complete hospital units the Red Cross had stored in its warehouses against just such a crisis as this. That unit contained tents, beds, bandages, nitrous-oxide plants, ether, instruments, and the entire equipment for three surgical teams. By telephone, surgeons and nurses were summoned to hurry out by automobile. The representative himself hastened back to the other end. But while he was still on the way, by one of those swift military changes the hospital he had rented became untenable by reason of a shift of the American troops into another army zone.

So now he had an outfit, but no plant. Nothing daunted, for in his automobile he was still a lap or so ahead of his slower convoy, he started to comb the countryside for another hospital. And so successful were his efforts that by the time his material caught up with him he was able to direct it to a new location. Then came the installation of the plant. A château had been taken over for headquarters, operating and X-ray rooms. Behind the house in a fair open field backed by cool pine woods were ranged the hospital tents, each with a capacity of about fifty beds.

And now began a piece of spectacular teamwork. A detachment of soldiers began policing—cleaning up—the grounds; the nurses in the operating room commenced to boil their instruments; the sergeant began tacking up on the valuable tapestried walls lengths of white oilcloth; in the kitchen, the deep-seated heart of it all, the dietitian had already started the fire and marshaled her minions; the night teams of

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surgeons donned caps and aprons—and when a gray dust-covered army limousine raced up and the chief surgeon of that sector crisply demanded "How soon do you figure you can handle some wounded?" the commanding officer of the new evacuation hospital responded: "As soon as you like. Shoot 'em right along!"

And inside of an hour the army ambulances began to roll in and the stretcher bearers began to lift out the litters with the recumbent immobile figures, wrapped in blankets and many of them caked with mud and blood.

On June first the Americans began to attack. By June fourth this new Red Cross evacuation hospital had been installed behind Château-Thierry and was operating day and night on Americans only. And thus the thin stream of crimson, which for three days had trickled from the front lines practically without interruption clear back to Paris, was abruptly tourniqueted. It was a fine piece of emergency work and an excellent example of the complete collaboration between the Army and the Red Cross. The preparedness of this latter organization, its warehouses stacked to the roof with extra supplies so that it could multiply its entire hospital bed capacity by six without a strain; its camion service ready to transport these goods to any designated point in the advance zone; and these two facilities, materials and transportation put absolutely at the command of the Army in a vital and trying hour went far to avert what might have been a tragedy.

A Clean Sweep

It was a brilliant sunshiny day when I arrived at this Red Cross evacuation hospital behind Château-Thierry. At the moment there was a lull on the Front. Twice during the month of June the Germans had sought by means of smoke barrages and pontoons to cross the Marne, that river of ill omen to Prussian hopes, and twice the Americans had held them. And so aggressively had these gay yet austere youngsters fought that it was a common jest along that sector that the Kaiser was seeking peace terms.

There were now other units there, and they divided the honors with the veteran poilus who flanked them on either side.

The hospital itself, situated in a splendid grove of pines and purple beeches, was by this time operating as smoothly as if it had been established months instead of days. The entire bed capacity of that plant I may not give, but an idea of its elasticity may be obtained from the fact that upon one night, after an evacuation, the patients numbered three, and upon a subsequent night, during a rush, the kitchen fed more than nine hundred persons and showed no signs of pegging out.

Upon the afternoon of my arrival patients were scattered throughout many of the wards, bringing up the total to quite a considerable figure. In company with the commanding officer, Major M——, I had gone the rounds of the tents. Suddenly in the midst of a remark he was called to the telephone.

It was long distance—that is to say, it was some headquarters up behind the lines. The major returned with a sober face.

"It's an order," said he, "to clean out everybody, make a clean sweep, get ready the beds. I suppose you can guess what that means."

"An attack?"

"Well, I dare say the boche will try to pull off something. They've been massing up behind Château-Thierry now for days. But they're not the only ones that have been massing, and don't you forget it. Our men on this side the Marne are lying in wait, a cordial little reception party, and if some of their scoundrels do cross the river they'll never live to tell the tale!" He laughed—the cheerful buoyant laugh of utter confidence which prevails upon the Front. "But this order means that we'll evacuate this evening. It's better for the men, even the serious cases, to be sent back to a quiet base where they can have constant attention; they must have it, and we can't possibly give it to them here. In the midst of a big fight our hands are full with the fresh influx. Moreover, it stands to reason that the sooner we can get a patient in fit shape to travel out of this cyclone belt the better it is for all concerned. And yet it's the hardest thing in the world to let some of these men go. Some are special cases where we've fought for their lives. We'd like to guard them through the critical stage. As for the nurses, they cry like babies when they have to surrender some of their pets. You'll see to-night. Just watch my staff; see if they don't try to hang on to some of the men."

This was about five in the afternoon. He disappeared into the château to have a conference with his head nurse upon supplies. A few minutes later, Colonel X——, chief surgeon of all the American forces in that center, stepped down from his limousine, and the first words with which he greeted the major were these: "How many beds have you filled?"

The major gave the budget of the day.

"Well, clean them right out. If you've not sufficient ambulances, send down the line to X—— But get the men out of here to-night. Get your beds free. What about supplies—enough to stand a pretty big racket? How are you on ether?"

Major M—— gave the account of his plant. Everything was in perfect readiness for the storm.

"Fine!" pronounced the colonel. "Well, I've got to beat it. This is my busy day."

"Just when and where do you think the Germans are going to attack?" I ventured to put in my oar.

The colonel looked me up and down with a whimsical smile. Women are rare phenomena in the landscape of the Front. When they do arrive so far from their natural habitat, the safe and sober rear, it is taken for granted they are there with just and sufficient cause, and they are treated with a deference, a consideration and a fine camaraderie that are good to experience.

"If I knew the exact reply to your very pertinent question," laughed he, "I'd not be standing here; I'd be burning the road to G. H. Q; and we'd put something over on the boche to remember us by. As it is, we can only say things seem mighty imminent. They're massing guns and effectives. So are we. Just where the point of the thrust will come no man can say. Your guess is as good as mine. But we've got to be ready. And we are! Wait. I'll show you something. But you mustn't put it in the Post!"

Whereupon he sat himself down, hauled out his secret map and his secret notebook—a small black, leather-bound affair, in which were jotted cryptic figures representing positions and numbers of American forces which a German spy would have bartered his worthless soul to possess; and with these two, the map and the notebook, he outlined his plan of campaign in the event of a German drive. Here and there were troops, American troops. Here and there behind them were American hospitals, each one capable of caring for so many wounded each day. All together they represented an ample bed capacity. Those first unorganized days of June were well over; by now the Army had arranged a hospital system that effectively drained the sector. And not only that—alternative positions had been located in case the evacuation hospitals had to clear out and reinstall farther to the rear. Every emergency had been planned for. All was indicated on that secret map.

The Third Warning

"By the way, major," concluded the colonel, snapping to his little black notebook as he rose, "how soon could you up-stakes and move?"

The major stated the exact number of hours, and when I say that that number amounted to less than three hundred minutes you may realize how simple and supple are the component parts of such a plant. "I'll have the sergeant get out the tent bags," he added, "and stack them outside the tents."

"May as well be ready," agreed the colonel, stepping into his car. "Not that there's the slightest chance in the world that the boche will break through, but it would be criminal not to be prepared."

"We'll be prepared, sir," promised the major quietly.

"Good! They may start something about two in the morning. So long!"

"That's two warnings," said the major amusingly as the colonel's car rolled away.

Later, at mess out in the château grounds in a tent, with the westering sun over behind the dark pine woods, a great globe of fire drowning the fields and the tents in a fine golden light, we received a third. This time it came in the form of a note from the French headquarters hard by. It was in French and it read:

"We have the honor to announce to you that an important German attack is hourly expected in our sector. It will be advisable for you to evacuate instantly as many patients as you possibly can, in order to have the greatest number of beds free for the emergency."

"Looks as if the boche really meant business," commented the major. "Do you care to watch the evacuation? If so I recommend the rear steps of the château as a good reviewing stand."

I took my place as directed, well removed from the traffic. Upon the road beneath just in front of the hospital tents were lined up a long string of ambulances. A sergeant was in charge of the affair. Inside the tents, orderlies and nurses had their hands full preparing the men for transportation. Some of the patients were up, superintending their own moving; some, in vivid pink-striped Red Cross pyjamas—the gift of some gay soul—were sitting on their cots, swinging bare legs and shouting for footgear; some, disdaining such effete trappings of civilization, had wrapped the drapery of their couchs about them, squaw-wise, and were standing barefoot on the grass outside enjoying the festal scene. It was like a great gypsy encampment.

Fred Murphy's Tale

Still farther down the road one man had boldly snatched another's sole garment of attire, a dressing robe, and the owner, reduced to his birthday suit, started a chase. Ensued a picturesque race. This, however, was but a brief kaleidoscopic film, which danced across the road for a minute like a Greek frieze, and was abruptly censored by the sergeant. A nurse appeared at the flap of the tent, an anxious look in her eye. She caught sight of the tall statuesque Indian who, with his blanket hunched well round his head and his pyjamas swelling gently in the evening breeze, stood rubbing one big bare foot luxuriously over the other big bare foot and discoursing to another young Indian buck thus:

"Yes, sir, I'm telling you, friend, I sure thought the end had come. There I was, sitting under a little short tree by the road writing home to my mother. I'd just finished writing 'Well, mamma, I've come through lucky so far,' and looked up. There was a whole wagonload of grenades passing, and at that minute a shell bust in the road right ahead. And I'm telling you, friend, suddenly it seemed like all the world rose up in the air but me——"

"You, Fred Murphy," interrupted the nurse severely. "Where are those slippers I gave you? Don't you know you can't travel in bare feet? It isn't done in France!"

"Miles too small for my trilbies," explained Murphy succinctly. He turned his face toward her a brief instant and then, turning it back, continued without a halt: "—— but me, and I went down. And when the lieutenant helped me to my feet he said that nobody but a damn fool or a Marine could sit under a little short tree like that writing letters while a whole wagonload of grenades exploded, and get away with it. And he showed me the tree top blowed clear down the valley and sitting up there like an open umbrella."

A medical officer came hurrying over to the nurse.

"The orderly said you wanted me. What is it?"

"It's that chest case. He can't go. He's on the list, but there must be some mistake. Oh, I think it's terrible to send a man on the road like that!"

They passed into the deeper gloom of the tent. I followed. Near the door on a cot sat a doughboy, a shoulder case, garbed as per army regulation as far as his waist, and from thence upward his fine torso naked save for strappings and splints which held his arm in an immobile apparatus.

With his free hand he was pawing wildly among the effects of his kit, while he exclaimed in loud excited tones, "I can't find it! I never got it. If I had it I'd remember it, wouldn't I? Say, wouldn't a guy remember a thing like that? I guess yes! You never gave it to me—see?"

The orderly—later killed when the hospital was bombed by boche planes—was down on his haunches lacing up the patient's boots. He looked up with a grin.

"What's biting you, buddy? The last thing I gave you was slum, and I notice you wolfed that down like one o'clock."

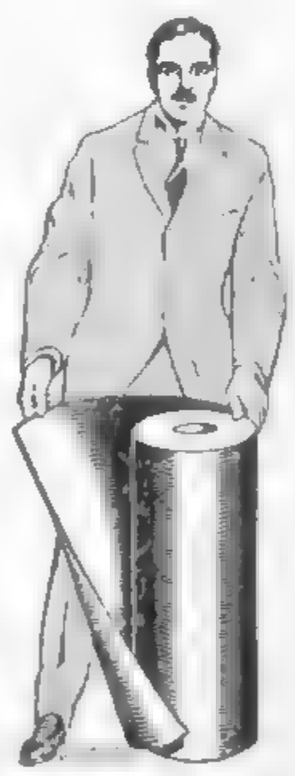
"It's my shrapnel. The piece the doctor took outa me. He promised before he put me to sleep on the operating table to pin it

(Continued on Page 105)

Consider the Felt in a roofing

The backbone of ready-roofing is felt. Upon its quality, primarily, depends the life of the roofing. The felt, however, is no longer visible once it becomes a part of the finished product. So you should know something about its quality *before* buying roofing.

The highest quality of roofing felt is made from rags, consisting largely of cotton with a smaller proportion of wool fibres. Substitutes for rags are papers, straw, and clay. If these substitutes are used extensively a felt which very closely resembles cardboard results. Cardboard is not a good roofing material.



At present the supply of rags is limited and the price high. The possibility of using the substitutes mentioned presents itself. But The Standard Paint Company has never considered them in the manufacture of Ru-ber-oid Roofing.

The enviable reputation enjoyed by Ru-ber-oid during the last quarter of a century is due largely to the fact that only the highest grade of felt has consistently been used in its manufacture. This is only *one* of the reasons why Ru-ber-oid is regarded as the standard of ready-roofings.

THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

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RU-BER-OID ROOFING

"I Shall Not Fail"

I AM the crankshaft for an armored car.

Into me have gone fifty years of knowledge of steel and forging—fifty years of proud reputation—fifty years of honest dealing.

All this that I may be worthy to be stamped with the Triangle B of Billings & Spencer which says: "Rely on me. I shall not fail."

A great allied foreign nation has come 4000 miles to buy me, and thousands like me, from Billings & Spencer—because we hold *lives* in our keeping.

We *can* not fail.

We are of that great family of forgings first born in the Civil War days of 1861 when C. E. Billings forged the pistols of the Black Horse Cavalry, and helped save the Union.

Through the long years since that time, we Triangle B forgings have helped make a hundred great industries possible, keeping a step ahead of their needs, and progressing with the progress of the nation—in war and peace.

The Billings & Spencer Co.

Hartford, Conn.

"The First Commercial Drop Forging Plant in America"

Hand Tools—Forgings—Drop Hammers

(Continued from Page 102)

onto my shirt. Say, look in my pocket, will you?"

The orderly obliged. But the shrapnel was not there. Just then the doctor passed. "Say, captain, did you operate on this guy? He says you promised to save his shrapnel."

The doctor squinted uncertainly through the gloom.

"Yes, sir, you did!" affirmed the private with confidence. "And you promised, sir, to pin the shrapnel onto my shirt."

"That's right. I remember now, old man." A look passed between the young surgeon and the orderly. Was it a wink that caused the orderly's left eyelid to droop so flat upon his cheek?

"Sir, shall I go get his shrapnel? I think I know where it's at."

"Good!" said the surgeon, laughter in his voice. "You'll find it wrapped in a piece of gauze."

"Yes, sir."

The orderly departed. But just outside the tent he paused, dived down into his pocket, brought up several objects, examined them attentively, and then hurried back to the rear entrance, where by the light of an electric torch the nurse was making up her list.

"S-s-t! Gimme a gauze compress, sister!" said a husky whisper in her ear. Absently she pointed to a parcel on the table. The orderly helped himself. The next moment he was back in the front tent.

"Here you are, buddy! That'll hold you for a while!" And he deposited an object twisted up in a bit of gauze in the soldier's eager palm. It was a copper bullet the size of a marble.

"Oh, boy!" ejaculated the private in deep ecstatic joy. "She's a whale! A regular Big Bertha! No wonder she stopped me. Say, captain," he hailed the surgeon who was passing, "can't I go back to my outfit? I don't want to lose that gang. And I feel fine."

The orderly chuckled as he warped his man's free arm into the flannel shirt. "Feel so darned nifty you'd like to go out and chop down a couple or three trees just for sport—hey?"

Outside, upon the road, the ambulances were loading rapidly and rumbling off into the gloom. The sergeant, the man of the hour, oversaw all.

"Gently there!" This to the brancardiers as they lifted a litter with a recumbent figure swathed in blankets and shot it into the ambulance. "You have three in there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, beat it! Now how many more are there left?"

From the steps of the château Major M——, in white cap and operating apron, surveyed the scene. The procession passed briskly.

Ambulances rolled up, loaded and disappeared. Not a light showed. The men were mere dusky patches of gloom moving through denser gloom. Overhead the sky was equally dark, fitting the earth close, like the stopper of a bottle.

Two Kinds of Officers

"I wonder how it feels," I said, "to be lying in the little black interior of those ambulances and rumbling off to God knows where."

"Sometimes very dramatic things happen in those same little black interiors," observed the major grimly.

An orderly approached, saluted the major.

"Sir, there's a light shining out of one of the upper windows. It makes quite a projection. One of the drivers marked it far down the road."

"Go up and tell the nurse to close the shutter," commanded the major tersely. "Tell her to go all over the house. We don't want a bomb dropped in the midst of this party."

"Have you ever had any disagreeable experiences with wounded German prisoners?" I inquired.

"We've not had many of their wounded, but one night we got in a Prussian lieutenant. I put him in a tent with a bunch of Germans, all in pretty bad shape. He shouted and swore like a trooper for being subjected to the hideous ignominy of having to breathe the same polluted air as his men. 'Twas an American atrocity! He said he was a Prussian officer, and he haughtily demanded to be changed to an officers' ward."

"And what did you do? Assign him to a private room with a special nurse and send up iced champagne?"

"Something like that! I ordered his cot changed, and I placed him between two poor German devils who were dying of gas gangrene. They smelled to heaven! I thought if our own nurses could tend to those fellows it might do his lord-high-mightiness good to lie between 'em for a while! In contrast to his conduct I had a young American lieutenant out in one of the tents, Ward B, and it was not until he was evacuated that I learned he was an officer.

"'Why, lieutenant,' I said, 'why didn't you tell me? I'd have placed you in the officers' ward.'

"'Oh, that's all right, sir,' he laughed. 'What's good enough for my men is good enough for me.' And that is the difference in a nutshell between autocracy and democracy."

One of the medical staff approached hurriedly. "Sir, I'd like to keep some few of these cases. They're in bad shape. I hate to start them on the road. It—it's against my conscience."

"All right. Use your own discretion. You heard the orders, though—to make a clean sweep. It may seem hard, but the men will receive better attention than we'll be able to give them once the rush begins. But keep them if you feel you should."

The Push Averted

With a breath of relief the officer turned away to countermand his order.

"Sergeant!" called the major.

"Here, sir!" came a steady reliable voice from the dark.

"Put all the wounded that are left into one tent—Ward A. How many have you?"

"About twenty-five, sir."

"Good. Tell your men to clean up all the rest of the wards and get them into condition. And, sergeant ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are those tent bags—the ones in which we pack the tents?"

"Upstairs in the storeroom, sir."

"Get them down. Place one outside each tent and instruct your men in their use. Maybe you'd better assign a patrol on this road to-night."

"Yes, sir. The officer of the day has already spoken to me about it, sir."

"All right, sergeant. Then I guess we're about ready for whatever may turn up. You'd better try to snatch some sleep."

"I think I'd rather stay up, sir, if you don't mind."

The sergeant saluted. We went inside. Already the surgeons and the nurses had sought their respective quarters to summon what sleep they might before the storm broke. I said good night also, and was conveyed to my billet in the village, the major promising to have me roused if anything occurred. By now the sky was clear, a deep soft firmament of gleaming stars which blinked friendly reassurance to the troubled earth atom below.

"It's all right!" they seemed mutely to say. "See, we're still here! It's all right!"

The wind was toward the Germans. Therefore, though already the big guns had waked to their nightly orchestra, and vivid lightninglike flashes from their flaming throats played constantly across the low horizon, yet not a single sound could be heard. All through the night, when at intervals I rose to watch, that leaping devil's dance played noiselessly across the rosy sky. It was uncanny—lightning without thunder. Where was the sound? In the upper air reaches?

The next morning I woke to discover I had not been called. The drive, then, had not materialized. At the hospital I found that such was even the case. There was a smile in the air, and a whisper that the Americans the previous night had dumped twelve thousand gas shells down upon the Hun just as he was clambering over the top. The push for the moment was averted. Nevertheless a few wounded were trickling in, and upstairs in the officers' ward I found two bed-fast lieutenants. One, by his soft velvety drawl, was a Southerner. Later I learned his exact habitat was Memphis, Tennessee. The other young officer apparently had been recounting some knavery of the boche, for with my hand on the open door I heard the Tennesseean respond fervidly: "Yes, suh. They're dirty snakes. You can't have no commerce with them. Yuh just got to kill their souls!"

I drew back and listened, for the Tennesseean was beginning a tale.

"Yes, suh," his cool, placid voice flowed on, "they was murderin' us in that woods.

The Wizard
Adjustable Foot Appliances

Wizard Arch Builder

Relief for aching feet!

Do your feet tire quickly? Do they ache after walking or standing? Have you pains in the legs or back? These are all indications of fallen arches. Wizards will give you immediate relief. The Wizard Arch Builder raises the arch gently, gradually—with *perfect comfort*—by means of soft inserts, in overlapping pockets. These allow unlimited adjustment for any shape or condition of arch. Wizards in your shoes will bring back the spring to your step, the buoyancy to your walk, and foot ease in every way. They are giving foot relief to thousands.

Wizards contain no metal—no breaking in.

Wizard Callous Remover

Get rid of callouses

Callouses are not a SURFACE trouble, but are due to pressure on the sole from unnaturally low bones in the ball of the foot. The Wizard Callous Remover gives PERMANENT relief by *preventing* this pressure. This is accomplished with soft inserts, in overlapping pockets, which are so located in the shoe as to support the bones just back of the callouses. This relieves the pressure and stops the pain immediately. The callous soon disappears. Wizards can't cut through, mar or affect the shape of any shoe, because they are

all leather—soft, flexible, featherlight

Wizard Heel Leveler corrects this

Run-over heel is *foot* trouble

—usually caused by a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones. This throws the foot to one side in walking. It is the first stage of serious foot trouble and should be attended to. The Wizard Heel Leveler counteracts this misalignment so that shoe heels wear straight.

10,000 dealers sell Wizards

Usually they have an expert trained in the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles who can fit you with the proper Wizard device to give you instant relief. If not, an expert in fitting shoes. If you can't locate the Wizard dealer near you, write us.

WIZARD FOOT APPLIANCE CO.
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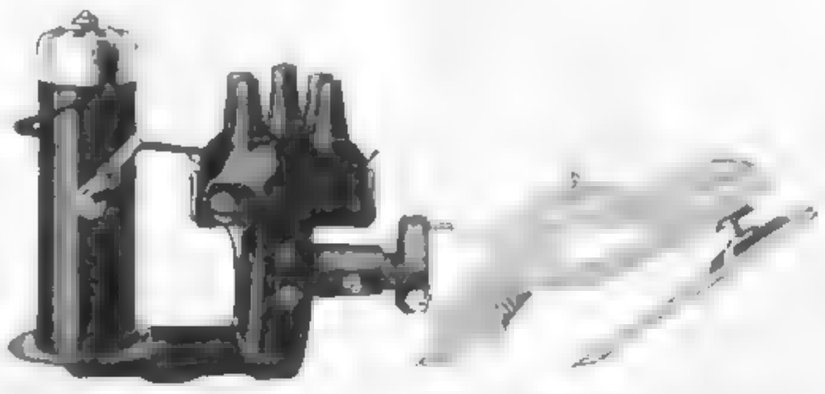

Illustration Shows Type C. C. Magneto Replacement System

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YOUR Atwater Kent System supplies the same big, hot, perfectly synchronized spark at starting as at maximum speeds—thus greatly facilitating starting. Improved combustion saves gasoline; increased motor power reduces gear shifting and motor stalling.

Atwater Kent Scientific Ignition will replace the magneto on your last season's car and give you additional thousands of miles of satisfactory motor service—easily installed at moderate cost. There's a type of Atwater Kent Ignition for every car made.

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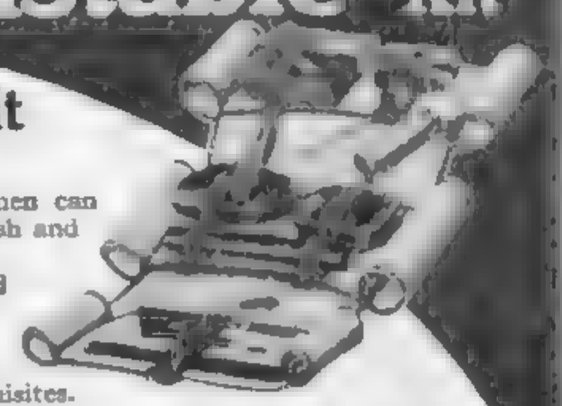
By using this kit, men and women can carry just the toilet articles they wish and make changes in a jiffy.

Adjustable straps with patented Nonmetalocks hold all fittings securely. Three large underneath pockets provide ample space for extra traveling requisites.



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FITALLS may be had fully equipped or empty to carry the toilet articles which you have or any you wish to buy. **FITALLS** are exceptionally light and compact and are made in various sizes of flexible leathers and attractive cravenetted fabrics from $1.75 up.

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For U. S. and Foreign Countries

'They'd got us in a pocket and from nests of machine guns they was shellin' us three ways. We'd had no meat for over two days. It was tough, I'm tellin' yuh, suh. So that night I took my sergeant and went foraging in the village. It was deserted and the shells was falling right lively. Presently I shoved open the door of a barn, and there was a fine fat hawg rooting away inside.

"'Sergeant,' I says, 'that hawg in there tried to bite me.'

"'Well, suh,' says the sergeant, 'there ain't no French hawg born that can bite my lieutenant and get away with it. We-all ain't going to stand that from no hawg. No, suh!' And so that night we had a fine mess of po'k chops. Yes, suh, those po'k chops certainly tasted grand."

I slipped inside to have a look at the *raconteur*. He was a tall, lean, lank, freckled, solemn-looking young gentleman, with a broken ankle and a quizzical brown eye. Somehow he reminded me of Lincoln.

"Yes, suh," he was remarking, "this sure is one damn funny man's wah." After I had established myself I demanded what led him to such a cynical conclusion. But he refused to be drawn, and asked instead the condition of a patient in the adjoining shock ward. I told him the man was dead.

"I'm sure sorry to heah that," he said simply. "That man was in my outfit and a bettah boy never spit. He got his after I came in. I left a squad of five in a dugout on the side of a knoll and I told them not to stir until the shelling let up. Well, this boy says it got pretty hot and crowded inside and he stepped out a minute to breathe. And that very minute a shell dropped. He might have saved his life if he'd bandaged his leg right off; but no, suh, he told me he couldn't think of nothing but hauling those poor fellows from that caved-in wreck—and him with one leg blowed off. That boy deserves a Croix de Guerre. I'm goin' to write to his mothah."

I was called away for a few minutes, and when I returned the lieutenant was embarked upon another tale:

"Yes, suh, I just couldn't bear to see that boy's body lyin' out in the blisterin' sun. By the clothes he was a Marine, and I expect he'd been hangin' up against that bob-wire some time. I didn't care if it was No Man's Land. It wasn't no fit land for an American's body to be lyin' out in the sun, and so I started out to fetch it in.

"'Lemme go, lieutenant!' one of my outfit says. I've got the finest outfit of boys, miss, you ever laid eyes on."

"Maybe that's because they've got such a fine lieutenant!" I said slyly.

The Lieutenant's Promise

"No, suh, that isn't it at all!" he retorted earnestly. "Well, I says to him: 'Man, I can't ask for volunteers for this. It's too danged dangerous.' And that boy, he says to me: 'Shucks, lieutenant! I'll die for yuh any day with pleasure. But for God's sake, don't leave me lie out there like a dawg.' So I promised, and he went out and fetched the Marine in. Two hours later that boy was shot straight between the eyes by a sniper's bullet. I remembered what he'd said: 'For God's sake, lieutenant, don't leave my body lie out like that'—and it kind of hurt my soul. So I sent him back to the rear. And we buried that boy with honahs. Yes, suh, this sure is one damn funny man's wah!"

Downstairs the hospital seemed drowned in a drowsy Sabbath calm. Not a breath stirred. Roses drooped in the hot stillness. High overhead in a light azure sky Allied planes swam like gnats across a sun-lit stretch of water. To complete the note of peace two stray hounds dreamed on the steps or snapped languidly at blue-bottle flies. Who said there was a world war on hand? And yet, late the night before, still another warning had come over the wires, and the remaining twenty-five patients had been hurriedly transported to safer climes.

Down the road thousands of camions were passing, a steady sluggish stream. The level, poplar-bordered highway was alive with them as far as the eye could see. Camions filled with French troops; camions filled with artillery, guns, guns, guns; camions filled with horses, two to a vehicle. And after that stream of blue casques had flowed by, with scarcely a minute's interval, came another stream—United States khaki, going up on the line. The heavy American lorries thundered by in a cloud of dust, their wheels tearing the gravel out of the roads. The men were covered with a coating of dust, thick as if they had come through a desert sandstorm. Their eyelashes were powdered gray; their eyebrows were bleached white; their fresh skins were burned brick red; and their eyes, unprotected by that abominable visorless overseas cap, were inflamed with dust and fatigue and lack of sleep. And yet how they hurrahed, leaning far out to yell as they flashed by! They were going into hell, and they knew it.

They had no illusions about war. But the sight of those dirty, sweaty, confident men thrilled us.

At five, in front of the château, the chaplain read the burial service over the hero who had given his life to save his comrades in the dugout. Over the pine box lay the folds of the flag, a mantle of glory. Upon the rude casket some friend had placed a cross of crimson ramblers, the rich splendor of their hue and their fragrance symbolizing mutely the beauty of soul of him who lay underneath. Red roses for those who die in youth for their country! They seemed to burn in the quiet air. Their fragrance mounted like rare incense. The chaplain read the immortal words of hope: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. . . ." High overhead the faint reassuring drone of Allied planes mingled with the murmur of the detachment of soldiers, who with bared heads repeated softly "Our Father who art in Heaven . . ." while off on the side lines stood a group of French children, awed, curious, respectful, with bunches of field daisies clutched tightly in their hands, with which, after the *Americains* had departed, they proposed to decorate the strange soldier's grave.

The Midnight Regiment

Later, in search of consolation, I wandered back to the Tennesseean's ward. I was not disappointed. That liquid drawl flowed on, soft as the Mississippi at twilight.

"Yes, suh, we called that outfit the Midnight Regiment. I reckon yuh-all heard of them; they was stationed a while at B ——. They was officered with white folks, and a friend of mine was major. Well, suh, they put that regiment alongside some French niggers from Upper Africa. Yuh'd think those two sets would amalgamate, coming from the same family tree. But no, suh! There was just one perpetual uproar. They was a-hackin' and a-choppin' each up with knives from mawning until night! Yuh nevah heard such takin's-on. And the officers couldn't find what was the row nohow. So one night the major, he says to his sergeant, a big negro:

"'Sergeant,' says he, 'I want yuh to go out and make a private investigation of just what's the trouble between yuh Americans and those French niggers, and hand in a confidential report.'

"'I don't need to go out and make no 'vestigation, major,' says that sergeant. 'I can report to yuh whut-all's the trouble right now. Yes, suh!'

"'All right, sergeant. What is it?'

"'Well, suh, it's like this: Evah since this heah Midnight Regiment come over to France and been a-takin' part in this man's wah, us-all's been hearin' the white folks talkin' French. All the white folks gettin' to talkin' French. Yes, suh. And now we come up alongside these strange nigger folks and find them gabblin' French too! And when niggers goes to gittin' stuck up like that and puttin' on proud white folks' airs they's jest naturally boun' to be trouble! Yes, suh, that's whut it is!'"

The afternoon shaded gently into night; the night's dark hours slipped by, silent as bats' wings; morning came again, calm, sunshiny—and still no threat of attack. It was ominous, menacing. The hospital staff rested with taut nerves, like a football team ready at a given signal to spring into intense action. But the signal was withheld.

Then suddenly one July morning about two o'clock the storm burst. The atmosphere trembled and shook to the clamor of mighty guns. Even in Paris, fifty-one miles away, their deep-throated orchestra could be heard. Pluff! Pluff! Pluff-pluff! Distant, yet clear, unmistakable, sounded those soft and sinister volleys through the night. Not since the Battle of the Marne in 1914 had Parisians heard such a violent bombardment. Some flew to the telephone. Was it a Gotha raid? Was that the outer antiaircraft barrage? No. It was the long-delayed July offensive.

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A three horsepower gas engine direct connected to an electric generator, and fitted with a pulley that makes the engine available for any other power need on the farm.

The Western Electric man will demonstrate this plant to you.

DON'T make the mistake of buying a plant that is not large enough. You want to be able to use your lights and at the same time perhaps several of the labor saving devices that are making electricity so useful and so popular on the farm.

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There is a Western Electric man near you. Mail the coupon for Booklet No. Q-8, and we will tell him to get in touch with you.

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Your Plant Must Have Been Re-Lighted Within 5 Years

OUTPUT! The manager who himself has worked at bench or machine knows that his men *must have good light*. The speed he demands—and the accuracy—are possible only when the light is right, and no one knows it better than he!

Then why is not every factory flooded with energizing light? The reason, no doubt, is the persistence of an idea that used to be true—but is no longer!

The Light You Can "Afford"

In the past there was a limit to the light that could be bought at a practical cost. Many an executive has tried to be satisfied with illumination which fell far short of what he knew to be required—because he thought it the best he could "afford."

"Raw" Light Made Cheap

In 1913 the NATIONAL MAZDA C lamp, in one stroke, blotted out half the cost of lighting! It made "raw" light so cheap that, for the first time, even the smallest plant could turn its attention to getting the *kind* and the *quality* of illumination best suited to its needs.

The result has been that, in five brief years, a *whole new science* of illuminating engineering has developed.

Controlled Light is Illumination

The lighting man today has all the necessary "tools" to work with! New lamps have been devised in seemingly endless variety and in all sizes from 75 watts to 1,000 watts. Reflectors too have improved in design, and their application has been vastly simplified.

The consequence is that the engineer is able to employ a *precision* in the control of light that few who have not followed his work minutely are able to realize!

Make a Survey of Your Needs

Unless your lighting has been completely re-engineered since 1913 you are getting more *spoilage* and less *production* than you should be getting.

Are you not impressed with the necessity of making as quickly as possible a *thorough survey of your needs?* Right NOW is the important time to open up the question, since transportation and other difficulties may hinder your getting what you want a little later.

Help From Our Engineers

Should you desire the services of our lighting engineers in studying your requirements, they will gladly be placed at your disposal on request. "Better Factory Lighting" is the name of an important booklet, just published, which you will find worth reading. National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 45 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality

NATIONAL MAZDA

JAVA HEAD

(Continued from Page 5)

strict limitation to questions made familiar by constant repetition; and this last was entirely new. She was sure of several kinds of ports—one they had after dinner, another indicated a certain side of a vessel, and still a third was Salem. But an outport—Kronstadt, Cavite—what it really meant, what they were, had escaped her. She decided to risk an opinion.

"An outport," she said slowly, "is a—a part of a ship." That much seemed safe. "I expect it's the place where they throw things like potato peels through."

"You suppose what!" he cried, breathing quite hard. "A place where they ——" He broke off. "And you're Jeremy Ammidon's granddaughter! By heaven, it would make a coolie laugh. It's like William, who never would go to sea, to have four daughters in place of a son. I'm done with you; go tinker on the piano!"

They got down from their chairs and departed with an only half-concealed eagerness

"Do you think he means it," Janet asked hopefully, "and he'll never have any geography again?"

"No, I don't!" Laurel told her shortly.

She was inwardly ruffled, and further annoyed at Janet's placid acceptance of whatever the day brought along. Janet was a stick!

She turned away and found herself facing the parlor and the memory of the impending hour of practice. Well, it had to be done before dinner; and she went forward with dragging feet.

Within the formal shaded space of the chamber she stopped to speculate on the varied and colorful pictures of the wall paper reaching from the white paneling above her waist to the deep white carving at the ceiling. The scene that absorbed her most showed a marble pavilion elevated above a smooth stream, with sweeping steps, and a polite company about a reclining gentleman with bare arms and a wreath on his head and a lady in flowing robes playing pipes. At the right, in deep green shadow, a charmer was swinging from ropes of flowers, lovers hid behind a brown mossy trunk; while on the left, against a weeping willow and frowning rock, four serene creatures gathered about a barge with a gilded prow.

Still on her reluctant progress to the piano she stopped to examine the East India money on the lowest shelf of a locked corner cupboard. There was a tiresome string of cash with a rattan twisted through their square holes; silver customs taels, and mace and candareens; Chinese gold leaf and Fu-kien dollars; coins from Cochin China in the shape of India ink, with raised edges and characters; old Carolus hooked dollars; sycee silver ingots, smooth and flat above, but roughly oval on the lower surface, not unlike shoes; Japanese obangs, their gold stamped and beaten out almost as broad as a hand's palm; mohurs and pieces from Singapore; Dutch guilders from Java; and the small silver and gold drops of Siam called ticals.

She arrived finally at the harplike stool of the piano; but there she had to wait until the clock in the hall above struck some division of the hour for her guidance, and she rattled the brass rings that formed the handles of drawers on either side of the keyboard. Later, her fingers picking a precarious way through bass and treble, she heard Sidsall's voice at the door; the latter was joined by their mother, and they went out to the clatter of hoofs, the thin jingle of harness chains, where the barouche waited for them in the street.

Once Camilla obtruded into the room. "I wonder you don't give yourself a headache," she remarked; "I never heard more nerve-racking sounds."

Laurel gathered that Camilla was proud of this expression, which she must have newly caught from some grown person. She considered a reply, but nothing sufficiently crushing occurring she ignored the other in a difficult transposition of her hands. Camilla left; the clock above struck a second quarter; the third, while she honestly continued her efforts up until the first actual note of the hour.

"Thank God that's over!" she said in the liberal manner of a shipmaster.

Now only the walk with her grandfather remained of the actively tiresome duties of the day. After dinner the sun blazed down with almost the heat of midsummer, and Laurel felt unexpectedly indifferent, content to linger in the house. Only too soon she heard inquiries for her; and in her gaiter boots, a silk bonnet with a blue scarf tied under her chin and flowing over a shoulder and palm-leaf cashmere shawl, she accompanied the old man across Pleasant Street and over the wide green square to the arched west gate with its gilt eagle and Essex Street.

"Will we be going on Central Street?" she asked.

"No reason for turning down there," he replied, forgetful of the gingerbread shop with the shaky little bell inside the door, the buttered gingerbread on the upper shelf for three cents and that without on the lower for two. She gathered her hopes now about Webb's drug store, where her grandfather sometimes stopped for a talk and bought her rock candy, Gibraltars or blackjacks. It was too hot for blackjacks, she decided, and, with opportunity, would choose the cooling peppermint flavor of the Gibraltars.

The elms on Essex Street were far enough in leaf to cast a flickering shade in the faintly salt air drifting from the sea, and they progressed so slowly that Laurel was able to study the contents of most of the store windows they passed. Some held crewels and crimped white cakes of wax, gayly colored reticule beads with a wooden spoon for a penny measure, and "strawberry" emery balls. There was a West India store and a place where they sold oil and candles; another had charts for mariners; while across the way stood the East India Marine Hall.

Here her grandfather hesitated, and for a moment it seemed as if he would go over and join the masters always to be found about the museum. But in the end he continued beyond the Essex House with its iron bow and lamp over the entrance, past Cheapside to Webb's drug store, where he purchased a bag of Peristaltic Lozengers and—after pretending to start away as if nothing more was to be secured there—the Gibraltars.

They were returning, in the general direction of Derby Wharf, when Jeremy Ammidon met a companion of past days at sea and stopped for the inevitable conversational exchange.

The latter, who had such a great spreading beard that Laurel couldn't determine whether or not he wore a neck scarf, said: "Barzil Dunsack all but died."

"Ha!" the other exclaimed.

Laurel wondered at the indelicacy in speaking about old Captain Dunsack to her grandfather when everyone in Salem knew they had quarreled years ago and not spoken to each other since.

"He was bad off," he persisted; "a cold grappled in his chest and went into lung fever. Barzil's looking wasted, what with sickness and the trouble about Edward." At a nod, half encouraging, he added: "It appears Edward left Heard & Co. in Canton and took ship back to Boston. He's there now, for what I know. Never sent any word to Salem or his father. Looks a little as if he had been turned out of his berth. Then one of Barzil's schooners caught the edge of the last hurricane off the Great Bank and went ashore on Green Turtle Key. Used him near all up."

Laurel saw that her grandfather was frowning heavily and silently moving his lips. The other left them standing and her companion brought his cane down sharply.

"Boy and boy," he said. "Barzil was a good man. . . . Looking old. So am I, so am I. Feet almost useless. Laurel," he addressed her, "I want you to go right on home. I've got to stop around and see an old friend who has been sick."

She left obediently, but paused once to gaze back incredulously at the bulky shape of her grandfather moving toward Barzil Dunsack's. That quarrel was part of their family history—she had been aware of it as long as she had of the solemn clock in the second hall; and not very far back, perhaps when she was eight, it had taken a fresh activity of discussion round the person of her Uncle Gerrit, who it was feared might now be drowned at sea. What it had all been about neither she nor her sisters knew, for not only was the subject dropped at the approach of any of them but they were forbidden to mention it.

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flood of talk that met her from the drawing-room. Olive Wibird and Lacy, her cousin, were engaged with Sidsall in a conversation often a duet and sometimes a trio.

Laurel took a seat at the edge of the chatter and followed it comprehensively. She didn't like Olive Wibird, who would greet her in a sugary voice; but elsewhere Olive was tremendously admired. There were always men about her, serenades rising from the lawn beneath her window, and Laurel herself had seen Olive's dressing table laden with bouquets in frilly lace paper. She had one now, in a holder of mother-of-pearl, with a gilt chain and ring. Her wide skirt was a mass of overdrapery, knots of moss roses and green gauze ribbons; while a silver cord ending in a tassel fell forward among her curls. Lacy Saltonstone, almost as plainly dressed as Sidsall, was as usual sitting straighter than anyone else Laurel ever saw. She had a brown face with a finely curved nose and brown eyes, and her voice was cool and decided.

"For me," she said, "he is the most fascinating person in Salem."

Olive Wibird made a swift face of dissent. "He's too stiff, and there is gray in his hair. I like more sparkling hock with my men. Dancing with him he holds you as if you were glass."

"I don't seem to remember you and Mr. Brevard together," Lacy commented.

"He hasn't asked me for centuries," the other admitted. "He did Sidsall, though, as we all remember; didn't he, love?"

Sidsall's cheeks turned bright pink. Laurel dispassionately wished that her sister wouldn't make such a show of herself. It was too bad that Sidsall was so so broad and well-looking; she was not in the least pale or interesting, and had neither Lacy Saltonstone's thin gracefulness nor Olive's popular manner.

"It was very noble of him," Sidsall granted.

"But he was extremely engaged," Lacy assured her with her wide slow stare. "He told me that you were like apple blossoms."

That might please Sidsall, thought Laurel, but she personally held apple blossoms to be a very common sort of flower.

Evidently something of the kind had occurred to Olive, too, for she said: "Heaven only knows what men will admire. It's clear they don't like a prude. I intend to have a good time until I get married ——"

"But what if you love in vain?" Sidsall interrupted.

"There isn't any need for that," Olive told her. "When I see a man I want I'm going to get him. It's easy if you know how and make opportunities. I always have one garter a little loose."

"Laurel," her sister turned, "I'm certain your supper is ready. Go right along like a nice child."

In her room a woman with a flat worn face and a dusty wisp of hair across her neck was spreading underlinen, ironed into beautiful narrow wisps of pleating, in a drawer. It was Hodie, a Methodist, the only one Laurel knew, and the latter was always entranced by the servant's religious exclamations, doubts and audible prayers. She was saying something now about pits, gauds and vanities; and she ended a short profession of faith with an amen so loud and sudden that Laurel, though she was waiting for it, jumped.

It was past seven, the air was so sweet with lilacs that they seemed to be blooming in her room, and the sunlight died slowly from still space. By leaning out of her window she could see over the Square. The lamplighter was moving along its wooden fence, leaving faint twinkling yellow lights, and there were little gleams from the windows on Bath Street beyond.

The gayety of her morning mood was replaced by a dim kind of wondering; her thoughts became uncertain, like the objects in the quivering light outside. The palest possible star shone in the yellow sky; she had to look hard or it was lost. Janet, stirring in the next room, seemed so far away that she might not hear her, Laurel, no matter how loudly she called.

"Janet!" she cried, prompted by unreasoning dread.

"You needn't to yell," Janet complained at the door.

But already Laurel was oblivious of her; she had seen a familiar figure slowly crossing Washington Square—her grandfather coming home from Captain Dunsack's.

Gracious, how poky he was; she was glad that she wasn't dragging along at his side. He seemed bigger and rounder than usual. She heard the tap of his cane as he left the Common for Pleasant Street; then his feet moved and stopped, moved and stopped, up the steps of their house.

She was sorry now that she hadn't known what an outport was, and determined to ask him to-morrow. She liked his stories, that Camilla disdained, about crews and Hong-Kong and the stormy Cape. The thought of Cape Horn brought back the memory of her Uncle Gerrit, absent in the ship Nautilus. Her mental pictures of him were not clear; he was almost always at sea; but she remembered his eyes, which were very confusing to encounter; and his hair, parted and carelessly brushing the bottoms of his ears.

Laurel recalled hearing that Gerrit was his father's favorite, and she suddenly understood something of the unhappiness that weighed upon the old man. She hoped desperately that Janet or Camilla wouldn't come in and laugh at her for crying. In bed she saw that the room was rapidly filling with dusk. Only yesterday she would have told herself that the dragon in the teakwood chair was stirring; but now Laurel could see that it never moved. She rocked like the little boats that crossed the harbor or came in from the ships anchored beyond the wharves, and settled into a sleep like a great placid sea flooding the world—her home and the lamplighter and her grandfather sorrowing for Uncle Gerrit.

II

WHEN Jeremy Ammidon sent his granddaughter home alone and turned toward Captain Dunsack's, on Hardy Street, he stopped for a moment to approve the diminishing sturdy figure. All William's children, though they were girls, were remarkably handsome, with glowing red cheeks and clear eyes, tumbling masses of hair and a generous vigor of body. He sighed at Laurel's superabundant youth, and moved carefully forward; he was very heavy and his progress was uncertain. His thoughts were divided between the present and the past—Barzil Dunsack, aged and ill and unfortunate, and the happening long ago that had resulted in a separation of years after a close youthful companionship.

It had occurred while Barzil was master of the brig Luna, owned by Billy Gray, and he, Jeremy, was first mate. In the exactness with which he recalled every detail of his life in ships he remembered that at the time they were off Bourbon Island, about a hundred and ten miles southwest of the Isle of France. The Luna was close-hauled, and while Barzil was giving an order at the wheel she fetched a bad lee lurch and sent him in a heap across the deck, striking his head against the bumkin bitts. He had got up dazed but apparently not seriously injured; and after his head had been swabbed and bound by the steward he returned to the poop. There, however, his conduct had been so peculiar—among other things sending down the watch to put on Sunday rig against a possible hail by the Lord—that, after a long consultation with Mr. Patterson, the second mate, and the boatswain, and a brief announcement to the crew, he, Jeremy Ammidon, had taken command in their interest and that of the owner.

Barzil had made difficulties; Mr. Patterson struck up a leveled revolver in the master's hand just as it exploded. They had confined him, in charge of the unhappy steward, to his cabin, where, after he had completely recovered from the effects of the blow and Jeremy had been upheld by the authorities at Table Bay, he stubbornly remained until the Luna had been warped into Salem. From the moment of their landing they had not exchanged a word.

Jeremy was surprised to find himself at present bound toward the other's house. He was not certain that Barzil would even see him; but, he muttered, the thing had lasted long enough, they were too old for such foolishness; and the other had come into adverse winds now, when he should be lying quietly in a snug harbor.

He had never paid serious attention to the threatened complication two or three years before, when Gerrit had been seen repeatedly with Kate Dunsack's irregularly born daughter. He was sorry for the two women. It was his opinion that the man had been shipped drunk by some boarding-house runner; anyhow, only the second day out Vollar had been lost overboard from the main-royal yard, and Kate's child born outside the law. It was hard, he told himself again, walking down Orange Street past the Custom House to Derby.

(Continued on Page 113)

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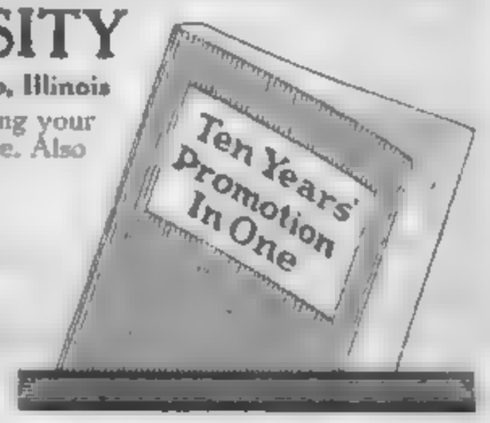

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(Continued from Page 110)

The girl, Nettie Vollar—they had adopted the father's name—was attractive in a decided French way—with crisp black hair, a pert nose and dimple, and, why—good heavens!—twenty-one or two years old if she was a week. How time did run! It was nothing extraordinary if Gerrit had been seen a time or two with her on the street, or even if he had called at the Dunsacks'. Barzil's and his quarrel didn't extend to all the members of their families; and as for the Dunsacks being common—that was nonsense. Barzil was as good as he any day; only while he had prospered and moved up into a showy place on the Common, the other had had the head winds. Through no fault of his own the reputation had fastened on him of being unlucky in his cargoes. If he carried tea and colonial exports to, say, Antwerp, they would have been declared contraband while he was at sea, and seized on the docks. He had been blown, in an impenetrable fog, ashore on Tierra del Fuego, and barely making Cape Pembroke had been obliged to beach his ship, a total loss.

Then there was Kate's trouble. Barzil was a rigorously moral and religious man, and his pain at that last must have been heavy.

Jeremy Ammidon's mind turned to Gerrit, his son; this interest in Nettie Vollar, if it had existed, was characteristic of the boy, who had a quick heart and an honest disdain for the muddling narrow ways of the land. He would have sought her out simply from the instinct to protest against the smugness of Salem opinion. A fine sailor, and a master at twenty-two. A great one to carry sail; yet in the sixteen years of his commands he had had no more serious accident than the loss of a fore-topgallant mast and splitting a couple of courses. It was Gerrit's ability, the splendid qualities of his ship, that made Jeremy still hope he would come sailing into the harbor with some narration of delay and danger overcome.

He was now on Derby Street, in a region of rigging and sail lofts, block and pump makers, ships' stores, spar yards, gilders, carvers and workers in metal. There was a strong smell of tar and new canvas and the flat odor that rose at low water. Sailors passed, yellow powerful Scandinavians and dark men with earrings from Southern latitudes, in red or checked shirts, blue dungarees and glazed black hats with trailing ribbons; or in cheap and clumsy shore clothes. There was a scraping of fiddle from an upper window, the sound of heavy capering feet and the flat laughter of harbor-side women.

On Hardy Street he continued to the last house at the right, the farther side of which gave across a yard of uneven bricks, straggling bushes and aged splitting apple trees and an expanse of lush grass ending abruptly in a wooden embankment and the water. A short fence turned in from the sidewalk to the front door, where Jeremy knocked. A long pause followed, in which he became first impatient and then irritable; and he was lifting his hand for a second summons when the door suddenly opened and he was facing Kate Vollar. There was only a faint trace of surprise on her apathetic—Jeremy Ammidon called it moonlike—countenance; as if her overwhelming mischance had robbed her features of all further expressions of interest or concern.

"I heard," Jeremy said in a voice pitched loud enough to conceal any inward uncertainty, "that your father has been sick. Met Captain Rendell on Essex Street and he said Barzil had lung fever. Thought I'd see if there was any truth in it."

"He just managed to stay alive," Kate Vollar replied, gazing at him with her stilled gray eyes. "But he's better now, though he's not up and about yet. Shall I tell him that—that you are here?"

"Yes. Just say, Jeremy Ammidon's below, and would like to pass a greeting with him."

He followed the woman in and entered a large gloomy chamber while she mounted the stair leading directly from the front. The blackened fireplace, gaping uncovered for the summer, the woodwork, painted yellow with an artificial graining, and a stiff set of ebonized chairs, their dingy crimson plush backs protected by elaborate thread antimacassars, seemed to hold and reflect the misfortunes of their owner. Jeremy picked up an ostrich egg painted with a clump of viciously green coconut palms and a cottony surf; he put it down with an absent smile and impatiently fingered a volume of The Life of Harriet Atwood Newell. She was one of the missionaries who had gone out on the Caravan, with Augustine Heard, to India, but, forbidden to land there, had died not long after on the Isle of France.

"Houqua was a damned good heathen," he said aloud; "and so was Nasservanjee." He left the table and proceeded to a window opening upon the harbor, here fretted with wharves. A barque was fast in a small stone-bound dock, newly in, his practiced glance saw, from a blue-water voyage, Africa probably. Her standing gear was in a perfection and beauty of order that spoke of long tranquil days in the trades, and that no mere harbor riggers could hope to accomplish. The deck was burdened with the ugly confusion of unloading. Jeremy studied the jibs stowed in harbor covers, the raking masts and tapering royal poles over the stolid roofs. Ordinarily, seeing no more, he could not only name a vessel trading out of Salem, but from her rig recognize any one of a score of masters who, otherwise unheralded, might be in command.

However, here he was at a loss, and he thought again of the change, the decline that had overtaken Salem shipping, the celebrated merchants; the pennants of William Gray, he reflected, had flown from the main truck of fifteen ships, seven barques, thirteen brigs and schooners. Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone, in spite of his vehement protests, the counsel of the oldest member of the firm, were moving shipment by shipment all their business to Boston, listening to the promptings of State Street and Central Wharf.

At the right was the sagging landing from which Barzil's schooners sailed, trading with the West Indies; and back of it, and of his house, stood the small office. His mind had turned to this inconsiderable commerce when Kate Vollar entered and told him that her father would see him.

Barzil Dunsack was propped up in bed in a room above that in which Jeremy had been waiting. He, totally different from the other, showed his age in sunken dry cheeks, a forehead like an arch of bone, and a thick short gray beard. A long faded lock of hair had been hastily brushed forward and an incongruously bright knitted scarf drawn about his shoulders.

Jeremy Ammidon concealed his dismay not only at Barzil's wrecked being but at the dismal aspect of the interior, the worn rugs with their pieces of once bright material frayed and loose, the splitting veneer of an old chest of drawers and blistered mirror above a dusty iron grate. "You have got in among the rocks!" he exclaimed. "Still, they tell me you've weathered the worst. Copper-bound and oak ribs. Don't build them like that to-day."

Barzil Dunsack's eyes were bright and searching behind steel-rimmed spectacles, and he studied Jeremy without replying.

"Well, isn't there a salute in you?" the latter demanded, incensed. "I'm not a Malay proa."

The grim shadow of a smile dawned on Barzil's countenance. "I mind one hanging on our quarter by Formosa," he returned; "I trained a cannon aft and fired a shot, when she sheered off. That was in the Flora in 'ninety-seven."

A long silence enveloped them. Jeremy's mind was thronged with memories of ports and storms, mates and ships and logged days. "Remember Oahu like it was when we first made it?" he queried; "and the Kanaka girls swimming out to the ship with hibiscus flowers in their hair? Yes, and the anchorage at Tahiti, with the swells pounding on the coral reef, and Papeete under the mountain? It was nice there in the afternoon, lying off the beach with the white cottages among the palms and orange trees and the band playing in the grove by Government House."

Captain Dunsack frowned at the trivial character of these memories. He muttered something about the weight of the Lord and the carnal hearts of the men in ships.

Jeremy declared: "Stuff! He'll wink at a sailorman, with hardly a free day on shore. It wasn't bad at Calcutta, either, with an awning on the quarter-deck, watching the carriages and syces in the Maidan, and maybe a corpse or two floating about the gangway from the burning ghauts."

"A mean entrance," Barzil Dunsack asserted. "I don't know a worse with the southwest monsoon in the Bay of Bengal and the pilot brigs gone from the Sand Heads. That's where Heard got pounded

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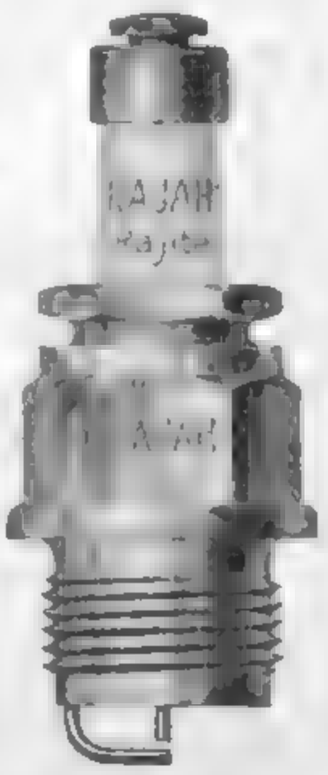

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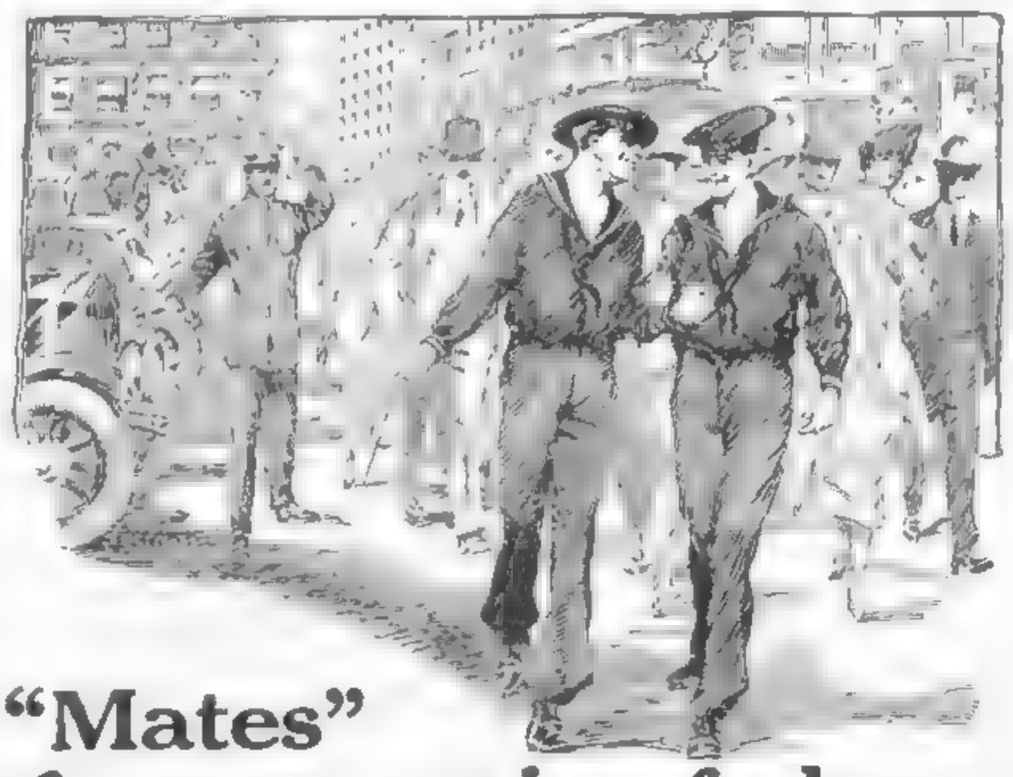

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Of course you are buying Liberty Bonds. But wouldn't you like to have an extra bond—a $50.00 bond—without spending a cent from your present income to pay for it?

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Let us authorize you to represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. In your spare time each week you can quickly and easily secure at least two or three yearly subscriptions for these widely popular publications.

For sending us only this small number of orders your profits will average a dollar a week, and at the end of a year you will not only have your extra Liberty Bond all paid for, but a pleasant, profitable, spare-time business besides—a business that will bring you $5.00 to $25.00 a month the year around.

By this plan hundreds of men and women, in the past few months, have found the extra dollars to buy Bonds and War Savings Stamps; to help the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the War Chest; and to meet the ever-increasing demands of merely living in war times.

It costs you only three cents (for a stamp) to learn all about the plan, and you assume no obligation by inquiring. Write today to

The Curtis Publishing Company
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with the Emerald drawing nineteen feet, and eighteen on the bar. Shook the reefs out of his topsails, laid her on her beam ends, and with some inches saved scraped in.

"Pick up the three Juggernaut pagodas of Ganjam," Jeremy remarked absently.

"'Thou shalt have no other God ——'"

Jeremy, with a glint in his eye, asked, "Wasn't your last consignment of West India molasses marked Medford?"

"You always were a scoffer," the other replied, unmoved.

"How's Nettie?" Jeremy Ammidon inquired.

Barzil's lips tightened. "I haven't seen her for a little," he replied. "She's been visiting at Ipswich."

Jeremy added, "A good girl," but the man in bed made no further comment. His undimmed gaze was fastened upon a wall, his mouth folded in a hard line on a harsh and deeply seamed countenance—an able man pursued by bad luck.

"Nothing's been heard from Gerrit," Jeremy said after a little.

Still the other kept silent.

Jeremy's face darkened. If Barzil hadn't a decent word for the fact that Gerrit was seven months overdue, perhaps lost, this was not a house for him.

"I say that we've had nothing from my son since he lay in the Lyemun Pass, off Hong-Kong," he repeated sharply.

A spasm of suffering, instantly controlled, passed over Barzil's face. "Gerrit called once and again before he last sailed for Montevideo," he finally pronounced. "I forbid it and he left in a temper. I—I won't have another mortal sin here like Kate's."

"Do you mean that Gerrit's loose?" Jeremy hotly demanded, rising. "A more honorable boy never breathed!"

Barzil was cold. "I told him not to come back," he repeated; "it would only lead to—to shamefulness."

Jeremy shook his cane toward the bed. "I may be a scoffer," he cried, "but I wouldn't hold a judgment over a child of mine! I'm not so damned holy that I can look down on a misfortunate girl. If Gerrit did come to see Nettie and the boy had a liking for her—why, you drove away a cursed good husband. And if you think for a minute I wouldn't welcome her because that Vollar fell off a yard before he could find a preacher you're an old fool!"

"Nettie must bear her burden; she'd be better dead than a stumbling block."

"Well, I'd rather be a drunken pierhead jumper on the Waterloo Road than any such pious blue nose. I'll tell you this, too, I'd hate to ship afore the mast under you, for all you'd have the ensign on the booby hatch with prayers read Sunday morning.

"I don't wonder you got into weather; I'd have no word for a Creator who didn't blow in your eye."

"I'll listen to no blasphemy, Captain Ammidon," Barzil Dunsack said sternly.

"And I'll speak my mind, Captain Dunsack; it's this—your girls are a long sight too good for you or for any other judgmatical, psalm-singing devildodger." He stood fuming at the door. "Good afternoon to you!"

Barzil Dunsack reclined with his gaunt bearded head sunk forward on his thin chest swathed in the gay worsted wrap, his wasted hands, the tendons corded with pale violet veins, clenched outside the checkered quilt beneath which his body made scarcely a mark.

Outside, in the soft glow of beginning dusk afternoon, Jeremy blamed himself bitterly for his anger at the sick man. He had gone to see him in a spirit friendly with old memories, forgetful of their long quarrel in the stirred emotions of the past days of youth and first manhood; and he had shouted at Barzil as if he were a lubber at the masthead.

He realized that in order to be in time for supper he must turn toward the Common and home; but his gaze caught the spars of the strange barque; and mechanically he made his way over a narrow grassy passage to the wharf. She was the Cora Sellers of Marblehead, and he recognized from a glance at the cargo that she had been out to the East Coast of Africa—Mozambique and Zanzibar, Aden and Muscat. A matted frail of dates swung ponderously in air; there were baled goatskins and sacks of Mocha coffee, sagging baskets of reddish, unwashed gum copal carried in bulk, and a sun-blackened mate smoking a rat-tail Dutch cigar was supervising the moving of elephant tusks in a milky glimmer of ivory ashore.

There was a vague murmur of the rising tide, beyond the wharves and warehouses the water was faintly rippled in silver and rose, and a ship was standing into the harbor with all her canvas spread to the light wind. He turned away with a sigh and walked slowly up toward the elms of Pleasant Street. At his front door he stopped to regard the polished brass plate, where in place of his name he had caused to be engraved the words Java Head. They held for him, coming into this pleasant dwelling after so many tumultuous years at sea, the symbol of the safe and happy end of an arduous voyage; just as the high black rock of Java Head thrusting up over the horizon promised the placidity and accomplishment of the Sunda Strait.

Whenever he noticed the plate he felt again the relief of coasting that northerly shore. He saw the mate forward with the crew passing the chains through the hawse pipes and shackling them to the anchors. The island rose from the level groves of shore palms to lofty blue peaks terraced with rice and red-massed kina plantations, with shining streams and green kananga flowers and tamarinds. The land breeze, fragrant with clove buds and cinnamon, came off to the ship in the vaporous dusk. At the blazing white sunlight of morning the Anjer sampans swarmed out with a shrill chatter of brilliant birds, monkeys and naked brown humanity, piled with dark green oranges and limes and purple mangosteen.

In the last few years, particularly with Gerrit away, Jeremy had turned more and more from the surroundings of his house—rather it had become William's house—to an inner life of memories. His own active life seemed to him to have been infinitely fuller, more purposeful and various, than that of present existence at Java Head. All Salem had been different; he had a certain contempt for the existence of his son William and the latter's associates and friends. He had said that the trading now done in ships was like dealing at a Boston store, and the merchants reminded him of storekeepers. The old days, when a voyage was a public affair and a ship's manifest posted in the Custom House, on which anyone might write himself down for a varying part of the responsibility and profit, had given place to closed capital; the passages from port to port, with the captain as often as not his own supercargo and a figure of importance, had become scheduled affairs in which a master was subjected to any countinghouse clerk with an order from the firm. The ships themselves were fast being ruined.

He was in his room after supper, seated momentarily on a day bed with a covering of white Siberian fox skins, and he pronounced aloud in a tone of satirical contempt the single word, "Clipper!" Nearly everyone in the shipping business seemed to have been touched by this madness for the ridiculous ideas of an experimental Griffiths and his model of a ship with the bows turned inside out, the greatest beam aft and a dead rise like an inverted roof. That the Rainbow, the initial result of this insanity, hadn't capsized at her launching had been due to some freak of chance; just as her miraculous preservation through a voyage or so to China could have been made possible only by continuously mild weather.

Even if the Rainbow had been fast—her run was called ninety-two days out to Canton and home in eighty-eight—it was absurd to suppose that there had been the usual monsoon. And if she did come in a little ahead of vessels built on a solid full-bodied model—why, her hold had no cargo capacity worth the name. Things on the seas were going to the devil!

Jeremy moved down to the library, where he lighted a cheroot and addressed himself to the Gazette; but his restlessness increased, the paper drooped and his thoughts turned to Gerrit as a small boy. He saw him leaving home, for the first time, to go to the school at Andover, in a cloth cap with a glazed peak, striped long pantaloons and blue coat and waistcoat; later at the high desk in the countingrooms of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone; then sailing as supercargo on one of the company's ships to Russia and Liverpool. He had soon dropped such clerking for seamen's duties, and his rise to mastership had been rapid.

Rhoda, William's wife, entered and stood before him accusingly.

"You are worrying again," she declared; "in here all by yourself. It really seems as

(Continued on Page 117)

TO THE PRESIDENTS
Of America's Largest Concerns:

What happened when one concern met war-time conditions by reducing the price of its standard product from $100 to $49

By Burton Wynne

THE new Oliver Plan has been the most discussed sales policy of recent years. It is revolutionary—but only so, as applied to typewriters. Its principles are founded upon long-practiced and successful ways of distribution.

This is a time when business men should exchange ideas. It is a time, if ever, for closer co-operation. So here is an account of the unusual plans of The Oliver Typewriter Company—how it met man-power problems early, how it adopted radical ideas, how it won a larger market.

It is called the most liberal offer—yet to skeptics it sounds "too good to be true."

It heralds a day of universal typing.

* * * * *

For years $100 was too much for a typewriter, even as fine as The Oliver No. 9. The facts and figures were condemning.

Times had changed. But the typewriter business hadn't.

And momentous war-time policies were on the horizon. It was the Oliver policy to look ahead, and anticipate events as far as possible.

Long before the current question of man-power was seriously discussed, The Oliver executives began to prepare.

Unnecessary branch houses with their numerous male employees were closed.

Hundreds of salesmen and agents were released for other duties.

And at the great factory at Woodstock, when I visited it many months ago, women were being trained with painstaking care to handle the lighter manufacturing processes.

By this foresight The Oliver Typewriter Company has already put itself on a war-time basis, without the slightest interruption in its service to the public and without the slightest compromise in design or workmanship.

The sales policy changed completely. The Oliver Plan of dealing more directly with the buyer saved thousands of dollars in salaries, traveling expenses, rents and other items too numerous to mention. They had all added to the cost of The Oliver and had contributed to the former price of $100.

* * * * *

And there were other extravagances in typewriter competition. They demanded their toll. In all, custom made it cost $51 to sell an Oliver.

Another shackling influence, as sinister as high cost, was the public conception that typewriters belonged solely to business. The channels of distribution had become static.

Yet millions of people are logical users. Thousands of teachers, for instance, thousands of farmers, even thousands of school boys and girls.

But instead of going after this new business, routine had brought on an era of concentrated effort. Needless replacements were more common than new users.

The new Oliver Plan has overcome these grave handicaps, taking a risk that few concerns would care to assume. And it has won!

Sales have increased amazingly. "Self-selling" appeals as much to the user of 100 Olivers as to the individual user.

The $100 Oliver now sells for $49—the identical machine, brand new. And note the easy way to buy, as shown below. Who can resist? Who can conceive a fairer way?

What concern, what individual can wilfully insist on yester-year's costly ways of selling?

Were you to read the thousands of letters I have just gone through, you'd realize what this plan means, not only to the giant concern using many Olivers, but to the faraway user who has hitherto toiled at long-hand.

I note particularly a letter which ends "Best wishes for your plan from a little country merchant and chicken rancher."

It is signed by C. K. Fossum, of Harstine, Washington.

He also says: "This is my first experience in operating a typewriter. The only instruction I have had is the little book you sent with the machine."

I quote this one letter from the pile because it typifies the revolution now taking place in the typewriter world.

It shows better than abstract statements just why Oliver has won a new and broader field.

It breathes the spirit of friendship which every concern covets, the thing of which success is made.

* * * * *

The *how* and *why* of the Oliver Plan—too long to tell here—may be found in a booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," sent free if you mail the coupon.

And below is The Oliver, The Plan, and The Coupon. Note the simplicity. The coupon is primarily for individuals who wish to take advantage of the free trial and installment plan, rather than for big concerns. To the latter we suggest writing for details as to our allowances for used machines or present equipment.

Thousands will now cut out the coupon and send it. How about YOU?

Canadian Price $62.65

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

This Is The Oliver

Some of the Leading Users Are

U. S. Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania R. R., National City Bank of N. Y., Diamond Match Co., Hart, Schaffner & Marx, Columbia Graphophone Co., Baldwin Locomotive Works, Montgomery Ward & Co., and others of equal rank.

Over 600,000 Olivers Sold

This Is The Offer

Was $100—Now $49

The Oliver is now sold direct. The needless expense of many thousands of salesmen and agents has been eliminated. Costly branch houses in many cities have been closed. All roundabout ways are abandoned. The buyer is his own salesman.

Thus we save for you the amount it used to cost to sell an Oliver.

The coupon at the right brings you an Oliver for free trial. Use it as if it were your own. Keep it or return it.

Send no money. If you keep it, pay $3 per month until the $49 is paid. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges.

That is all there is to our simple plan. The Oliver must sell itself. You must decide. No one need influence you.

Note: With the rising cost of materials and labor we may be compelled to increase the price of The Oliver somewhat. We hope not. But we advise ordering at once from this advertisement, so as to be sure of obtaining it for $49.

Note that the coupon brings EITHER the free trial Oliver or further information. Check whichever you please. By being your own salesman you save $51.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1017 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is _____

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name _____

Street Address _____

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$184,998.82 saved for U.S.

THIS shipment of ECONOMY renewable FUSES and Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal Links is starting on its way to four U. S. Navy Yards. As compared with the number of "One-Time" Fuses necessary to provide the same electrical protection, the 906,510 "Drop-Out" Renewal Links on these trucks alone save the Government $184,998.82.

The contract from the Navy Department for ECONOMY renewable FUSES and "Drop-Out" Links was issued June 22nd, 1918. The award covered urgent delivery of hundreds of thousands of fuses and nearly a million Renewal Links to eight U. S. Navy Yards. In thirteen working days, less than one-half of the time specified for completing delivery, this Government order came through production, and, after passing inspection, was ready for the carrier.

The material on the trucks, representing final delivery to four of the eight Navy Yards, required 159 cases, which weighed 37,731 lbs., and which was invoiced to the Government at $80,340.48.

The U. S. Government is one of the largest buyers of ECONOMY renewable FUSES. Vital electrical circuits are protected with ECONOMY Fuses, because of their safety and efficiency—the saving of 80% of the year's fuse maintenance expense is of minor importance, even though large sums of money are involved. You may obtain positive electrical protection at a cost of four-fifths less than you spend when using "One-Time" Fuses if all the electrical circuits in your plant, store, and home are guarded by ECONOMY renewable FUSES.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES are sold by leading electrical jobbers and dealers, who will gladly show you the complete line and quote prices.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.

Kinzie & Orleans Sts. Chicago, U. S. A.

Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the 100% Guaranteed Indicator.

Economy Renewable Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal.

The Economy "Drop-Out" Renewal Links

The patented "Drop-Out" Renewal Links instantly restore to their original efficiency Economy Fuses which have operated. A stock of inexpensive "Drop-Out" Renewal Links always on hand represents only a small investment. When you buy or specify fuses, insist upon getting ECONOMY renewable FUSES with a selected quantity of "Drop-Out" Renewal Links.

ECONOMY renewable FUSES

(Continued from Page 114)

if you didn't believe in our interest or affection. I have a feeling, and you know they are always right, that Gerrit will sail into the harbor any day now."

He had always liked Rhoda, a large handsome woman with rich coloring—her countenance somehow reminded him of an apricot—and fine clothes. She paused, studied him for a moment and then asked, "Was your call on Captain Dunsack pleasant?"

"It ought to have been," he confided, "but I got mad and talked like a Dutch uncle, and Barzil went off on a holy tack."

"About Nettie Vollar?"

Jeremy nodded. "Look here, Rhoda," he demanded, "did Gerrit ever say anything to you about her?"

"Yes," she told him; "Gerrit was very frank."

"Did he like the girl?"

"I couldn't make that out. But if there hadn't been, well—something unusual in her circumstances I think he would never have noticed her. Gerrit is a curious mixture—a very impressionable heart and a contrary stubborn will. He was sorry for Nettie and, at the way a great many people treated her, threw himself into opposition. Nettie's father made him very mad; and Gerrit pretty well damned all Salem before he left in the Nautilus. He was excruciatingly funny; you know Gerrit can be, particularly when he imitates anybody. I think being away at sea a great deal and having absolute command of everything give men a different view of things from ours. What is terribly important to Salem hardly touches Gerrit; it's all silly pretense, or worse, to him.

"I wouldn't mind that if it weren't for the sense of humor that leads him into the wildest extravagances, and the fact that he'll act on his feelings. You know I'm devoted to him, but I give a sigh of relief whenever he gets away on his ship without doing any one of the hundred insanities he threatens."

"Gerrit's like me," he said.

"More than William," she agreed. "William is never impetuous, and he's often impatient with his brother. He's a splendid husband, but Gerrit would make a wonderful lover. I'm thankful I never fell into his affections—too wearing for an indolent woman."

"You've been a great comfort and pleasure, Rhoda," he told her. "I only wish Gerrit could marry someone like you.——"

"But who would give him sons," she interrupted.

"It's just as you say about him, and I've always been uneasy. God knows what he won't do—on land. William's a great deal happier, for all his brother's humor. I joke William, but he's very satisfactory and solid. He'll make port if he doesn't get tied up with newfangled notions. Why, it stands to reason that a ship built like a knife would double up in the seas off the Falklands."

"He has a lot of confidence in Mr. McKay."

"McKay is a good man unsettled. The May Broughton is a fine barque, and his packet ships are as seaworthy as any, but ——" His indignation increased so that he sputtered, and Rhoda laughed. "Now your girls," he added, "fine models, all of them, plenty of beam, work in any kind of weather."

"That's very complimentary," she assured him, rising. "You mustn't worry about Gerrit. Remember—my predictions never fail."

When she had gone his mind returned to storms he had safely weathered—the gray gales of Cape Horn, black hurricanes and the explosive tempests in Eastern straits and seas. He took from the drawer of a bookcase with glass doors set in geometrical pattern a thin volume bound in black boards. A paper label was inscribed in a small, carefully formed script, "Journal of my intended voyage from Salem to the East Indies in the Ship Woodbine." He opened at random:

"Comes in with strong wind from SSE with rain squalls. Very ugly sea on. Double reefed the topsails, reefed the courses and furled the mainsail. At six P. M. shipped a very heavy sea that carried away the bulwarks on the larboard quarter and stove those on the starboard quarter and amidships . . . upper cabin filled with water. Through the night strong gales. . . . Lightning at all points of the compass."

The memory of this night, six days out from Manila to Hong-Kong, was clearer than the actuality of the room in which he sat—an old man with his activity, his strength, his manhood far behind him, a hulk.

"At ten split the mainsail in pieces. Close reefed the fore and double reefed the maintopsails. Rising gales and heavy head sea. Shipping a great quantity of water and leaking. Bent a new mainsail and set it. Reefed and set the jib. Pumping near two thousand strokes an hour.

"October seventh, Sunday. Comes in with strong gales and a heavy head sea. Both officers crippled and man laid up. Through the night the same. Leaking badly A great number of junks in sight . . . and so at five P. M. come to anchor."

He had been a good man then, sixteen days on the quarter-deck without going below; insensible to ice or fever or weariness. He had been autocratic, too, and had his boy servant carrying areca nuts, chunam and tobacco in two silk bags, another with a fan and a third holding an umbrella. Such things were all over now, he understood, in this driving age.

His mind continually returned to Gerrit, to dwell on the vast number of perils held in store by the sea. There was always the possibility of scurvy, an entire crew rotting alive in the forecastle and the ship broached to, dismasted; of mutiny; the sheer smothering finality of volcanic waves. He had never realized until now, in the misery of uncertainty, the hellish loneliness of a shipmaster at sea; the pride of duty, the necessity of discipline, that put him beyond all counsel, all assistance and human interdependence. Jeremy, who had arrogantly accepted this responsibility without a question, through so many long years and voyages, now dreaded it, found it an inhuman burden for his son.

William couldn't be expected to appreciate the difficulties of his brother's position; all the former's experience had been got when, with James Saltonstone and a party of Salem merchants, he ventured to the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor, had a cold collation, and returned with the pilot or in the Custom House sloop. These occasions of huzzas and salutes and speeches were supplemented with a hasty inspection, now and then, of a vessel lying still at the wharf with sails harbor furled. William guessed little of the long effort through which a ship won from the first of those moments to the last. He was solely concerned with the returns of the cargo.

However, Rhoda was right, and this mooning wouldn't bring Gerrit into port. He turned to the bookcase, where a squat bottle of Medford rum rested beside a tumbler; after a drink he lighted a cheroot and smoking vigorously, with hands clasped behind him, paced back and forth in an undeviating line between the door to the hall and a dark polished secretary he had bought in London.

While he was walking Camilla came into the room and sedately took a seat on one of the formal chairs against the wall.

"I guess you think that's the deck of a ship," she said conversationally.

He regarded her with a faint threatening glint of humor. Camilla's dignity was stupendous; particularly now, when, he observed, her skirts stood out in a thoroughly grown manner. He liked Laurel best of William's children; she had, in spite of her confusion in regard to outports, a surprising grasp upon many of the details of life on shipboard, and a largeness of manner and expression entertaining in a little girl. Sidsall was the most ingratiating—she had Gerrit's direct kindling gaze; Janet showed no individuality yet beyond an entire willingness to conform to outward circumstance while pursuing deeply secret speculations within. But Camilla impressed the entire family by the rigidity of her correctness in personal and social niceties. At times, he felt, she would be a nuisance but for the firm hand of her mother and his own contribution to their well-being by an occasional sly sally.

"It might be that," he admitted, "if it weren't for the facts that it's a house and library, and I'm an old man, and you're not at all like the second mate."

"I should hope not!" she replied decidedly. "A second mate isn't anything; and I am a—a young lady, anyhow."

"You'll soon be out at dances."

"I go to parties now—that is, mother let me stay at the Coggswells' on Thursday until the men came at nine for sangaree. And I'm at all the Ballad Soirées."

He made a gesture of pretended surprise and admiration. "I don't suppose they

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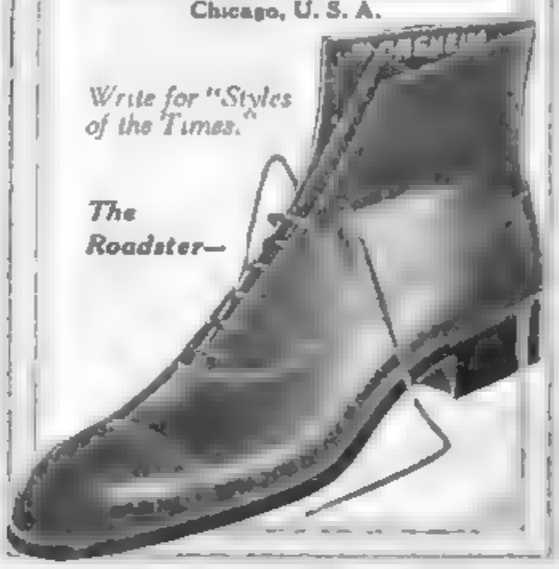

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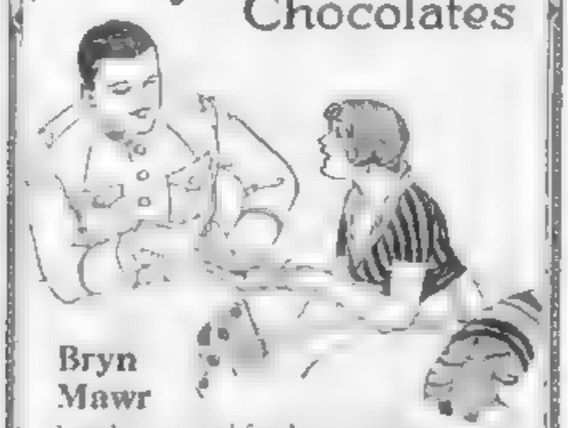

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39 What Next ?

ever have a good chantey with the stuff they play?" he queried.

"Dear me, no! Mr. Dempster sings The Indian's Lament, and The May Queen; that's a cantata and it's in three parts."

Jeremy began to hum, and in a moment was intoning in a loud monotonous voice, sweeping a hand up and down:

"To my hero, Bangedero,
Singing hey for a gay Hash girl."

"I don't think that's very nice," she said primly.

"What do you mean—not very nice?" he demanded, incensed. "There's nothing finer with a rousing chanteyman leading it and the watch hauling on the braces. You'd never hear the like at any Ballad Soirée. And:

"Sweet William, he married a wife,
'Gentle Jenny,' cried Rose Marie,
To be the sweet comfort of his life,
As the dew flies over the mulberry tree."

"There isn't much sense to it," she observed.

For a little, indignant at her disparagement of such noble fragments, he tramped silently back and forth, followed by a cloud of smoke from the cheroot. No one on land could understand the absorbing significance of every detail of a ship's life. Only Gerrit, of all his family, knew the chanteys and watches, the anxiety and beauty of landfalls—the blue Falklands or Teneriffe rising above the clouds, the hurried making and taking of sail in the squalls of the Doldrums.

"In India," he told her, stopping in his measured course, "female children are given to the crocodiles."

Her mouth parted at this, her eyes became dilated, and she slipped from the chair.

"That's perfectly awfully appalling," she breathed. "The little brown girl babies!

"Oh, father," she cried as William Ammidon came into the library, "what do you suppose grandfather says? That in India female children are—crocodiles." Words failed her.

"What's the sense in frightening the child, father?" William remonstrated. "I wish you would keep those horrors for the old heathen of the Marine Society."

Jeremy had a lively sense of guilt; he had been betrayed by Camilla's confounded airs and pretensions. He ought to be ashamed of himself, telling the girl such things.

"The British Government is putting a stop to that," he added hastily; "and to suttees ——"

"What are they?" she inquired.

"Never mind, Camilla," her father interposed. "Go up with your mother and sisters."

"I suppose it's no good speaking to you," William continued; "but my family is not a crew, and this house isn't the Two Capes. You might make some effort to realize you're on land."

"I know I'm on land, William; tell that any day from a sight of you. You can afford to listen a little now and then about the sea. That's where all you have came from; it's the same with near everybody in Salem.

"Vessels brought them and vessels kept them going; and, with the wharves as empty as they were this afternoon, soon there won't be any Salem to talk about."

"The tide's turned from here," the other replied. "With the increase in tonnage and the importance of time we need the railway and docking facility of the larger cities—Boston and New York."

"It's running out fast enough," Jeremy agreed; "and there's a lot going out with it you'll never see again—like the men who put a reef in England in 'twelve."

"You are always sounding the same strings; we're at peace with the world now, and a good thing for shipping."

"Peace!" the elder declared hotly. "You and the Democrats may call it that, but it's a damned swindle, with the British to windward of you and hardly a sail now drawing in your ropes. What did Edmund Burke tell Parliament in 'seventy-five about our whalers, hey? Why, that from Davis Strait to the Antipodes, from the Falklands to Africa—we outdrove Holland, France and England. After the laws and bounties Congress passed in 'eighty-nine, what could you see? Something like a half million tonnage gained in three years or so. In the war of 'twelve——"

"Now, father," William put in, "you are getting excited again. It isn't good for you. We are not all such fools to-day as you make out."

"Look at the masters themselves," Jeremy resumed explosively; "gentlemen like Gerrit, from Harvard University, and not lime-juicers beating their way aft with a belaying pin. They could sail a ship with two-thirds the crew of a Britisher with her clumsy yellow hemp sails with a belly you could lose a dinghy in. Mind, I don't say the English aren't handy in a ship and that they wouldn't clew up a topsail clean at the edge of hell. What we are on the seas came over from them. But we bettered it, William; and they knew it, and naturally enough laid out to sail round us. I don't blame England, but I do our damn ——"

"Father," the other firmly interrupted, "you are shouting as if you were on the quarter-deck in a gale. I must insist on your quieting down; you'll burst a blood vessel."

"Maybe I am," Jeremy muttered; "and it wouldn't matter much if I did. When I see a nation with shipmasters who would set their royals when others hove to, and get there, all snarled up with shore lines and political duffel, I'm nigh ready to burst something."

"Rhoda said that you were at the Dunsacks' this afternoon; I saw Edward in Boston yesterday."

"I don't care if you saw The Flying Dutchman," the other asserted, breathing stormily.

"It's curious about the China service," William went on; "anyone out there for a number of years gets to look Chinese. Edward is as yellow as a lemon, but nothing like as pleasant a color. Thin, too, and nervous; hands crawling all over themselves, never still for a moment. He didn't say why he had left Heard & Co., and I didn't like to ask. Edward came on from England in the Queen of the West, the Swallow Tail Line. I did ask him if he was going to settle in Salem, but he couldn't say; there was something about a Boston house.

"It seems that Gerrit carried his chest and things from Canton in the Nautilus as an accommodation."

Suddenly Jeremy felt very insecure, his body heavy and knees weak, failing. He stumbled back into the chair by the fireplace, William at his side.

"You must pay some attention to what you're told, father," the latter said anxiously. "How are you now?"

"I'm all right," he declared testily, trying to brush away the dimness floating before his eyes.

"Shall I help you up to bed?"

"I'll go to bed when I've a mind to!" Jeremy retorted. "I am not under cover yet by a long reach."

To establish his well-being he rose and moved to the secretary, where he got a fresh cheroot and lighted it with slightly trembling fingers. He grumbled inarticulately, remembering his own exploits in the carrying of sail and record runs under the bluff bows of the Honorable John Company itself.

The ebb tide, he thought, returning to William's figure and its amplification by himself. So much that had been good sweeping out to sea never to return. . . . Gerrit long overdue.

Once more he shook himself free of numbing dread; automatically he had fallen back into the passage from the secretary to the hall door. He saw that he had worn threadbare a narrow strip where his feet had so often pressed. It would be necessary for him to see about a fresh case of cheroots soon; primes too. They needn't try to put him off with the second quality. He was put off a great deal lately; people pretended to be listening to him, and all the time their thoughts were somewhere else; either that or they were merely politely concealing the opinion that he was out of date, of no importance.

His family were always providing against his fatigue or excitement. At the counting-house the gravest problems, he was certain, were withheld from him. At the thought of this possibility a fresh indignation poured through his brain. Fuming and tramping up and down he determined that to-morrow he would show any of the clerks who didn't attend to his wishes or counsel that he was still senior partner of Ammidon, Ammidon & Saltonstone.

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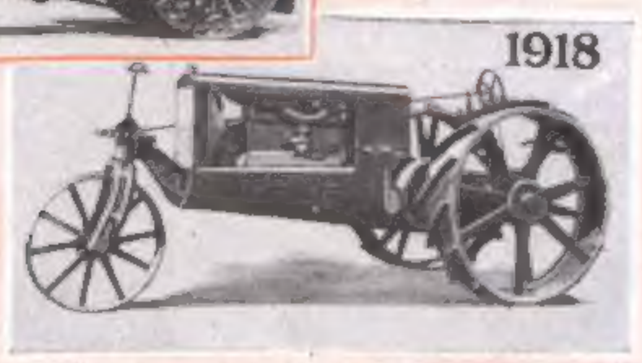

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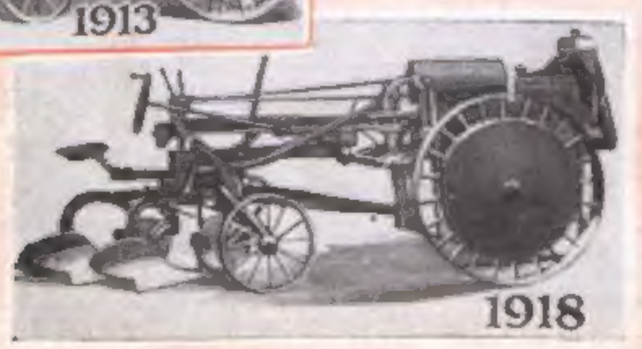

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